

John Braffett, Bookseller in Poole,

the following Articles

ARINERS and
Charts
and

as in London, viz.

halic Snuff and Mus-
ard

Weights
Shoes,

amon

Spy

Razors,
nknives
Sheffield
Ironmon-

ier, Boxes,
and Razor-

es for powdering

Roll Pomatum and fine
Ivory and Horn combs

London Hats and Buck-
ling Combs

Sailors Buckles

Daffey's Elixir

Bateman's Drops

British Oil

Godfrey's Cordial, &c. &c.

Hooper's & Scott's Pills

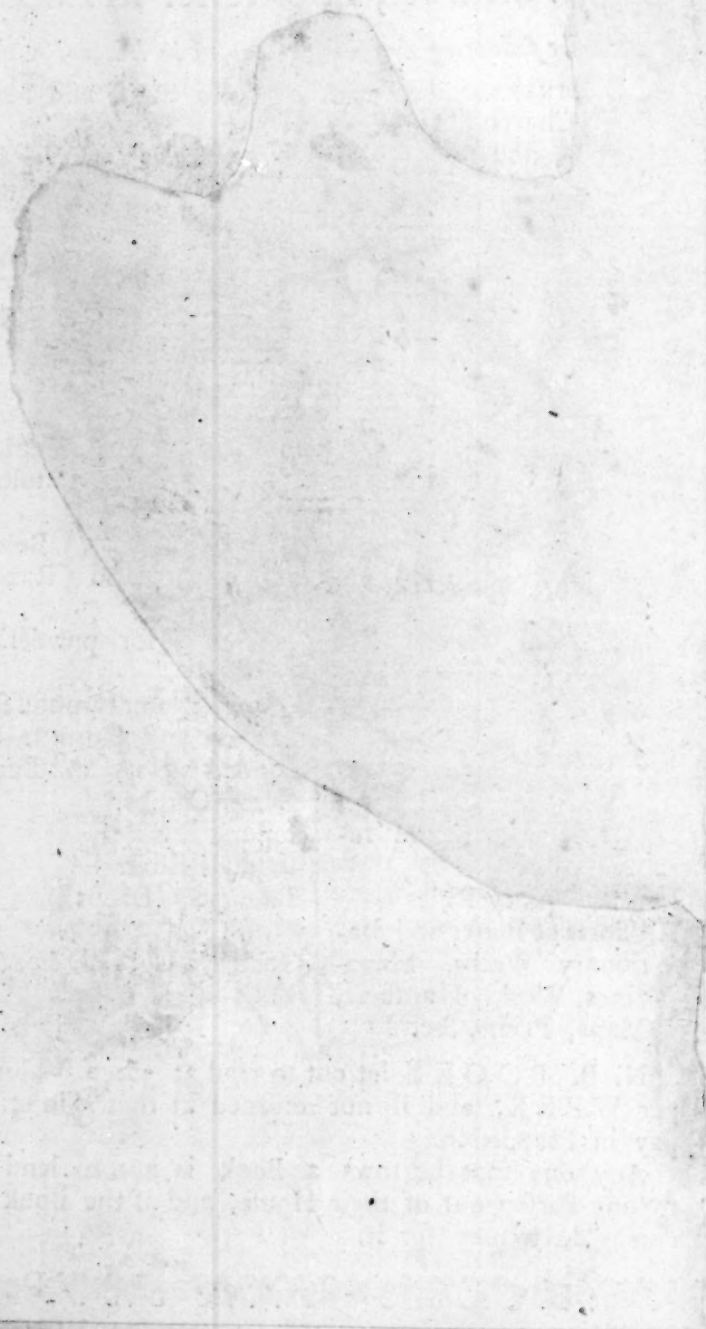
Dr. James' Powder

Box and Ivory Rules
All Sorts of Books and Sta-
tionary Wares, Maga-
zines, Weekly Numbers,
Maps, Prints, &c.

N. B. BOOKS let out to read at 3d. a Volume
per WEEK, and if not returned in that Time, to
pay in Proportion.

Any one that borrows a Book is not to lend it
to any Person out of their House, and if the Book is
damag'd, to pay for it.

~~1875~~ 2 April



THE
GENTLEMAN INSTRUCTED
IN THE
CONDUCT
OF A
Virtuous and Happy LIFE.

Written for the

INSTRUCTION
OF A
YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

To which is added,

A WORD to the LADIES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE TWELFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Ware, J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH and
L. HAWES, J. HODGES, J. and J. RIVINGTON,
J. WARD, R. BALDWIN, M. and T. LONGMAN,
J. WAUGH and W. FENNER, and M. COOPER.

MDCCCLV.

GRANTSMAN INSTRUCTED

IN THE

COMBUSTION

OF A

Various and happy

INSTRUCTION



A WORD OF WARNING

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

THE TWENTH EDITION

LONDON

Printed by W. Wood, Stationer, O. Hill, and
J. H. Wood, J. H. Wood, J. H. Wood,
J. H. Wood, R. H. Wood, M. and T. H. Wood,
J. H. Wood and W. H. Wood, and M. Wood.

MCCCLX

1866



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

E D W A R D,

Lord Viscount CORNBURY, &c.

A N D

Baron CLIFTON of *Leighton-Bromswould*;

SON and HEIR-APPARENT OF

EDWARD Earl of CLARENDON, &c.

MY LORD,



Formerly presented your Lordship with the First Volume of this Book, and for the same Reason I now present it again intire in all its Parts to You, because it was made for You, I mean, for Gentlemen of Your Noble Character; and because I believe the Perusal of it will both profit and delight You: But more especially,

iv DEDICATION.

MY LORD, I make You a Present of it, to give Your LORDSHIP an Assurance of the unfeigned Desires I have, that You should be Good, as well as Great, and to testify thereby to the World the great Respect I have for your Noble Family; of which your Lordship cannot fail to be the great Ornament, as well as the Glory of Your Country, if you take this Book for Your Companion, and *Eusebius*, the noble Author of it, for your Guide.

MY LORD, I had the Honour to be long acquainted with my Lord your Grandfather, and I had the Happiness and Blessing to be bred up in the Family of Your Great-grandfather, of immortal Memory, I mean in the most famous University of *Oxford*, to which, after a long Night of Ignorance, in Times which his incomparable Pen hath described, he restored true Learning and Discipline, to the great Benefit of the Church and Kingdom, and governed it, all the time he was Chancellor of it, with the Care, Affection, and Authority of a Father; and, MY LORD, I verily believe, that of those who were then Students in the University, there is not a Man of any Rank or Profession now living, who doth not reverence his Memory, and wish all Happiness to his Noble Family, and particularly to Your Lordship, who bear his Name, and who, we all hope, will follow his great Example, and that of another

D E D I C A T I O N. v

other in every Respect as Great and Good ; I mean the Example of your *heroic* other Great Grandfather, my Lord CAPEL, of most venerable and immortal Memory.

To that End, MY LORD, this Book, now compleated by the Author, comes to wait upon You in the *Fifth Edition* ; which I mention to Your Lordship, to let You understand, that it must be a Book of more than common Value, which in so critical an Age hath made its Way so often in its several Parts through the World without any other Testimony, or Commendation, but that of its own intrinsic Worth.

Wherefore, MY LORD, I do not desire You to read it over, for that would be a Disparagement to it, and all the Parts of it ; I only desire Your Lordship *to taste it*, to read as small a Part of it as You please, and then to forbear reading the whole Collection, if You can. I dare say, MY LORD, when You have begun, You will no more be able not to go through the whole, than, if You were to read the best *Dramatic* Composure that ever was made, You could give off at the *First Act*, and not proceed to the End of the *Fifth*. It is not without Reason, MY LORD, that I liken this Book to a *Play* ; for indeed it is a sort of *Drama*, written in Dialogue, without *Numbers*, in which several Per-

sons under feigned Names exprefs several Humours, and, as it were, act several Parts; and as in a true *Play*, in which the Poet designs to profit, as much as to please, and to couch a *noble Moral* in the Plot, this bright and serious *Dramatist* in Prose, the wise *Eusebius*, whose Piety in his Book is equal to his Wit, designs through the whole of it to render *Virtue* amiable and venerable, and most becoming the Profession and Practice of Gentlemen, and to represent *Vice* in its natural Features, as hateful and ridiculous, and most dishonourable and reproachful to Gentlemen of all Ranks, describing all along the Vanities and Follies, and Madness of the World, and discovering the sinful Arts, and Snares, and Temptations of it in such a delightful and convincing manner, that it must be said of every one, who can turn Apostate from Virtue, after reading this most excellent Volume, that his Destruction is of himself.

MY LORD, it is now some Time since Your Lordship entered on the Stage of the World, and give me leave to say again, that the Eyes of God and all good Men will be upon You, to observe how You will act Your Part, and whether You will follow the Instructions which the Honourable *Eusebius* gives in the First Part to *Neander*, and in the rest to *Theomachus*; or whether forgetting the Honour both of Your natural and spiritual Birth, and the
sacred

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

sacred Obligations of Your Baptismal Vow,
 You will let Yourself be carried off by the
 great Number of *Atheists, Deists, Indifferents,*
 and *Debauchees* among us, whose vile
 Manners and Conversation he describes
 in this Golden Book. MY LORD, in such
 an Age as this, You must *prepare Your*
** Soul against the Temptations of* * Ecclesiasti-
these Men, from which, by the cus ii. 1.
 Grace of God, You have hitherto pre-
 served, and I trust, will always preserve
 Yourself; though they will be sure to use
 all their Arts, particularly that most dan-
 gerous one of Flattery, to seduce You, and
 to assail Your Virtue with all their Force
 and Skill. But God, if You seek his As-
 sistance, and Your own Christian Courage
 and Resolution, will secure Your Lordship
 from them: And that You may live to be
 a bright, heroic, and steady Example of
 Christian Piety, in a most wicked and de-
 generate Age, shall be the constant and
 most hearty Prayer, of

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Servant,

Geo. Hickes.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



*I*VE me Leave, dear Reader, to usher in the following Conferences with a Character of the Author. He is dead, and by consequence out of the Reach of Vanity; and as the Regularity of his Life gives no hold to Satire, so the Excellency of his Virtues raise him above Flattery. Many Reasons persuade me to conceal his Name, but more to publish his rare Merits.

Example has strange Attractives; the Way to Virtue by Precepts, as the Philosopher notes, is long, but by Example, short and easy; like the Laconic Dialect, it expresses much in a little, and drives Arguments more home than Logic or Rhetoric. Seeing therefore, Gentlemen have continually before their Eyes so many Statues of Vice in all Postures, it is time to present them with one of Virtue, that they may be convinced Piety is within their Reach, as well as within their Obligation; and that they may live within the Circle of their Duty, without stepping out of the World, or debarring themselves the Freedom of Society and Conversation.

And, indeed, the Life of this Gentleman is a plain and standing Evidence, that Men transform Palaces into Places of Debauchery, not Palaces Men into Delauchees; and that Courts would be innocent, if Courtiers could resolve to remain so.

Eusebius was of a Family as ancient as the Conquest; and what is particular, in all the civil Wars and Revolutions of State, his Ancestors were so happy, as to stand by their Prince, in spite of Faction and Interest; nor could they ever be prevailed upon to part with their Loyalty for any Prospect of Preferment; they chose rather to fall in the Defence of Justice, than to triumph with prosperous Usurpers.

Eusebius had the good Fortune to be born of a Mother whose Wisdom vied with her Piety, and both indeed were extraordinary: She trained him up from the Cradle in the Duties of a Christian, and, I may say, he both loved God, and feared him, so soon as he was able to frame a right Notion of his Perfection; and these first Impressions sunk so deep, that neither Age nor Employments were able to wear them off.

He was sent to the University under the Conduct of a prudent Governor, who endeavoured, by Precept and Example, to improve in him those Seeds of Virtue his Mother had sowed so early. He applied himself to Philosophy with Eagerness and Appetite, and made a Progress answerable to his piercing Wit and assiduous Application; yet he always looked on Learning as the Accessary, and Piety as the Principal; that, he said, was a mere Embellishment, this an indispensable Duty: So that, in Reality, this was his Business, that his Diversion.

Yet he was none of those Plodders, who seem to disband from Company, and to forswear Conversation; who place Virtue in Sourness, and confound Piety with Spleen: No, he was free, easy, and chearful, and never refused to partake of those Sports that recreate the Mind, and ease the Body, without Prejudice to Conscience. To pawn Innocence for Pleasure, said he, is to over-rate the one, and undervalue the other: To laugh whilst we sin, is, in some sort, to renew the barbarous Cruelty of

Nero, who played while *Rome* burned; or the foolish Temerity of the *Indiān* Philosopher, who sung on the Funeral Pile.

Indeed, such an unusual Conduēt was gazed at, in a Place where Youth gives more time to the Practice of Epicurus's Morals, than to the Study of Aristotle's Philosophy; or where at least Learning is more a-la-mode than Piety; but this Admiration soon passed into Esteem, and he who at first was looked on as a Monster, in Process of Time was stiled an Angel.

He left the University to visit the Camp, and made several Campaigns under N. N. Neither Interest nor Ambition called him into the Field; the only Aim of his Resolution was to learn the Mysteries of War, that he might be one Day in a Capacity to serve his Prince with Honour, and his Country with Success.

Piety seldom follows an Army; Soldiers seem to leave Conscience in their Winter-quarters, as well as Religion, that they may sin without Check, and be damned without Apprehension. Eusebius disapproved this ill Husbandry. Our Care, said he, must rise with the Danger, and seeing we are not assured of an Hour, it is Madness to neglect our Soul one Moment. I suppose, continued he to a Friend, when we put on a red Coat, we put not off Christianity, nor receive a Commission from God to live at Pleasure, when we enter into the Service of our Prince: No, no, let us die like Men, but live like Christians, this is the only Way to leave an honourable Memory in this World, and to find a glorious Reception in the next.

His Life in the Camp was answerable to his Principles; he prayed half an Hour on his Knees Morning and Evening, and never omitted to be present at public Prayers, when he was not on Duty; he would never suffer either profane or obscene Discourse: For, said he, it is hard to hear without Sin those Things that

that cannot be spoke without Offence ; to permit Crimes is to abet them. *When he could not excuse an Officer's Fault, he always lessened it, and spoke ill of nobody but himself. He compared De-tractors to your Italian Bravoës, who attack People behind, and stab Bodies at unawares, whilst those kill a Man's Reputation.*

One Day an Officer told him, War called for Courage, not Virtue ; that Resolution carried the Day, not Conscience.

That is, *replied he*, Ambition challenges the Time of War, Diversion the Time of Peace, and Sin every Moment of your Life ; but then who will claim the Moment of your Death ? God ? Alas, Sir, you will neither have the Time nor the Thought to dispose of it so advantageously ; as you live in Sin, so in all Probability you will die in it. You are mistaken, Sir, Sin enervates the Mind, not Piety ; and could we read the Thoughts of our Soldiers, we should find too little Conscience drove more of them out of the Field at the Battle of N. than too much. A Man must be either an Atheist, or mad, to front Danger in Sin.

Eusebius proved beyond Demonstration that Virtue is no Enemy to Valour ; he breathed nothing but Sieges, Battles, and Expeditions ; he went to Combats with as composed a Countenance, as others march to Triumphs ; and, like Hannibal, was the first in the Field, and the last out of it ; he generally asked the most dangerous Post, and sought Perils, as if he had a mind to fall, yet he always came off with Safety and Applause ; Providence seemed to have made him Proof against Ball and Sword, and his Virtue armed him against Fear.

Being challenged once to a Duel, he answered coldly, Sir, though I fear not your Sword, I tremble at my Maker's Anger ; I dare venture my Life in

a good Cause, but cannot hazard my Soul in a bad one. I will charge up to the Cannon's Mouth, but want Courage to storm Hell. *And when a Friend told him, he must either fight, or forfeit his Honour: You are mistaken, replied Eusebius, I will gain Honour by my Disgrace, and shew the World I am no Coward, by daring Censure and Obloquy. He is courageous and brave, who stands up for Conscience against the false but prevailing Maxims of Custom and Opinion; not he who betrays his Duty, and dreads more an imaginary Imputation than a real Crime. Eusebius returned from the Army with Glory, and brought off his Piety in Triumph; he was received by his Master with open Arms, and advanced to an honourable Post; he laboured for his Benefactor's Interest, not his own; and used to say, The Prince should always carry off the Profit, and the Subject the Glory of doing well.*

He could not endure to purchase Attendants with fair Promises, and then to reward their Expectation with Disappointment; his Intentions were as sincere as his Words, and he never promised a Favour, but he designed it; he could not endure to tantalize Pretendants with gay Hopes, and in the End dismiss them with an airy Compliment. This is, said he, to spend their Time, and drain their Purse with insignificant Waiting, to tempt their Patience, and in the End to draw them to be your Enemies.

Eusebius found at last, that Innocence is not above the reach of Envy, and that in Courts Virtue is often punished, and Vice rewarded. A Club of Courtiers caballed against him, and persuaded the Prince to discard him. He bore this Disgrace with an Evenness of Temper, that surprized his Enemies, and, like the Sun in an Eclipse, all gazed on him with Admiration. Though he was overpowered, he could not be overcome. He looked brighter under a Cloud, than in the full Meridian

Meridian of his Grandeur, and all concluded he was no less in Misfortune, than he had been in the highest Splendor of Glory.

A Friend tempted him to strike in with a Faction against his Prince; but he received the Proposition with Indignation and Horror. No, said he, I had rather be wretched without a Fault, than great with a Crime: Duty called me to my Master's Service, not Interest; and I will rather pawn my Life, than forfeit my Loyalty; my high Pretensions lie in the other World, not in this; my Prince raised me to a considerable Fortune, now he thinks fit to discharge me, I will thank him for the Favour, and not repine at his Justice. I accepted the Station at his Command with Gratitude, and I quit it with Resignation.

He was received again into Favour; yet this unexpected Turn wrought no Alteration in his Humour; he rose with the same Unconcernedness he fell; he was above the Charms of Prosperity, and Proof against the Stroke of Adversity; neither good Fortune puffed him up, nor bad depressed him; he never thought of revenging those Affronts he had received from his Rivals, but used his Power with Moderation, and returned Civility for Unkindness.

He retired at the Revolution from Business, and gave himself wholly to the Practice of Virtue; he was advanced in Years, and resolved to devote the Remainder of his Days to Eternity. I may die soon, said he, but cannot live long; it is Prudence therefore to manage every Moment as the last, because it may be so. He discharged his Debts immediately, saying, This was too pressing and too important a Business to be trusted to an Hour's Integrity, that many suffer in the next World for a Successor's Neglect in this.

One that lived so well, could not die ill; for every Man's Death is a Copy of his Life, and exactly resembles

seembles the Original. In his last Sickness he shewed all the Bravery of a Soldier, and all the Piety of a Christian; he bore the Dolours of his Distemper not only with Patience, but Transport, and looked Death in the Face with the same Undauntedness he often beheld the Enemy in Battle. Sir, said he to his Nephew standing, remember you are born to the same Fate, you may read your Destiny in mine; you will once be in the same Circumstances you see me; you know not when you must take the last Farewel of Life; Death steals upon us like a Thief, and strikes without Noise, without Warning. Seeing therefore you are never secure, be always prepared, leave nothing to Chance or Hazard; a Surprize is possible, and, what is worse, irreparable. Never pretend to shew your Wit by disputing Principles, nor think you own your Reason most, when you least own your Faith; this is to place Wit, and Folly, and Reason in Impiety. Practise Virtue, this is your only Business, it will make you content in this World, and open a fair Prospect of Felicity to the next.

His Words seemed tipped with Fire, they pierced the Hearts of all that were present, and warmed their Affections; whilst all mourned, he alone was joyful. In fine, recommending his Soul to the Mercy of his Redeemer, he gently expired, leaving behind a Pattern for Gentlemens Imitation. Thus died Eusebius, a Scholar, Soldier and Courtier, and in all these States a Saint.

Let Gentlemen learn by this Example, they may be Great and Good; and that they may discharge themselves with Glory of all the Offices of Society, without betraying the Duty of a Christian.



THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
GENTRY.

GENTLEMEN,

PROVIDENCE having put the following Dialogues into my Hands, I take the Boldness to offer them to the View of the Public under your Protection.

They were only intended by the Author for the private Instruction of a young Nobleman, on whom they have wrought such admirable Effects, that it's pity, methinks, to bury them in Privacy, and to confine them to one Closet. The Author's Design is charitable, I am sure; but whether he has been happy in Execution, I wholly leave to your Judgments. He runs through the Duty of a Gentleman, and of a Christian; he points at the shortest Way to *Greatness* and *Goodness*, and furnishes you with

with Materials to live with *Honour* in *this* World, and in *Glory* in the *next*.

Seeing therefore this Treatise comes on so kind an Errand, it will, I presume, meet with a *civil Reception*; for Messengers of *good News* are seldom unwelcome.

But nothing has embolden'd me so much to cast these Pages at your Feet, as sincere Tenderneſs for your Persons. It's Wisdom to have an *Antidote* at hand, when we suspect Poison; and dangerous to visit a Pest-house, without a *Preservative*. Alas! Gentlemen, you suck in Poison, you live in Infection: *Wealth*, *Grandeur*, and *Example*, plot your Ruin, and Flattery disguises the Danger: lewd Books are of the Cabal; they dart Poison to the Heart through the Avenues of the Eyes, and convey death through Pleasure.

In *St. Peter's Days*, the Devil made his Round to prey on the Unwary; but now he has almost eas'd himself of that Labour; he acts no more in Person, but by Deputy; he has commissioned *Poets* to *rhime* you into Destruction, and fees Libertines to argue you into Hell: And certainly he has had greater Success against Mankind, under the Shape of an Author, than of a Lion; your Closets are stock'd with defaming *Lampoons*, leud *Plays*, and scandalous *Poems*; you read these hellish Papers with Pleasure and Transport; they soften Nature, emasculate the Mind, and by degrees metamorphose the Reader into as errant a Beast as the Poet; the Style charms, the Expression is luscious, and the Contrivance no less inviting than the Subject. All these petty Artifices conspire to enflame Sense, to enliven Passion, and debauch the Will.

Again, to whet Appetite, and increase Desire, Care is taken to set off Ladies with all the Allurements of Easiness and Condescendency; they are discarded

not

not only of Modesty, but of Shame; so that if the Originals resemble the Copies, if the Sex be as ill prepared for Defence at home, as on the Stage, the Conquest will be made without the Expence of *Artillery* or *Bombs*.

But this is not enough; the Poets take upon them the Office of Engineers too; they trace out the Approaches, point the Cannon, order the Attack, and then cry, *Gentlemen, fall on*: For why do they expose not only to the Eyes in the Play-house, but in Print, past Brutalities, but to persuade you to act them over again? And why do they enter upon Particulars, but to shew you the Method? They ransack *Mulberry-Gardens*, *Epsom-Wells*, and other public Scenes of Debauchery, for the Subject of your Entertainment; their Plots and Counter-plots are only laid to trepan Women, and gull Heiresses; besides, few licentious Intrigues miscarry. This is a sly *Inuendo* to the Audience and the Reader, that Success will certainly wait upon their Attempts, and by consequence 'tis a strong Provocation to enter upon Action.

And because Nature has stamp't on the Face of Vice, Deformity, Horror, these ungrateful Features are shaded with charming Appellations; the Sins lie out of sight under a Varnish, and nothing appears but the Pleasure. For this Reason the most overt Invitations to Evil must be christen'd *Billet-deux*, *Lewdness* must be stiled *Gallantry*, and the *Stews* Places of *Diversiōn*. Why are innocent Names put on criminal Things, but to confound Notions; and to gild over Dishonesty, as *Apothecaries* do Pills, that it may go down without any Checks or Convulsions of Conscience?

Seeing you thus closely besieged on all Sides, and standing on the Brink of Destruction; and, what is worse, void of Fear; nay, lulled into a mortal Lethargy,

Lethargy, without any Apprehension of your Danger; I have brought these Dialogues to your Rescue, and may assure you with some Confidence, they'll prove most useful, and highly beneficial, if you will vouchsafe to peruse them with unprejudiced Minds, and unbiaſſed Affections.

They lay before your Eyes the most important Parts of your Duty, both to God and Men; the Snares of the World, and Wiles of the Devil; the Causes of your Miscarriage, and sure Methods either to prevent or retrieve them. And what can you desire more, but a sincere Resolution to apply these Remedies that are described?

I am sensible we live in an Age devoted to Censure and Criticism, and therefore I have thought fit to obviate an *Objection* or two: Some may think the Author treats Quality with too much Freedom, and Nobility with too little Respect. But, Gentlemen, pray remember, there is a great Difference between your *Persons* and your *Vices*; these be Honours, not those.

I were ridiculous to compliment Criminals, or to reverence Felons on the Hurdle; your Failures are brought upon the Scaffold, not for Triumph, but for Execution; to receive Punishment, not Applause; what wonder then if he handles roughly those Faults he condemns? If he tears off the Vizors that conceal a lothsome Deformity, under a false but tempting Superficies? He has a mind to discountenance Ill, to withdraw you from the Embraces of these treacherous Syrens, that enchant your Reason, and captivate your Affections, in order to murder your Souls; that offer you imaginary Pleasures, to reward your Credulity with real Torments. This is certainly a charitable Design, but withal impracticable, unless each Voice be had to the Bar, and all their *Treasons*, *Forgeries*, and *Impostures*, be brought

to light, and proved upon them as clear as the Day.

For, Gentlemen, give me leave to speak freely, you love Vice under the Mask of Pleasure, almost to Dotage; nothing can wean your Affections from its bewitching Charms, but a Demonstration that you are most wretchedly imposed upon.

Others may perchance take it ill that the Author sports sometimes upon too serious a Subject, nor by consequence transgresses the Rules of Decency.

But you must consider we live in an Age that ranks Seriousness among the Vices, and Raillery among the Virtues. Alas, Gentlemen, the *sportive Faculty* takes place of the *reasonable*; *Resibile* and *Rationale* have changed Places since *Aristotle's* Days; the Propriety has stept into the Definition of Man, and banish'd his most essential Ingredient among the *Accidents*: Reason, without Force, is out of Fashion; it must appear in a *Scaramouch's* Dress to obtain an Audience, and must bring Delight as well as Instruction to be welcome.

The Author condescends to your Weakness, and surely you will not censure his Civility, but burlesque his Judgment, for paying Deference to your Quality: Besides, he is sensible Vice has been laugh'd into Practice and Reputation, and Virtue into Contempt; why therefore may not Virtue regain its Post by the same Method it lost it? And why may not the Gentry be sported into their Duty, as they have been rallied out of it? Some Poisons call for *Treacle*, others for *Fire*; but that of the *Tarantula* must be fetched out by *Music*. A Peal of Laughter enervates the Force of this *Neapolitan* Venom, and a Brace of Minuets expel it. Who knows but your Distemper is of the same Nature? At least, desperate Diseases are proper for Experiments; and
though

xx *The Publisher to the GENTRY.*

though no Remedy succeeds, it's a Satisfaction to have applied all.

In fine, I fling this Treatise at your Feet, and if you will be pleased to peruse it with Leisure and Reflection, it may not only furnish you with Instruction, but with Pleasure; not such indeed as courts Sense, and gratifies the bestial Part, but such as is proportioned to the supreme and leading Faculty; such as feasts a *Soul*, and regales an *Intelligence*.

Your most humble Servant,

I. Y. D.



28 SE60

THE

T H E C O N T E N T S.

V O L. I.

FAITH confuted by Practice	A Gentleman's true Business	49
p. 4	Whether Gentlemen are obliged	
Virtue may be practised in Towns	to practise Virtue	<i>ibid.</i>
as well as in Deserts	And Ladies the same	60, & <i>seq.</i>
The Part of a Gentleman	Of Duties to Neighbours	66
Not to boast of Family	Universal Love	<i>ibid.</i>
Nor Performances	Against Detraction	67
To avoid Oaths and Curses	Of the Sources of Detraction,	
How to spend Time	<i>viz.</i> Pride and Envy	76
Reading recommended	Of Theft, Injustice, and Op-	
Not to be Covetous, nor Pro-	pression	79, 80
fuse	Of Restitution	81
Of { Recreations	Of Lewdness and Fornication	83
{ Gaming	Preservatives against Lewdness	86
{ Cloathing	Of the Play-house	87
False Notions of Honour	Of instructing Children and Ser-	
Of Duelling	vants	90, 93
The Character of Beaus	Of Charity, and its Measure	94
Duties of a Christian	Christian Behaviour out of Fashion	
Heaven and Hell, why described		95
in Scripture	The Character of an Atheist	98
True Virtue, what	Lives of Christians contradictory	
Of Resignation and Submission	to their Faith	120
to God	The Worth and Use of Time	123
God the best Friend to Men	Ladies Employment in the Morn-	
His Ubiquity	ing and Evening	125, 126
Of Debauchees	With their Business at Church	128
God's Grace, and Man's Coope-	Cards, become a Calling	129
ration, necessary to produce	Instances of brave Women	133
Repentance	Bad Education, the Cause of La-	
The Case of the Penitent Thief	diaries Misdemeanour	136
	Remedies advised the Ladies: Or,	
Mistakes about Religion	The Obstacles of Virtue re-	
It consists not in mere Negatives	moved	141
	Positive Duties recommended	154
	Humility	

Humility	158	The Duty of a Mother	174
Modesty	163	The Duties of a Soldier	186
Rules for Ladies daily Practice		The Duties of a Courtier	214
	168, & seq.	Whether any real Atheists	267

VOL. II.

ONE Religion only saving	50	Should shun ill Examples in	197
Proofs of a Deity.		Town-Spark	200
1st Proof, from the universal		The Mischief of Plays	205
Consent of Mankind	72	Ladies in Hyde-Park	210
Notion of God, not merely from		Vocal Musick censured	211
Education	82	A Country Gentleman	216
Nor from State-Policy	86	Advice to Parents to settle Chil-	219
Polytheism	90	dren in time	<i>ibid.</i>
From what Causes	93	How to manage an Estate	219
The Causes of Error	94	A Dun described	223
2d Proof of a Deity from the		Of Dice	231
Creation of the World	112	Eusebius's Conduct in the House	233
3d Proof, From the Characters of		Reflection on Lawyers	240, 241
Wisdom, visible in the Frame		Good Rules for Lawyers	256
and Constitution of the World	126	Of Restitution	259
4th Proof, From Invention of		Eusebius's Behaviour to Neigh-	263
Arts and Sciences	132	bours	264
5th Proof, That the World		Excessive Drinking	267
was not Eternal	139	A drunken Crew	270
6th Proof.	151	Eusebius's Recreations	272
Atheists Exceptions against the		How to take the Death of a be-	272
World's Creation confuted	157	loved Relation	273
The End, Use, and Design of		Of Physicians, and their Me-	275
the smallest vilest Creatures,		thods	285, 286
as Fleas, Lice, Toads, &c.	163	Of Travelling	289
7th Proof, viz. The palpable		Rules for Travellers	304
Absurdities which follow from		Of the Soul's Immortality	308
the Belief or Supposition of		The Soul is Immaterial	311
no God	169	Man compar'd with Beasts	
Young Gentlemen dissuaded from		Difference of Men from Beasts	
a Town Life	193		



THE
GENTLEMAN INSTRUCTED.

DIALOGUE I.

Neander, *a young Gentleman*, desires Eusebius to
instruct him in the Duty of a Gentleman.

Eusebius.  ELTCOME, dear Neander; what
fair Wind has blown me the Fa-
vour of so early a Visit? This
is extraordinary.

Neander. Pray, why so? My
Business has been up and abroad
these two Hours; is it not high time to follow it?

Euseb. Ah! but our Town-Sparks have something
of the Owl, they rise at Night, and lie down in the
Morning: They observe a most exact Symmetry in
Disorder, and, like Lobsters, go backwards; in a Word,
they turn Nature topsy-turvy, or read it backwards:
It's genteel and modish to out-sleep the Sun, and an
Argument of Pleasantry to do like other Men.

Nean. I have left the College too lately to be ac-
quainted with the Customs of the Town: I have not
opened the Ceremonial, nor perused the Ritual *alamode*;
yet methinks, to turn Night into Day is an odd Me-
tamorphosis: Nature, sure, never intended Eyes for

VOL. I.

B

Darkness:

Darkness : Glow-worms indeed are obliged to Night, it sets 'em off, and makes their faint Lustre sparkle with more *Eclat*. But why Men should dote on Shades, and range in Obscurity, I can't divine; unless they long to duel with Posts, and try a Rubber at Loggerheads. In short, it's a battish Humour, and jars with my Constitution.

Euseb. For all that, you must take up with Night, and be reconcil'd to Darkness, if you intend to stand fair with our own Town-Sparks; they are of the Family of *Magara*, true Sons of Night and *Erebus*. Light strikes too hard on their Eyes, it dazzles 'em like *Opium*: It even works on the Brain, and stupifies; but then, towards the Evening they return to themselves, and adjourn to the Tavern, and from thence fall out upon the Watch, and manfully storm Glass-windows. In fine, their Business and Reason sleep in the Day, and rise when wise Men go to Bed.

Now I suppose you intend to enter into the Confraternity, you'll not want most kind Invitations: These Blades lie on the Catch; and place Centinels on *Oxford Road* to give Notice when a Prize draws near; that is, when a Gentleman leaves the College; and then they fly to the innocent Youth like Eagles to the Quarry; they proffer their Service, admire his Parts, compliment him into Snares, wheedle him into Debauchery, empty his Pockets, wound his Soul, and stab his Reputation; and when they have martyr'd his Innocence, and imbezelled his Estate, kick him out of their Company, and so exit the young 'Squire.

Nean. A Man, I see, must carry his Wits about him at *London*; he must stand on his Guard to prevent a Surprise, and suspect Friends, not to be over-reached by Enemies: Like the Lion, he must sleep with his Eyes open: Well, a Danger foreseen is half avoided. *Euseb.* I have been disorder'd since my Arrival, and thought last Night more Hours than I slept Minutes.

Euseb. What! are you smitten so soon? Some Female Beauty has, I suppose, storm'd your Heart, and Good-nature has beat the *Chamade*. The Articles are, no doubt, drawn up and signed, unless perchance you resolve

resolve to surrender at Discretion : But, in good earnest, has Liberty given you a Surfeit ? Has Freedom gall'd you ? Will you try how neatly you can dance in Fetters, and caper in Trammels ? This is a Sample of University Breeding ; your Collegians are a Pack of aukward Animals, full of Wit, but without Judgment to manage it ; one would think they studied not to grow wise, but Fools ; to loose their Reason, or to forget the Use of it. They no sooner enter into the World, but, like Children, they chase every Butterfly, and run on the Spur to their Ruin. Ah, dear *Neander* ! take care ; a precipitate Choice makes way for a long Repentance ; stifle the first Sparks of Love, Time will quickly fan them into a Flame ; a green Wound is easily healed, but a festered one ends in a Gangrene.

Nean. Under Favour, you run riot on a false Conjecture. I am not Heart-sick, but Town-sick.

Euseb. Town-sick ! this is, without peradventure, an outlandish Distemper ; there is not one *Recipe* for it in our *London* Dispensatory : However, the Disease is not dangerous, for I find no Mention of it in our weekly Bills of Mortality. In what Mould, for God's sake, were you cast ? surely you are of some more refined, more celestial Temper than other Gentlemen, without Sense, without Passion ; in fine, all Angel, all Seraphim.

Nean. Not so neither.

Euseb. What then ?

Nean. Why, Sir, I am a Man, subject to all the Infirmities of human Nature ; but I would not willingly surrender my Reason, nor quit the Privilege of Nature ; I would not throw up my Claim to Heaven for any earthly Pretension ; in fine, I have no Inclination to go to Grass with *Nebuchadnezzar*, nor to lie in the same Bed with Brutes : I am a Man by Nature, and a Christian by Grace, and would neither debase my Reason, nor throw a Scandal upon my Profession : In a Word, I'll save my Soul.

Euseb. *Neander*, let me embrace thee ; I was just lighting a Candle (as *Diogenes* did at *Athens*) to find a Man in *London*. I thought Piety had taken leave of our Nation, and that Christianity had flown over to the

Continent; but, God be thank'd, we have left among us one Man, and one Christian; so that the whole Species is not extinct. We live in a mad World, without Method, without Order; we seem to play at *cross Questions*: Virtue and Vice have changed Places, and almost Names, and even Wit is confounded with Folly; Reason consists no more in the Use, but in the Abuse of it. Gentlemen debauch themselves into Credit, and draw Fame from Impiety; the whole Business of Christians lies in confuting their Belief by their Practice: These monstrous Irregularities have, more than once, moved me to suspect, that the most wise and thinking Part of Mankind is cooped up in *Bedlam*, whilst Madmen and Fools range about the Town in Coaches.

This Man whines away at a *Strumpet's* Feet his Estate, his Health, and his Soul too; another drowns his Reason in *Claret* and *Canary*; he plays the Brute all the Week, and rises a Man on *Sunday* Morning; a third delivers himself up to his Palate, and condemns his Wit to drudge for his Gluttony; he judges of Meats by the Price, not by the Taste; and those only regale his Appetite that drain his Purse; his Study is to provoke Hunger, not to lay it, and seldom rises from the Table till a Surfeit forces him to call for a *Bason*.

A fourth has perchance received the *Lye*, and in a Huff bawls out for Satisfaction, *i. e.* a Stab; the Stage is prepared, and up the *Hellors* jump with drawn Swords, like the *Roman* Slaves, to give Diversion to the Spectators: If this be not Folly and Madness without Mask or Disguise, pray give me their Definition; it's hard to determine whether this Conduct be a fitter Object for *Heraclitus's* Tears, or *Democritus's* Laughter; it's a Compound of Farce and Tragedy, but a Vein of Folly runs throughout the whole Mass.

Religion keeps pace with our Reason, and is just regarded as much. Methinks our Worship smells something of Paganism, for we adore God as the Heathens did *Hercules*, with Showers of Stones and Brickbats, *viz.* of Oaths and Blasphemies; this is the only Homage we think fit to pay our Maker; and indeed it is a kind of Recognizance, and is so far commendable,

as it puts us in mind there is such a Thing to believe in, and to pray to, as well as to swear by. Now, why we should be so sparing of our Prayers, is a hard Question.

Some may perchance imagine the Posture of a Suppliant is below an *English* Courage; besides, it's an uneasy Figure, and argues much Want, or great Covetousness, two heavy Imputations for a Gentleman: Moreover, Kneeling is a Mark of Subjection and Baseness; for I was once told, that a Yeoman on his Legs was taller and greater than a Prince on his Knees: This is a rough Draught of our Town-Wit and Religion, without one Dash of Satire, or Hyperbole; they are both at a low Ebb, and God knows when the Tide will turn. *Neander*, stand on your Guard, and look to your Conscience, as well as to your Purse; for I assure you, the one is in less Danger than the other; unless you carry a watchful Eye over your Thoughts and Actions, you will fall into Snares that are laid to entrap Innocence.

Nean. However, surely God has not tied up our Duty to Impossibilities; he tells us, his Yoke is easy, and his Burden light; and then assures us, by the Mouth of his Apostle, that our Power is always equal at least to the Temptation: We may therefore discharge ourselves of all the Offices of Life and Conversation, without overlooking the Duty of a Christian; for certainly God never framed our Tongue for Silence, nor our Reason for Solitude; we may handle them both *right*, as well as *wrong*, and employ them to a good Use, no less than to an ill one. I hope there is no Necessity of sailing into *Egypt*, and of taking up in the Wilderness of *Thebais*; nor of running into a *Convent*, or of receiving holy Orders at *Rome*; for though these good Fathers may walk pretty securely to Heaven, yet I understand they make the Voyage alone. Now I feel no Charms in *Celibacy*; and besides, they are by Law disseized not only of their Birthright, but even of the Benefit of the Clergy; so that they can claim no Liberty but that of the Prison, no Property but the Gallows. I have no Inclination to sling up my Estate,

and as little to lay it at the Mercy of greedy Favourites ; nor to fly to Heaven by the way of *Tyburn* : I would not withdraw from Society, nor forswear Company ; nor, like old *Timon*, disband from my own Species.

Euseb. You have Reason ; God condemns us not as *Pharaoh*, to the Drudgery of making Bricks without furnishing us with Materials ; he proportions his Grace to our Wants, and never commands us to fight on unequal Terms ; the Advantage lies on our Side, and if we give our Adversary the higher Ground, our Defeat must lie at our own Door ; we may be overcome, but can't be overpowered ; our Cowardice gives Temptation the Day, not our Weakness.

Besides, Virtue is not confined to Place or Condition ; it may be practised in Towns as well as in Desarts ; and no less by Courtiers than Peasants ; nay, it shines, methinks, in a Palace, like the Sun in the Meridian, with Pomp and Majesty ; for what can even Fancy paint more charming and more glorious than Grantees, neither abject in Adversity, nor insolent in Prosperity ; than Courtiers peaceable in the Noise of Affairs, temperate in the midst of Excess, unchangeable in Vicissitudes, and constant in all the Turns of Fortune ; untainted with Lusts, composed in Tumults, and smiling at all those Things, that are either expected or feared by others ; than Men who have the Power to do what they will, and the Will to do nothing but what is just and reasonable ? This is no Platonic, but a Christian Virtue ; it is not only found in Fiction and Romance, but has been commended to Practice ; it has appeared more than once on our *Horizon*, supported by Dignity, and waited on by all the Magnificence of Power and Royalty : You may therefore hold your Estate, without flinging up your Title to Heaven.

Near. Indeed, had Providence cut off my Claim to Heaven, when it intrusted me with a *Lordship*, I should have been no Gainer by the Blessing ; notwithstanding, though Virtue be in my Power, if Vice be in my Will, I shall, without Question, be miserable : Let me therefore desire you to favour me with some Rules, by which I may shape my Course ; you have stemmed the
Tides.

Tides of Youth, and beat back Temptation with Courage and Success; those Waves that have passed by you, rush on me; so that the Danger is certain, my Escape doubtful. I fling myself into your Arms. I have at least learned the first Lesson of Prudence, *viz.* to submit to the Advice of those whom Age and Experience have sufficiently instructed.

Enseb. My Age is on its Declension, yet I am not, God be thanked, ashamed to live, or afraid to die: I neither condemn Life, nor over-value it; and therefore expect my *quietus est* with Patience, and will welcome my Discharge. I have withdrawn from the Hurry and Tumult of worldly Affairs, and now lead a retired, but not an ignoble Life: I gave my last Farewel to the Court, not by Force, but Choice; and indeed it deserves no Thought but of Contempt. I have tasted of bad Fortune, and of good; but never placed my Happiness in the one, or my Misery in the other; nor have I entered into the World like a Mute, merely to fill the Stage: No, I once made no contemptible Figure by my Prince's Benevolence, and though in the Confusion of the Government I fell from my Post, I carried off my Honesty in Triumph, and exposed my Estate to secure my Loyalty; yet, God be prais'd, I am not brought to the Basket; though I had rather live on Charity than Rapine, and would sooner earn my Bread by the Sweat of my Brow, than of my Conscience. In my Retirement, I have had occasion to study Things, and to reflect on Men, and have made Observations on both, so that I am not quite unprovided of those Qualities the Office you impose upon me requires: I'll therefore take the Liberty to counsel you as a Friend, not as a Master; let us retire into my Closet.

DIALOGUE II.

Eusebius *instructs* Neander *in the Duty of a Gentleman.*

Euseb. YOU must act two Parts; of a Gentleman, and of a Christian: We'll discourse of the latter at our next Meeting, and at present only touch the former. Some Gentlemen keep up to their Character without the advantageous Helps of Precepts or Education; you may read their Birth on their Faces; their Gait and Mein tell their Quality; they both charm and awe, and at the same time demand Love and Reverence; their Extraction glitters under all Disguises; it sparkles in Sackcloth, and breaks through all the Clouds of Poverty and Misfortune; there is a *je ne say quoy* in their whole Demeanour, that tears off the Vizard, and discovers Nobility though it sculk *incognito*; they are reserved without Pride, and familiar without Meanness; they time their Behaviour to Circumstances, and know when to stand on Tip-toe, and when to stoop: In fine, their most trivial Actions are great, and their Discourse is noble.

Others seem to be born Gentlemen to shame Quality; one would swear Nature intended to frame 'em for the Dray, and Chance flung 'em into the World with an *Escutcheon*: They are all of a piece, Clown without, and Coxcomb within; and so like *Foplingtons* are graced with Titles to play the *Ape* by Patent: Those of the first *Class* need no Precepts, and those of the second deserve none; however, Counsel may be useful to others; for Behaviour is acquired, like other Arts, by Study and Application.

I.

To begin the Part of a Gentleman, persuade yourself, it's your Duty and Interest to act it well; for whoever looks upon it as a Matter of small Concern, will come off with Disesteem; he will follow the Bent of Nature, and swim down the Stream of Inclination, rather than strive against it; for who will baulk Humour,

or fence against ill Customs for nothing? This I take to be the Reason, why so many in Conversation fall below their Station; they fancy a Title supported with Means, places them in a Region above the Niceties of Breeding; that a *Sir* gilds the most unbeseeming Behaviour, and a *Coronet* dignifies Rusticity: But this is a Mistake; for as Gentlemen stand above the Croud, so they lie more open to View and Censure; for Actions are not rated by Men, but Men by Actions; and if these smell of the Clown, or suit with the Peasant, *Right Worshipful* must be content with those Titles; for the *Mob* knows well enough, that Gentlemen can claim no Respect from Nature; they are all of the same Matter, and the Soul of a *Lazarus* is of as refined a Metal as that of *Dives*; and therefore, if they see no Advantage on Quality's side, but a Coach and Six, they will be apt to think themselves as good Men as their Masters, though not so rich; and that they are beholden more to Chance or Injustice for their Fortune, than to Merit.

II.

Let not your Family be the Subject of your Discourse, nor sling the Registers of your Genealogy on the Table before all Company; this Topic is both fulsome and ungentle; it's a shrewd Argument you are big of Conceit, and more obliged to your Ancestors for your Blood, than for your Wit: Though your Great-grandfather rode Admiral at Sea with 2000 *l. per Annum*, if he has left Posterity no other Mark of his Greatness but his Vices, I shall rank him among the most wretched Creatures that ever breathed; seeing the Height of his Station only raised him above the Vulgar to proclaim his Shame, and render his Infamy more perspicuous. It is a Madness to take the Measure of our Deserts by the Parts of our Forefathers; their personal Worth adds not one Hair's-breadth to our Stature: We may enter upon their Estates, and perchance upon their Titles, but not upon their Virtues; these are neither entailed on the Family, nor alienable by any Deed of Conveyance.

Besides, whoever rakes in the Ashes of the Dead, may fall upon the Stench instead of Perfumes; for after Inquiry, who knows but you may find the Source of your Nobility tainted with Treason, and that the very Title you bear is the Price of Disloyalty? Now though according to the Proverb, *Those Children are happy whose Parents are in Hell*; yet certainly, a Son should not boast of the Purchase, nor look big because his Father is miserable: Let your Ancestors therefore sleep in their Graves, and be not so foolish as to disturb them by your Vanity; adopt their Virtues by Imitation and Practice, but have a care of their Vices. I honour Nobility set off with Merit; but when he has no other Prop than Money and Patent, I always compare it to those proud Temples of *Egypt*, that under gilt Frontispieces, and azur'd Vaults, lodged nothing but Statues of *Rats* and *Crocodiles*. I value more an innocent Ploughman, than a vicious Prince; and prefer his Nobility who has built a great Fortune upon Worth and Virtue, before his, who by Succession receives one.

III.

As it is ungenteel to boast of our Family, so it is not less mean and childish to spend Rhetoric on our Performances. If your Prince and Country honour you with a high Employment, either in the Camp or the Bench, discharge yourself of the Trust with Reputation; deserve Panegyric, but play not the Orator yourself; though you are as eloquent as *Tully*, you'll only labour to spoil a good Subject, and whilst you vainly set off your own Feats, you'll meet with nothing but Shame and Infamy. *N. N.* was an excellent Soldier, he feared nothing but Fear; he chose always the *Van*, and was often the first Man on the Breach; all admired his Courage, and praised it; and even those who disapproved his Conduct, did Justice to his Valour; but this Gentleman lost at Table the Glory he had won in the Field, and talked away in his Winter-Quarters the Honour he had purchased the whole Campaign. I did this, said he, at the Siege of *R.* and this at the Battle of **; had I not seized on such a Post at **, the Army had

had been in Danger. One would have thought all the Generals and Soldiers had been in Garrison, and that *N. N.* with his small Brigade alone, defeated the Designs of the *French*. This over-grown Vanity cost him dear; for instead of gaining the Reputation of a General, he went off with that of a Fop, and all concluded he was too ambitious of Praise to deserve any. Your deep Rivers move with a silent Majesty, shallow Brooks alone make a Noise and Tumult among Pebbles. The great Marshal *de Turenne* never spoke of himself but when forced, and even then with Modesty; and though the King was wholly indebted to the wise Conduct of this gallant Man for many Victories, yet he never said so: No, he would lay Miscarriages at his own Door, and Success at that of his Officers and Soldiers; this made him appear great even in his Overthrow, and generally his Moderation was more glorious to him than Victory. Imitate the Silence of this *Hero*, not the noisy Impertinence of Fools; carry off the Satisfaction of great Actions, and let others go with the Honour of praising 'em, and let People rather learn your Atchievements at the Stationer's, than at your Table.

IV.

Avoid the modish Rant of Oaths and Imprecations: It's an ungenteele Dialect, as well as unchristian, and clashes both with the Rules of Breeding, and of the Gospel. Custom indeed has made 'em fashionable, but neither civil nor lawful; for Vice can never plead Prescription. I know it lies under the Protection of Number and Quality; but ill Things have no Right to Sanctuary: Because Vermin swarm, must they be permitted to increase? Shall the Number of Felons plead for Pardon? No, no, the Customariness of ill Things makes 'em worse; and the more they must be discountenanced, and taught Discipline. In a Word, whatever jars with Religion, and cuts upon good Breeding, is below a Gentleman: And therefore, in spite of Example and Practice, I must caution you against some Parts of *English* Civility; for though they go for *Consent* in the *English* Dominions, they'll not bear the Tests of other Nations.

For Example; *Damn ye*, says one, *I am glad to see you*: Is not this a quaint Salutation? First, to pack me away to Hell, and then protest he is glad to see me so conveniently lodged? What Provision will these Blades make for their Enemies, if they place their Friends so untowardly? Certainly, they fancy Hell is a fine Seat, and that the Damned are in a fair Way of Promotion.

Damn ye Dog, *how dost do?* cries another: This feat Compliment implies Damnation and Transformation too: It's a Compound of Curse and Raillery. I am plunged into Hell, dashed out of the List of Rationals, and then, with a Taunt, asked how I do? Why, a Man in Fire and Brimstone, is not altogether at his Ease, and a reasonable Creature curst into a Dog, not very fond of the Metamorphosis.

A third very genteelly accosts a Friend he has not perchance seen of a Twelve-month, *Ye Son of a Whore, where have you been?* This is an *English* Address to a Tittle: It is a kind of a staple Commodity of the Nation, and like our Wool, must not be transported under pain of Confiscation: But surely we need not lay so severe an Embargo on the Ware, for it's ten to one 'twill never find Vent in any other Nation on this side of the *Canaries*; a handful of Dirt, well applied, is as civil a Compliment, though not quite so cleanly. *Son of a Whore!* There is abundance of Freedom in the Expression, but not a Grain of Breeding: Unless you measure Behaviour by the Dialect of a *Billingsgate*, and the *Bear-garden*. Certainly these Gentlemen are Admirers of *Charity*; why else do they dignify *Whoredom*? For *Whore* stands for a Mark of Quality, a distinguishing Character; otherwise the Salutation would appear coarse and homely: But, by their Leave, few are in love with *Cross-Bars*; and to be Brother to a By-blow, is to be a Bastard once removed.

I know we fling a Veil on these Expressions, and wash over their Foulness with fair Pretences. *Damn ye*, says one, and *Son of a Whore*, stand merely for *Cyphers*, or only serve to enliven a Period, and to make the Expression more blustering. I confess *Whore* and *Damnation*

are

are near a-kin, and often go together; but for all that, the Silliness of the Excuse can't stifle the monstrous Incivility of the Compliment; for though it signifies nothing to him who receives it in good time, it will signify much to him that spoke it: For though a Friend may let such Curses fall to the Ground, God will put 'em to Account; and though they stand for *Cyphers* in England, they may purchase eternal Torments in Hell.

They are, says another, Marks of *English* Familiarity, pure Sallies of Kindness, and Demonstrations of Friendship. No doubt, to deliver over to Satan an old Acquaintance, without asking his Consent to the Conveyance, is Freedom with a Vengeance; but at which End of the Compliment is his Kindness? In short, *Neander*, such Expressions grate the Organ, and turn the very Faculty of Hearing into a Burden; they are high Symptoms of a lewd Inclination, and of a depraved Complexion; for when the Breath smells rank, the Stomach is infected. In short, such a *Jargon* is a Breach of Civility, it's a rustic *Cant*, an uncreditable Dialect; nor is the whole *Posse* of Bullies able to ennoble it.

V.

When Civility obliges you to visit Ladies, pray keep your Compliments to the Rules of Christianity; there is no Necessity of laying Religion at the Door with your *Golefpoes*, nor of denying God when you entertain her Ladyship: For certainly Breeding is not incompatible with Religion, and a Man may make an Address *alamode* without apostatizing from Christianity: Yet though the Worship of the Virgin *Mary* be disallowed of, we may adore Ladies without the Breach of a Statute, and commit Idolatry not only without Reproof, but even without Sin. One swears, *Heaven sits in her Smiles, and Hell in her Frowns*. A second stiles her *Saint*; though perchance her Ladyship is more stock'd with Beauty than Piety, and her Face better provided with Grace than her Soul: A third enlarges her Perfections, he ranks her among the Angels; and to complete the Folly with Blasphemy, a fourth *deifies* her. These Pagan Compliments are the Standard of Courtship,

Courtship, the Scale of Ceremony, and the Measure of good Breeding. But after all, Practice can never blanch over the Foulness of these daring Expressions; every Syllable breathes Frenzy and Blasphemy; nor is there any way to acquit these raving *Platonics* of a Crime, but by supposing 'em unreasonable. A few Pimples handsomely sprinkled would very efficaciously dislodge the *Angel*, as perchance her Lewdness has banished the *Saint*; and a few Small-pox would chequer her Divinity, and tumble the Goddess into a Monster; and then Hell might as well perch on her Smiles, as on her Frowns. But Raillery apart, though we sling Impiety out of the Question, such Addresses are plain Satire, and Investive on the Sex: For they suppose Women either extravagantly proud, or superlatively silly. Now the very Supposition is both ungenteel and scandalous. I am sensible indeed the Sex is no Enemy to Hyperbole in Courtship: Women are more fond of those Glasses that conceal Disproportions, than of those that represent them; they can't well distinguish between Flattery and Merit, and as they eagerly desire those Perfections that are proper to their Sex, so they easily are persuaded they possess them; for we soon believe what we earnestly desire: So hence it is, that they take a pleasing Raillery for a serious Truth, and even sometimes a *Lampoon* for a *Panegyric*; but then an ungrateful Truth puts them into a Ferment, it ruffles their good Humour, and sours their Blood. Something therefore may be allowed to Custom and their Constitution; flatter their *Ladyships* into an even Temper, rather than reason them out of it, provided you keep within a Mean, and step not beyond the Bounds of Decency: But to break into Flights of Impiety, into Raptures of Blasphemy, is to play the Fool and the Atheist.

VI.

Gentlemen have so much Time on their Hands, that they know not how to spend it; it's a Burden and a Charge, and so, like Prodigals, they rather sling it away, than take pains to improve it. I counsel you therefore to set aside some Hours for Reading; it's a handsome Diversion,

Diversions; and conveys Profit through Pleasure; the Intellect is a grateful Soil; but then, like a Field, it requires manuring. By Reading, you join past Ages to the present; you travel into *Asia, Africa, and America*, without Expence, without Danger, nay without walking out of your Closet. Sensual Pleasures rather stupify than delight, they play upon the Organ, and dull the Appetite; they are often brutal, and seldom innocent; but those of the Understanding shine brighter, they are of a more refined Metal, free from Dross, and void of Repentance; they extend the Faculty, and render it more rational; they rather whet Desire than glut it, and screw Man's topping Prerogative, *Reason*, up to the highest Pitch. A Gentleman furnished with Reading, can never be at a loss to set on foot, and carry on a handsome Conversation; he is always well stocked, and carries his Provisions about him; whereas others are forced to fetch Matter from the Kennel or the Stable, and too, too often from the Stews; their Discourse is a Compound of Smut and Raillery, enlivened always with Fooleries, and sometimes seasoned with Oaths and Blasphemies: Nonsense, in fine, though not the most creditable, is the most innocent and less-blamed Ingredient. Good God! how often have I lost Patience, and fretted away good Humour, in the Company of Gentlemen of fair Estates, and of noble Extraction; methought they had served an Apprenticeship under Grooms or Dog-boys; they eternally grated my Ears with Hounds and Horses, and broke out into such clamorous Tumults, as if they had been drawing up the Grievances of the Nation, or pelting the Prerogative; yet after all, the Question was only, whether *Puff* or *Lightfoot* got the better last Chace. Racing and Hunting are indeed laudable Recreations, and upon Occasions may be discoursed of; but then to harp perpetually upon these Creatures, is an infallible Argument their Thoughts are mean, and too weak winged to soar above the Beast. Some Years ago I took a Turn beyond the Seas, and made a considerable Stay in those Parts: At my Return I gave a Visit to an old Acquaintance; a Man of Character, of Estate,

of

of an ancient Family, and *Deputy-Lieutenant* of a County; he was at Table; a Hawking-bag hung on the Left-side, and a Bumpkin guarded the Right; his Hat, Coat, and Wig were all of a piece, more fit for a *Scare-crow* than a *Deputy*; his Memory was as short as his Wig; for some Years Absence had wiped out our Acquaintance; he knew me not, and indeed, I was no less puzzled to find my Friend under so slovenly a Disguise: However, at length we renewed our old Species, and then he very warmly embraced me with this Situation; *Eusebius, by God I am glad to see thee*: I expected he would follow this quaint Compliment with an Inquiry into my Health, or satisfied his Curiosity with a Rehearsal of my Travels; that he would ask in what Posture I left our Allies; whether they made Preparations for the Siege of *Namur*, or *Monsieur* for that of *Maestricht*; whether Prince *Eugene* entered *Cremona* with greater Glory, or left it with greater Infamy; whether *Fribergen* did better to receive a Stab from *Maboni*, than Quarter; or whether this brave Baron died like a Fool or a Hero: In fine, what Advantage the *Imperialists* got by the Victory at *Luzzara*, or whether the Profit would balance the Expence of Powder and Shot, laid out in the *Empire* on the Thanksgiving-day.

No, the Gentleman's Curiosity never traveled so far: He had confined his Knowledge within the Bounds of his own Country; all the rest of the World was *Terra incognita* to his *Worship*: He fell immediately upon the Excellency of *Tobacco*, and then halled me up to the Stable, that I might pay my Respect to *Bobtail*; and in the way honoured me with an accurate Account of his Poultry. Oh! said I to myself, had this Lieutenant hunted less, and read more; had he cultivated his Understanding, and let a Field or two lie fallow, he might have been Company for Men: But alas! he was the Darling of the Family; he hector'd it at home, whilst he should have been at School and abroad; was made a Man at fifteen, to be a Child and a Coxcomb at threescore.

I would not have you, upon all Occasions, discourse in *Syllogism*, nor deliver your Thoughts in *Mood* and *Figure*: Such philosophical Cant suits better with a Pedant than a Gentleman; and may pass in the School, but not in the Parlour. Neither press upon Company a *Vacuum*, nor Mr. Boyle's *Pondus Atmosphærae*, a civil Conversation may be managed handsomely in either *Hypothesis*; and I conceive Discourse prospered no less in the Days of good old *Materia Prima*, than in the Reign of *des Cartes*'s third Element.

You may also let the Grand Mogul sit quietly at *Agra*, and *Prefter John* in *Ethiopia*; few Gentlemens Knowledge travels so far from home. *France*, *Spain*, and *Italy* lie more conveniently; besides, *Claret*, *Malaga*, and *Flasks* of *Florence*, have given us some Notions of those Kingdoms.

Time your Subject; good Things spoke out of Season, lose their Value. I would not harangue a Lady in *Greek*, nor a Country Vicar in *Hebrew*: For alas! her Learning goes not beyond *French*, nor his above *Latin*: Discourse must be adapted to the Company; and it takes more when it naturally slides in, than when drawn in by Head and Shoulders. In a Word, *Neander*, enrich your Understanding by the Knowledge of Things that become your Quality; and when you are doubly equipped (I mean with a fair Estate, and a good Fund of Learning) what can you desire more, but an ordinary Stock of Prudence to lay them out to Advantage?

VII.

Converse not ordinarily with Persons above your Rank, nor with those that are below it; that will endanger your Estate, this your Breeding. A Man of a thousand Pounds *per Annum*, can't long keep pace with one of ten thousand; he'll infallibly lag, and jade by the way, and perchance be forced to take in at the next Goal: Or, if in time he resolve to forestal his Ruin, he must fast out the Riot of a short *Carnival* with a long *Lent*; he must stint himself to a short Pittance, and lop off a Branch to secure the Stock: For Estate-

wounds

wounds fester into a Gangrene, and nothing but the Saw or Seering-iron can stop the Infection.

But, on the other side, to herd with Peasants is a kind of voluntary Degradation; it's to break your *Escutcheon*, and to commence Yeoman. Peasantry is a Disease, like the Plague, easily caught by Conversation; it's a Colour that takes on any Subject, and seldom wears off: Why then shall a Person of Honour forfeit his Patent without Treason? Clowns are a sort of encroaching Animals; give an Inch, they'll take an Ell, and repay your Familiarity with Contempt and Outrage: If you intend to oblige them to a Distance, stoop not below your Station, nor set them on equal Ground; if once you make them Companions, they'll usurp the Authority of Masters; for they want Prudence to manage a Familiarity, but not Impudence to abuse it: But take care not to brow-beat them, nor pretend to keep them under too severe Discipline; for the most despicable and cowardly Creatures, if forced, will turn and fly in your Face.

VIII.

Some Gentlemen are so punctilious and nice, that they look on Business as a Thing below their Level: No, they'll not look on their Accounts, though their Estate lies in an Agony; as if there were no Difference between *Prudence* and *Trading*. But certainly, Wisdom jars not with Quality; and I hope, one may be a good Husband without turning Clown: It's no Branch of a Gentleman's Prerogative to be bubbled out of House and Home. When Expences run high, is it not fit at least to provide against Fraud and Circumvention? Prodigality on the one side, and Fraud on the other, will soon drain an Estate to the Lees. Do not therefore all by Deputy: To trust a Steward too much, is to expose his Virtue. Honesty is not always Proof against Temptation: Men often cheat without Scruple, when they can do it without Fear. Remember, that Nobility stript of Means, makes no genteel Figure; it can't stand without golden Supporters: Model therefore your Expences

pences by your Income, and reflect you possess Lands, not Mines; *two* thousand expended, and *one* received, will not balance Accounts at the Year's End: If you are wise, live on the Crop, not on the Land; convey not a Lordship to *London* in a Bill of Exchange, nor carry *Acres* in your Pocket; they thrive well in Country-Air, but fall into Consumptions and Hecticks at *White-hall* and *Groom-Porters*, and soon expire; and then you must run upon the *Common*, or live on Charity or Courtesy; or *Camelion*-like, on the Air, unless you had rather turn Knight-errant on the King's Highway, or take up your Quarters at *Tylurn*. Believe me, *Neander*, Poverty is unfashionable in our Days, and Dependence uneasy; take care therefore of the main Chance, lay by a Reserve for Age and Accidents: A new Lordship does not (like a *Phoenix*) jump out of the Ashes of the old: No, when it's gone, Hope follows it; nothing remains but Beggary, Contempt, Despair, and Repentance.

Be neither *covetous* nor *profuse*; Extremes are vicious, that seems less genteel, and this more foolish. I hate to see a Gentleman, like a Snail, draw in his Figure to save his Purse, and not only want the Conveniences, but even the Necessaries of Life, in the Face of Abundance: This is almost to antedate Misery, and to turn the Fable of *Tantalus* into a real Story. I would no more trust such a *Miser*, than a *Foot-pad* or a *Cut-purse*: He who loves Money more than himself, will infallibly rate it above Honesty, and he'll stretch a Point, and unloose Conscience when Opportunity opens any Prospect of Gain; for to a *Miser* Knavery and Cozenage are unquestionable *Axioms*, and ought to be supposed as a *Postulatum*. In a Word, it's a base Employment to lie on Earth, and to stand Centinel to Interest: I would neither fawn on Money, for Money's sake, nor *duck* and *drake* it away for a Frolic: No, I would not part with my Liberty for a *Spanish Flota*, nor with a Shilling for a Good-morrow; that would be to over-value Slavery, and this to under-rate Silver.

Let your Equipage run even with your Purse and Quality. Starve not yourself to feed Lackeys; nor give
em

'em a Coach (as N. N. did) to save their Liveries. Handsome Regales sometimes buoy up Credit, cherish Friendship, nourish Mirth, and breathe Life and Spirit into Conversation: Though they sink your Purse, they do not drain it; at least you receive Credit for your Money.

IX.

A continual Application to Business works upon the Brain, it exhausts the Spirits, and undermines Health: Nature must not be run down, allow it Time to breathe; if you are always on the Spur, you'll jade it. Exchange therefore sometimes your serious Employments for honest and genteel Recreations; they refresh the Mind, unburden Nature, enliven the Faculties, and pour new Life and Vigour into the Body: Choose those that are more diverting, and less expensive; a Pleasure over-purchased is a real Torment; and then if they require Study and Application, you do not so much ease Nature as change the Burden, I would not have you venture upon Games of Hazard, unless Civility oblige you; and even then stake no more than you dare lose without Passion: Those Plays, like Quick-sands, swallow Estates at a sitting; they devour a Man's Patience, and cast Nature into a Ferment. Good God! how uneasy have I seen Gamesters? Methought they sat on Thorns or Tenters; you might see Passion in their Gestures, and read Despair on their Faces; they broke through all the Barriers of Modesty and *Decorum*, and diced away their Money first, and then flung Patience after it. Had Force stretched these Gamesters on that Rack, I should have pitied their Misfortune; but when I reflected they were their own Executioners, let 'em suffer, said I, nothing but Stripes can teach Fools Wisdom, nor restore Madmen to their Wits.

I met once Sir N. N. an old Acquaintance; Whither so fast, said I, old Friend? I am, replied he, on an Expedition. You are methinks, answered I again, too crazy for a Winter Campaign, and too old to turn *Marodeur*, or Partizan. Nay, said he, my Business lies within-doors: In short, I am bound for St. James's, where

where I intend to fling away a hundred Guineas. To fling away a hundred Guineas! said I, Prithce; if you are over-charged with Coin, favour me with the Burden; you'll play the Fool at least with a better Grace, and less Trouble. But the Proposal did not relish; he would, Gentleman-like, keep his Word, though he lost his Purse; and had rather forfeit his Estate than his Credit. He invited me to accompany him; away we drove to the Place of Rendezvous, where we found his Antagonist ready to encounter: Down they sat, and to it they went; at the Beginning the Dice favoured my old Knight so strangely, that I thought good Luck and he were of Intelligence. Lord! how the old Gentleman crowd'd! Joy danced through every Joint, you might see it flush in his Face, and gild the Decays of Nature. In fine, good Luck seem'd to have fil'd off his Account twenty Years, and to have put as many more to his Credit; but then if good Humour sat on this side of the Table, bad sat on the other; the young Squire first took the Pet, then Clouds began to rise, which made me expect a Tempest: Nor was I deceived in my Conjecture; for immediately away fly the Dice, with a Brace of Curses at their Heels; then Fortune is halled to the Bar, arraigned and condemned: Providence brings up the Rear of the Criminals; you would have thought this one and twenty came in a direct Line from *Hercules*, he played the *Furioso* so lively.

And now Sir, *N. N.* was entering the Haven with his golden Fleece; when on a sudden the Wind chapt about, and blew in his Teeth; the Tables are turned, the Scene is changed, the Knight fumes, and the Squire triumphs; one curses the Dice, the other gives them his Blessing: They steer their Passions by the *Cube*, and vary with the Cast. In fine, my Friend stood to his Word, he left the Field and a hundred Guineas to the Victor, and lost all Gravity and Moderation. I accompanied him to his Lodgings; but I found he was even lurch'd of Good-nature also. Well, said I, do you call this Play? Can Sport and Anxiety, Fear and Despair, stand together? Hell and Heaven are as compatible: I would as soon for Diversion take a Turn
upon

upon the Rack, or lay my Head between the Anvil and the Hammer; these Torments are not greater, but I am sure are less expensive.

Neander, You may learn by this, how ill these Plays deserve the Name of Recreations; fly them therefore as the Plague, they prey upon Content, corrode Satisfaction, and in Conclusion swallow Estates, and commend Nobility to the Parish.

Hawking and Hunting are more manly, more genteel, and more diverting; these Sports are almost as ancient as our Nature, they have kept up their Reputation in spite of all the Vicissitudes of Time and Fortune; but then they must be taken with Moderation, like Physic for Health, not like Meat for Diet. To range eternally in Woods and Thickets after Beasts, is rather the Office of a Keeper, than the Sport of a Gentleman. I blame not the Recreation, but the Excess: For though Hunting be a royal Pastime, it's certainly a base and servile Employment.

Nean. Pray, what is your Opinion of Dancing and Music? Are they genteel Accomplishments?

Euseb. No doubt: They embellish Quality, and give a pretty Turn to Breeding; they furnish a Man with all the little Ingredients necessary for a *quaint Address*, and usher him into Company with Advantage; they relieve a drooping Discourse: For when Reason runs low, and Conversation languishes, a Stroke of the Fiddle, a Song or a *Saraband*, well performed, may enliven it. But don't over-rate these Talents, nor place them among the first-rate Qualifications of a Gentleman; for in reality they only fit you up for a modish Address, and a Female Entertainment. Let a Man rather trim up his Mind than his Body: Those Embellishments are more *noble* and *rich* that lie in the Brain, than those that sink into the Feet, or *perch* on the Finger's End.

X.

When Innocence left the World, Cloaths came into Fashion; they were only invented as a Screen to Nakedness, and a Defence to Decency: You must not therefore invert the Institution, nor turn the Marks of Infamy

Infamy into Badges of Grandeur; for it's a Madness to pride in our Shame, and to look big because we are poor and indigent. Indeed a Gentleman should not clatter in *Sabots*, nor trudge about in *Linsey-Woolsey*; Quality under such a Disguise would make a slovenly Figure. Be neat without Gaudiness, genteel without Affectation: In fine, the Taylor must take measure both of your Purse and of your Quality, as well as of your Person; for a Suit that fits the Character, is more *alamode* than that which fits well on the Body. I have seen some Fops over-shoot Extravagance; they ransack'd all the Shops in *Pater-noster-Row* and *Cheapside* for the Matter, and consulted the whole Company of Merchant-tailors for the Form; a Man of War might be rigg'd with less Noise, and sometimes at less Expence: Now, though fine Feathers make fine Birds, yet surely gaudy Trappings can't make fine Gentlemen; for the Embellishments of Quality are Wit, Judgment, and Behaviour; an Air that's noble without Haughtiness, and condescending without Meanness. Now these Qualifications lodge in the Soul, they lie in the Head, not on the Back; the Effects indeed run to the Superficies, but the Cause sculks out of sight.

I suppose we put not off our Nobility at Night, nor put it on in the Morning at the *Toilet*; why then are we smitten with Drapery, and doat on Finery? This must be understood with Regard to Decency; Allowance must be given to Custom and Opinion; a Gentleman must not be so unpretending in Appearance, as to affect Slovenliness; this is to sacrifice one Vice to another, to atone for Vanity with Nastiness: Walk between these two Extremes; though you use both Shops and Tailors, depend on neither; build not your Reputation on Silks, nor your Worth on Stuffs; for in a Word, they are mere Excrements of poor Animals. Now to make the basest Part of Worms and Sheep the Top of our Greatness, is in effect to commence Beast. *Neander*, put on a good Humour, a fine Behaviour, a noble Disposition, and you'll keep the Mob at a distance; but whosoever pretends to puzzle Men into Respect, merely with Scarlet and Gold Lace, will fall short of his Pretensions.

sions. Men are not awed by Clothes, but Virtue: Old *Fabricius* in his *Jerkin*, and *Curius* in the Chimney-corner, were more esteemed and feared than *Caligula* or *Heliogabalus*, in all their State and Bravery.

XI.

Let not one Action stoop below the Level of your Quality; be not deceived in the Notion of Honour; this is a necessary *Caveat* in the mad Age we live. Some confound Honour with Profit, others with Pleasure; but by the Rules of this new System, Pilfering and Lewdness are dignifying Qualifications: And so Foot-pads, Cut-purses, and Debauchees, may pretend to the Right of *Peerage*. But others least it on the Sword's Point, and persuade themselves it consists in Slaughter; as if there were no Difference between Honour and Savageness, between a Gentleman and a Butcher. These are a Race of *European Canibals*, who worry their *Species*, and devour Man's Flesh; true *Anthropophagi*, who sport in Blood, and turn Slaughter into a Diversion; they are known by the Names of *Scourers* and *Duelists*: But these Appellations are too innocent for so base, so barbarous an Employment; they stand guilty of Murder by the Laws of the Land, and therefore are mark'd with Shame and Infamy by the Government: But besides, they are condemn'd by the Law of God, and so are at once outlaw'd by Religion and the State. What, I beseech you, can stigmatize and degrade a Practice more efficaciously than this double Excommunication?

But, says a Gentleman, shall I receive an Affront? Yes, I hope, rather than a Stab, or a Halter; that may be retrieved, but a Wound in the Heart, or a disjointed Neck, are irremediable. But must I swallow *the Lye too*? Why not, if you deserve it? The Punishment exceeds not the Crime, and methinks it's reasonable for the Penalty and the Fault to go together: For pray reflect, if the Imputation of a Lye be so offensive to Quality, the Thing itself is much more; and therefore you ought rather to take those Imputations as Admonitions than Affronts.

But

But suppose it be a Calumny, I would either condemn it, or pardon it; A Man must undervalue the Benefit of Ease, and the Price of Life, to sell it for so inconsiderable a Trifle; for in the Judgment of the Law it's nothing, it will not bear an Action. Now, seeing we submit to the Opinion of the Judges in other Differences, why are we refractory in this Case? The Law is the Standard, not only of Right and Wrong, but of Honour and Infamy: And seeing it will not take Cognizance of so petty an Aspersion, it supposes it below Notice.

Ay! But Custom has ennobled Revenge: And we had better be out of the World, than out of the Fashion. Under Favour, the King is the only Fountain of Honour, and I cannot find he ever made over to Custom this Prerogative Royal.

But what is this Custom you talk of? (*i. e.*) a Club of *Desperadoes*, without Religion, without Conscience, a Pack of *Renegado Christians*, who are a Scandal to their Profession, and a Shame to their Nature; vote Murder a brave Action, and you obtrude this atheistical Error from the universal Opinion of Mankind, for the Standard of Honour and Bravery. Why? Such Mens Judgments are as false as their Principles, and their Opinions as depraved as their Manners: Because Rascals extol Perjury, Highwaymen Robbery, and Debauchees Lewdness, are these creditable and innocent Vocations? Because Perjury, Robbery, and Licentiousness are common, are they lawful?

Besides, can any thing be more extravagantly foolish than the Punctilio's of a Duelist? One has given me the Lye; to wipe off the Affront, I must provoke him to tilt at my Lungs. Ah, but Right stands for you! But what if Fortune stands for your Antagonist? Right is a dull Weapon, unless Skill and good Luck manage it: The clandestine Revenges of the *Italians* are cruel and diabolical, but at least they are less foolish than ours; they will not bathe their wounded Honour in their own Blood, but in that of their Enemy; and therefore they attack unawares, or by Proxy: But we revenge at our own Expence, nay, and upon ourselves, and some-

times at a Disadvantage too; as if, to retrieve our Honour, we must die like Fools. I know not what Charms others may see in a Stab, I had rather be sent into the other World by the Hangman than a Duellist; a Duel is an ill Distemper to die of, though possibly Atheists may think it a genteel one; and I am confident these Martyrs of Honour will be discomposed when they find their Reception in the next Life falls short of their Expectation.

Death, *Neander*, is a great Leveller. Titles, Quality, Wealth, with all their Appurtenances, leave us with the last Breath: A Clown will meet with Respect if he be innocent, and a Prince with Contempt if guilty; our Treatment will answer our Actions, not our Birth; a Scavenger that dies in Peace with God will be conveyed into Glory; and a Lord that expires in Sin into Torments.

XII.

Some Gentlemen refine Breeding too much; they affect a Singularity in Behaviour as well as in Religion, and so make themselves ridiculous to appear genteel; these are a *heterogeneous* Race of Gentlemen some call Fops, and others Beaus; they are a Compound of Farce and Ceremony, a Mixture of *Mimick* and *Tragedian*; had their Mothers made a Voyage to the *Indies*, I should suspect they had some Relation to an *Ape*: For certainly they are of a mixt Species, and often the Beast predominates, but always the Coxcomb; if the Beau has more Wit, the Ape has more Judgment; these Gentlemen speak like Puppets, and walk like Clock-work; they pass the Morning between the *Glass* and the *Toilet*, and summon to their Levee the whole *Posse* of *Tailors*, *Barbers*, and *Sempstresses*; they value more the Art of dressing well, than the Knack of paying: And whilst others admire their Folly, like young *Narcissus*, they contemplate their own Beauty: Pray leave the People and their Behaviour to themselves, and if you can't avoid their Company, catch not their *Grimaces*. It's true, you must prepare for an Attack; for like People struck with the Plague, they love to give the Infection: If they find you resty, they'll not fail to direct your Motions, and anatomize your Comportment, and then you must expect

expect to be lampooned in Verse, or pelted in Prose; but they always meet with poor *Cassandra's* Fortune, never to be believed: Their *Yea's* go for *No's*, and their Satires for Panegyrics: I might enlarge upon this Subject, but I fear I have already trespassed upon your Patience.

Nean. I see, dear *Eusebius*, you are a Stranger to my Constitution, I am not so soon talk'd down; how can I spend my Time better, than in learning how to spend it well?

After a short Discourse of indifferent Things, *Neander* took leave of *Eusebius*, with a Promise to return the next Morning. He kept his Word, and *Eusebius* spoke thus.

DIALOGUE III.

Eusebius instructs Neander in the Duty of a Christian.

Euseb. IT's harder, dear *Neander*, to describe the Part of a Christian than that of a Gentleman, and a Matter of higher Importance to act it well; if a Gentleman falls below his Character, his Reputation may suffer, but not his Soul: He may not stand fair in Mens Opinion; but this is a trivial Misfortune; for pray what great Advantage is it to be esteem'd by those, who cannot be sufficiently blam'd? Alas! their Esteem is so insignificant, that it's neither able to credit nor disgrace.

But oh! if our Life swerves from the Laws of Christianity, and if Death takes us away in this Disorder, we are undone for ever, eternally lost! without Hope of Change, or of retrieving our Misfortune. Upon this Point our All depends; if we act a Christian well, we shall be well received into the Joys of the Just; but if ill, into the Punishments of the Impious: And both these States are everlasting, both immense, *that* in Pleasure, *this* in Pain.

Now, when the Gain on the one side is so vast, and the Loss on the other so exorbitant, does not Reason tell us, that we ought to bend all our Care, all our Applica-

tion, to discharge ourselves of the Duties of a Christian? I will therefore draw up a short Scheme of the most pressing Offices of your Profession, and furnish you with Motives able to persuade you to comply with 'em.

I.

The chief Reason why Men live at random, is, because they have forgot their Errand; they fancy themselves to be the Work of Chance, the Offspring of Hazard, Creatures of Pleasure placed on the Land (as the *Leviathan* is in the Water) to sport and play: But certainly we must have small Acquaintance with the Dignity of our Nature, and a mean Opinion of our Greatness, to frame such wild Ideas. Our Understanding is too noble to be buried in Dung and Rubbish; and our Soul too spiritual to be condemned by Nature to the base Employments of Brutes.

No, no, *Neander*: God's Omnipotence framed us, and his Goodness designed us for himself alone. He has ennobled us with Reason to know his Greatness, with a Will to know his Goodness, and with a Soul to enjoy his Perfection. He is our *Alpha* and our *Omega*, the Origin of our Being, and the End of our Creation. It's impossible for us to be miserable with him, or happy without him.

II.

But, though we are made to enjoy God in Heaven, it's uncertain whether we shall ever land at this thrice happy Haven of the Blessed; for God has decreed to communicate the supreme Felicity as a Reward, not as a Gift: We must take this City by Storm, not by Capitulation: We must enter *Repee a la main*; & *violenti rapiunt illud*. But if the Difficulty cramps our Courage, if it baulks our Resolution, if we miscarry in the Enterprize, or fail in the Execution, we are undone for ever; we must take up our Habitation in Hell, and dwell perpetually with Fire and Brimstone. This we believe, *Neander*; and the bare Thought of it sometimes congeals the very Blood in our Veins, and strikes us with Horror and Amazement. One Theft, one Murder, one Fornication unrepented, casts us into a Lake of Fire, into

a Vale of Torments, into a sad Mansion of Despair, where we shall always burn, and never be consumed; always die, and ever live the Object of God's Wrath, and the perpetual Monuments of our Folly and Disobedience. These two Points are, as it were, *Postulatum*s in Morality; and God has been pleased to reveal 'em in almost every Chapter and Page of the New Testament, that he might allure us to our Duty by the charming Prospect of Heaven, or scare us to it by the dismal Representation of Hell.

III.

We can't tax God of Severity, nor complain of his Unkindness; for though on the one hand he draws up in *Battalia* all the Terrors of an unhappy Eternity to fright us, on the other he displays all the Treasures of Heaven to whet our Hope, and animate our Courage; nor does he lay our Salvation in the Hands of Chance, or trust it to the Care of our Enemies. Yet he has entrusted every Man with his own Welfare; so that we cannot be miserable, unless we conspire against ourselves, and turn Traitors to our own Interest. If therefore we miscarry, must not the Fault lie at our own Door? If we will be so stupid, as to sling up our Claim to Heaven; so void of Reason as to leap into Hell; do not we deserve to forfeit the one, and feel the other? A Man, who in spite of Prayers and Tears will vault down a Precipice, deserves to measure the Height of it by the Fall; and if he breaks his Neck, who will not rather laugh at his Misfortune than pity it?

IV.

Had God tied up our Happiness to harder Conditions, he had not over-rated it: For all we can either do or suffer in Time, bears no Proportion with an eternal Reward. Though he be our Master, he has behaved himself to us with all the Tenderneſs of an indulgent Father: For he has drawn up Articles so advantageous for us, that we must be mad to complain, either of Circumvention, or hard Dealing: He requires nothing but Love and Obedience. Now who can in reason refuse to

love an infinite Beauty, or to obey an omnipotent Power? We pay him Love and Obedience by keeping his Commandments, which are only hard to those that resolve to transgress 'em. *Et mandata ejus gravia non sunt.* Nay, they are so agreeable to Reason, that we must cross upon our Nature, before we can violate them; and almost cease to be Men, when we begin to be Sinners. In a Word, to be happy in the next World, we must be virtuous in this. Virtue is your Duty, *Neander*; and if you practise it seriously, 'twill prove your Pleasure. For God has so interwoven our Duty with our Satisfaction, that it's impossible for a Man to be innocently unhappy.

V.

Though Virtue be an excellent thing, it may be abused. It lies within the Reach of Fancy, Illusion, and Misapplication; there is false Virtue, as well as adulterate Coin; and as the *Lacedemonians* trick'd up their Gods in the *Spartian* Dress; so oftentimes Men model Virtue by their own Passions. I have seen a morose Zealot eternally harangue against the Corruption of the Age; all was wrong, all vicious, that crossed his sour Humour. One would have thought God had constituted him *Inspector-General* of Mankind; he kickt and flung after so unchristian a rate, 'twas dangerous to come within his Reach. Now, though Scripture and Reason call this *Sin*, he mistook it, good Man, for Virtue. His Error was proof against Homily and Exhortation. You might have sooner persuaded him out of his Christian Name, than out of his peevish Humour.

As I esteem nothing more than true and genuine Virtue, so I abhor a Hypocrite. I hate those Mountebanks of the Spirit, who turn Piety into a Trade; who pray themselves into Livings, and whine themselves into Reputation; who practise Humility out of Pride, and Charity out of Spite; who preach up the most severe Morals in public, and condemn 'em in private; whose Zeal is Censure, whose Justice is Interest, and Piety a Cover to Vanity. I have heard these Tartars lash the World to Excess, whilst they courted it to Extravagance:

travagance: They extolled Solitude, yet were always in Company, and praised Virtue, when they practised Vice. In one Word, this Race of Men is a Medley of Opposites, humble without, and proud within; arrogant to Excess, and on Occasions submissive beyond Measure; all Fire, and all Smoke; Saints in Appearance, and Sinners in Effect.

Others place *Dagon* and the *Ark* on the same Altar. Like *Jehu*, they blend Good with Evil, adore God in the Temple, and golden Calves in *Dan* and *Betbel*: Sometimes they are all Spirit, sometimes all Body: Now they regale their Senses with a thousand Ragousts of the most refined Lewdness: By-and-by they feast their Souls with the most high-season'd Piety: One Day they surfeit with Fasting, another with Feasting: Yesterday they were tired with Kneeling, to-day with Dancing: They seldom miss a Sermon, never a Play: If you see a Prayer-book in their Hand, you may swear there is a Lampoon in their Pocket; and if the Bible lies on their Desk, a Romance stands on the Shelf; so that they are half Saint, and half Devil, but all Monster. I knew a He-Devotee, who would speak so feelingly of the Excellency of Chastity, one would have taken him for a *Baptist*; yet at the same time he entertain'd a Miss in a Corner: And though on *Sunday* he appear'd in the Church with Respect before the Lord, all the Week he paid homage to the Lady: This is not Virtue, but an Olio of Vices: This is to worship God as the Soldiers did our Saviour, with Outrage and Blasphemy. You may easily infer, that the Duty of a Christian obliges you to detest and abhor such a Conduct, but not to imitate it, one Defect tarnishes Virtue. *Bonum ex integra causa, malum ex quolibet defectu.*

That Man is truly virtuous, who is neither proud in good Fortune, nor abject in bad; who desires nothing but Heaven, and fears nothing but Hell; who avenges Affronts with Favours, and Injuries with Pardon; who is severe to himself, and easy to his Neighbour; who speaks well of all but himself; and never pardons his own Defects, nor censures those of his Brethren. In a Word, Neander, *Do good, and fly from Evil*, is the Sum-

of your Duty. This is Virtue in Short-hand, Perfection in Epitome, and Heaven in Reverſion.

VI.

That Part of your Duty is of the greateſt Importance, that immediately belongs to God ; he is our Maker and our Sovereign, we are indebted to his Power for our Being, to his Goodneſs for our Conſervation ; from him we expect the Reward of our Virtues, and the Punishment of our Vices. Return him therefore a thouſand Thanks for the Favours you have received from the firſt Moment of your Creation ; you can't begin the Acknowledgment too ſoon, you can't repeat it too often, becauſe you can never thank him enough ; reſpect him as your Father, ſerve him as your Maſter, and fear him as your Judge ; neither forget his Kindneſs in Proſperity, nor blaſpheme his Conduct in Adverſity : He is no leſs amiable when he frowns, than when he ſmiles ; when he wounds, than when he heals. And therefore kiſs the ſacred Hand that ſtrikes, as well as that which ſtrokes you : He always deſigns your Good, unleſs by Murmurs and Impatience you turn his Bleſſing into Curſes ; and then praiſe his Conduct, but condemn your own.

Ah! *Neander*, a thouſand thouſand times happy is that Man, who flings up all his Concerns into the Hands of Providence, and ties up his Deſires to the Laws of Obedience ; he carries in his Breſt a little Paradife, and a Heaven in Proſpect ; he ſits above the Reach of Fortune, and beholds with an Air of Unconcernedneſs under his Feet, all thoſe Storms and Tempeſts that daſh in Pieces other Mens Felicity ; he neither deſires good Succeſs, nor fears Diſappointment ; he opens the Door no leſs chearfully to Want, than to Abundance : In ſine, he knows, that Command is God's Prerogative, and Submiſſion his Duty. Can Imagination paint a more ſolid, a more ſincere Satisfaction, than neither to languish under the Torments of Hope, nor to ſink under the Billows of Deſpair ; than to ſubject our Appetite to Reaſon, and this to God, our omnipotent Maker and merciful Redeemer ?

This

This Submission raises Man to the Height of Virtue and Happiness : For whosoever bows his Neck to the sweet Yoke of Providence, neither amuses his Thoughts with visionary Hopes, nor extravagant Fears ; he lives on his own Fund, and keeps his Desires within the Compass of his Power ; he is content with the Portion God has assigned him : This he holds only in Fee, and is ready to leave it at the first Command. He neither affects to be less, nor aspires to a higher Station ; he would be just as he is, because God has made him so.

Neam. This State of Indifference is a fine thing in Theory and Speculation, but impossible in Practice ; and is rather to be wished, than hoped for.

Euseb. Pray remember, that desponding Thoughts only serve to pall the Spirits, and to blast generous Resolutions. Things are often impossible, because Cowardice makes 'em so : Check Fancy, and you'll not encounter those Difficulties in the Practice : Pusillanimity and Non-experience conjure up to fright you. For God is no Epicurean Deity, so taken up with the Enjoyment of his own Felicity, that he has no Leisure to cast a Thought on the Concerns of poor Mortals below : No, no, *Neander*, his Providence is as boundless as his Being ; he did not divest himself of the Government of the World, when he had made it ; he can't either forfeit his Title to the Administration of the Universe, or abdicate it. That Hand which made all things, must of Necessity continue 'em, otherwise they'd make a speedy *Exit*, and sink into their primitive *Nothing* : He has assigned every *Being* its Station ; even the *Worm* and the *Pismire*, he sets 'em their Task, teaches them to work, and through a thousand Labyrinths leads all things to their perfect Ends. Now certainly, he that created all sub'unary Beings for Man, cannot be thought to withdraw his Care from him, as if he were below his Love or Concern : No, no, he counts the Hairs of his Head, and registers his Steps in the *Folio* of his *Omniscience*.

Now God being Goodness itself, he can't wait upon us with an ill Design. He stands over us as a Guardian, not as a Spy ; as a Friend, not as an Enemy ;

he considers our Constitution, and pries into all Circumstances, that he may time his Favours, and so enhance their Value, by adapting them to our Necessities.

As his Goodness assures us he means well, so his Wisdom gives us Security and Caution, that he can't be deceived in the Choice of those things he designs for us; he can't give us a Stone for a Loaf, nor a Scorpion for a Fish, nor Poison for a Medicine: So that we are sure on the one side, that nothing befalls us unawares, but either by his Permission or Command; and on the other, that he either permits or commands it for our Good; and that it will certainly prove so, unless we defeat his charitable Designs by Impatience or Blasphemy, and by a strange self-creative Power turn his Blessings into Curses. Now, what Misfortune can make Impression on a Mind so strongly fenced? It will stand the most fiery Trial, without an *Ob*, without a *wry Face*; for it has both Faith and Reason to support it? And then he that will weep, that has all the Reason in the World to laugh, must be fond of Tears, and in love with Torment.

It's true, this Doctrine is extinct in Practice: We snarl at Providence, we dispute his Orders, and burlesque his Decrees; we scream out at the lightest Touch of his gentle Hand, and turn ourselves into all the Postures of Impatience; we neither receive his Favours with Thanks, nor Correction with Patience.

But this irrational Conduct argues much Peevishness and more Infidelity. For these People must either doubt of his Power, or dare not trust his Goodness; and then they deny both by Illation.

Ah! dear *Neander*, commit your Concerns to the Management of God; ask no temporal Blessing, but with a *fat voluntas tua*; refuse no Affliction; receive that with Gratitude, this with Resignation; and if you can't desire Crosses, at least accept 'em, and remember always, that those things often prove more prejudicial we pray for, than those we fear.

We are an *America*, an undiscovered Region to ourselves, our Desires fly not only before Reason, but Reflection; so that we are so far from knowing what is good

good for us, that we know not what we would be at: Our Fancy over-shoots Nature, and (like a Fool's Paradise) represents Objects in borrowed Colours and false Shapes: Deluded therefore by vain Glasses and deceitful Optics, we dote by Hazard, and hate at Random; we embrace a deformed *Leah* for a charming *Rachel*; court Happiness, and espouse Misery. But God, who built our Fabric, knows our Constitution; he dives into our Temper, and comprehends all those things we either eagerly pursue, or passionately fly from; he sees the Employment of these will convey us to eternal Felicity, and the Possession of those into endless Torments. He therefore gives what we feared, and refuses what we desired. Now, is it not a Kindness to be thus mercifully cruel? Is it not a Favour to baulk our Pretensions, and a real Misfortune to be fortunate?

VII.

We can never withdraw ourselves from God's Immanency: He reigns in Hell no less than in Heaven: He exercises his Justice among the Damned, and his Mercy among the Blessed; he dwells in Woods, and walks in Cities; he retires with us into Solitude, and accompanies us in Conversation; he is in all Places, and sees all things; he fathoms our Desires, he counts our Words, he scans our Actions, and reads our Thoughts.

Imprint this Truth with indelible Characters in your Memory, and recommend it to your daily Consideration; it will teach you both Caution and Respect; it will curb the disorderly Sallies of Nature, and bind your Passion to its good Behaviour. You will not have the Face to step beyond the Bounds of Duty, nor scarce be tempted to transgress it. Nature, I confess, is unruly; it will run away with us, unless we keep a strong and watchful hand over it; but then the very Thought that God stands by, will blow over those Flames of Passion, that dim Reason, and hurry us into Transgressions.

Before a grave Man we dare not fall into Indecency; his very Presence gives a Check to Appetite, and stops Sensuality in its full Career: So that Lewdness and Debauchery are forced to retire, and give Place to Shame.

He who violates the Law in the Face of Authority, that has both Will and Power to revenge the Contempt, gives an evident Proof, that either Life is uneasy to him, or that he was not *compos mentis*, and by consequence deserves *Bedlam* rather than *Tyburn*. Yet human Justice acts in a narrow Sphere; it reaches but to Life, and cannot pursue the Criminal beyond the Grave. If therefore the Sight of a Man, and the Apprehension of Death, have such a Transcendency over us, as to cool the Fire of Passion, to discountenance an unbeseeming Sally, and to repel any Assault upon our Virtue; certainly a strong Persuasion that God is present, that he looks on us to crown our Virtues, and to chastise our Vices, cannot be less efficacious; for he is the sovereign Disposer of our Souls and Bodies; he is able to tumble these into nothing, and those into Hell; we may baffle human Justice, either by Flight, Money, or Favours, but we cannot fly out of God's Dominion; his Anger can neither be appeased with Bribes, nor softened with Tears, nor overcome with Intreaties.

Now a Man who with the Eyes of Faith continually beholds this dreadful Majesty hovering about him, with the Reward of Virtue in one Hand, and the Sword of Revenge in the other, will take care of his Behaviour, and not sell his Innocence for a fleet Pleasure in Hand, and eternal Torments in Remainder. Let me therefore once more intreat you, by all that is dear, by all that is sacred, to carry this Consideration along with you in all your Business, in all your Pastimes; its Company will neither be troublesome nor expensive, but I am sure it will be advantageous.

VIII.

God's infinite Greatness intitles him to Homage, and our Dependence calls upon us to pay it: We cannot acknowledge too soon his Authority, because we cannot respect it too much: We are the Work of his Hands, the Object of his Mercy, and shall once be eternally that of his Love, or of his Hatred; of his Love, if we execute his Commands; but of his Hatred, if we transgress 'em. Justice therefore and Gratitude, Hope of Heaven, and Fear of Hell, preach Virtue and Obedience to his most holy Injunctions. Yet alas! this Voice of Thunder is

not able to awake our young Gallants ; like so many bewitched *Samsons*, they sleep in the Bosom of fascinating Pleasures, that lull 'em into pleasing Trances, imaginary Delights, to plunge 'em into real Torments. One would think they either disbelieved a future State, they are so unconcerned for the present ; or that they had a Patent to do ill, or at least an Assurance of Pardon and Repentance. Their Study is to learn Sins ; their Employment to commit 'em, and grand Diversion to applaud their Impieties. Tell these deluded Creatures they walk over Precipices, and sport on the Brink of Destruction : That to live a Debauchee, is to die a Reprobate : They answer your charitable Admonition with a Joke or a Frown, and very coldly reply, that Youth was made for Pleasure, and old Age for Repentance. Good God ! that Men of Wit and Parts should so wretchedly fool themselves into Ruin. Were our Souls no longer-lived than our Bodies, did they sink into nothing when we ceased to breathe, that atheistical Rant, *Ede, bibe, gaude, cras moriemur*, would not be quite unreasonable. Could we look into the Future, and read our Destiny ; could we cast up a Horoscope of our Death, as Astrologers do of our Life ; were we sure that *cras moriemur*, we might equip ourselves to-day for a Journey to Hell, and make to-morrow great Preparations for Heaven. But, alas ! we dwell in a Region, where Certainities are so twisted with Uncertainties, that though we know we must die, yet we are as ignorant of the Time, Place, and Manner, as the Child unborn. Perchance Divine Justice may arrest us in the very Heat of our Lewdness : It may drag us from the Stews to Judgment : The first time we close our Eye-lids may be the last : We may only sleep in this World to wake in the next ; we may only open our Eyes to see strange Flames, and return to our Senses to feel them.

Sudden Deaths are not miraculous. The Bills of Mortality assure us they are too ordinary : But these Accidents surprize your Debauchees oftener, than those who live within the Bounds of Temperance and Moderation. They over-charge Nature with continual Excess, and set all the Humours of the Body in an Up-
 roar :

roar: And how easy is it for these Humours, in such a Hurry and Tumult, to croud in upon the Heart? or to fly up to the Brain? or to impede the playing of the Lungs, and on a sudden stop Respiration?

But though God should deal more mercifully with these Men than they deserve; though he should give them both Time and Leisure to repent, it's ten to one they will die in their Sins, and carry into the next World those Crimes they committed in this.

For two Things are necessary for a thorough Repentance; God's Grace, and Man's Co-operation; without that we cannot repent, and without this he will not pardon. If therefore the Difficulty to be overcome be greater at Threescore than at Twenty, and Grace be less, it's odds they'll not repent at Threescore, but that certainly will be greater, and this infallibly will be less. Therefore it's odds, that the final Resolutions of these unfortunate Gentlemen will vanish into Smoke, and end in eternal Despair and Punishment.

I prove the Difficulty will certainly be greater. Philosophy and Experience teach us, that a frequent Relapse into any Disorder ingenders a Habit, that is, a Facility and Propension to reiterate the same Actions. And this takes its Force from the Frequency of the Practice: For though in natural Productions there is a certain Point of Growth and Perfection, yet in Morals there is no such Term, both vicious and virtuous Habits may go on *ad infinitum*: Hence it happens, that an inveterate Custom twists and winds itself into our very Nature; it sinks into our Bones, and enters into our Constitution. Now, if all the frightful Reproaches of Conscience, all the Calls of Grace, the dismal Prospect of those Shades below, the charming Allurements of Heaven above, were too feeble to restrain Nature alone; will they silence the Clamours of mutinous Passions, curb the Violence of Nature back'd by Custom, and inflamed with ill Habits? No, no: Nature seconded by a Habit (like a Loadstone armed with Iron) draws ten times stronger. He who groans under the Weight of a Feather, will fall under that of a Mill-stone.

Now

Now as ill Habits bias Nature, and make it more impetuous, and less governable ; so in our Supposition, Grace, the chief active Principle, is less. For Grace is a free Gift, no Debt, *aliter Gratia non esset* ; we must receive it as a mere Benevolence, and cannot ask it as our Due.

Is it probable God will pour down upon his mortal Enemies these Streams of Favour and Beauty, as plentifully as on his Friends ? On those who blaspheme him twenty Years together, as on those who adore him ? On those who abandon their Duty out of a determinate Malice, as on those who fall by Surprise ? It is certain he will not : For God will not be laugh'd at. And can the Wit of Man invent a more compendious, and at the same time a more biting Raillery, than by trampling under Foot this Divine Gift, that cost our great Redeemer Torrents of Sweat, and Rivers of Blood, than by making his Goodness the Ground of our Ingratitude ? Than by refusing to repent, because he is prone to pardon ? If God be just, as certainly he is, he'll stop the Conduit of his Mercy, and rain down a Deluge of Maledictions on those rebellious Giants, that attack the Most High, and turn his greatest Attributes against his own Breast.

Nean. What you say, as to the main, is true ; but give me leave to tell you, there is a Dash of Hyperbole in your Discourse : Man's Malice can't weary God's Mercy ; he can pardon more Sins than Man is able to commit ; nay, and will, if we fling ourselves at his Feet, and sue for Mercy. A contrite Heart, *Eusebius*, is a moving Spectacle ; it disarms God's Justice, and melts it into Mercy ; and as he receives those Prodigals that return, so he furnishes them with Grace for their Voyage.

Euseb. Neander, God's Goodness weighs down Man's Malice ; our Obstinacy can't tire his Mercy ; he'll give both Pardon and Heaven to those who ask 'em ; his Word stands engaged, and he can't fly back. But then, where has he promised that inveterate Sinners shall ask Pardon ? It is true also, that the most profligate Debauchees have Grace sufficient to work Repentance.

But

But what signifies a Power to do Good, with a Will to do Evil? There is not a damned Soul in Hell, that did not once find itself in the same Circumstances. Is it less miserable, because once it might have been happy? Alas! this sad Meditation suggests new Matter to their Despair, because it represents their Misery, together with their Folly, as the sole Cause of their Misfortune.

Nean. Pray, *Eusebius*, don't disgrace God's darling Virtue, Mercy; nor condemn poor Sinners to the worst of Torments, Despair. Whilst there is Life, there is Hope. They who never thought of Pardon in their Lives, found it at their Death. What! he who died for Man, can he have the Heart to damn it? The very Thief on the Cross, though abandon'd by Men, was caressed by his loving Saviour; and for one humble *memento mei*, received Mercy in this World, and Paradise in the other.

Euseb. Mistake me not, dear *Neander*, I am not for grasping an Immensity, nor for prescribing Bounds to an infinite Being: I know God's Mercy is above the Skies; but then his Justice sinks below the Abyss; *judicio ejus abyssus multa*. We can't take the Height of that, nor fathom the Depth of this. They are both equal, *i. e.* infinite; nay, they are the same thing: For Justice is Mercy, armed with Revenge; and Mercy is Justice, disposed to pardon. Why then should we dread it in one Dress, as well as dote on it in the other? I am not for casting Men into Despair. As it is the greatest of Torments, so it's the blackest of Crimes, and the most irrational: This antedates Damnation, and gives us over to Execution before God has pronounced the Sentence. To damn yourselves out of a Fear of being damned, is the Top of Madness; the *ne plus ultra* of Frenzy: To think my Salvation impossible, is to make it so; not to hope for Heaven, is the next way to lose it. But then if I hate Despair, I abhor Presumption; if that leads us to Hell by a direct Line, this does the Business as efficaciously. For can we outrage our great Master more, than when we bend his august Attributes to our Lewdness? and build the Babel of our Abominations upon his Goodness, and our Crimes upon his Mercy?

Mercy? Is not this to sport with Majesty? to rally Authority, and to play with Goodness? And pray what Difference is there between despairing of Mercy, and burlesquing it? This impious Mirth, *Neander*, will once end in Sorrow, and these Peals of Laughter, in gnashing of Teeth. But because our Libertines put a great Stress on the good Thief's Conversion, and fancy their Deaths will resemble his, no less than their Lives, 'twill not be amiss to examine the Point.

First, *St. Bernard* tells us, that this Thief's Conversion is the only Example to be found in Scripture of a deferred Repentance that was successful. But, with Submission, *St. Bernard* mistook in the Calculation: For this was not properly a deferred Repentance. The Thief answered the first Call of his agonizing Saviour; the first Glance of his sacred Eyes wounded his sinful Soul, and melted his hard Heart into Love and Sorrow.

Secondly, The Thief received Pardon and Paradise: But what did he to deserve this miraculous Favour? He adored Christ, not seated on a Throne of Glory, but covered with Shame and Infamy, torn with Whips, pierced with Thorns, outraged by his Enemies, forsaken by his Friends: Beside, some say, Life was offered this Malefactor, if he would deny Christ; but he chose rather to die with him, and for him, than to live without him. So that now the Cause of his Death was changed, and he who was fastened to the Cross a Robber, expired on it a Martyr.

Thirdly, God sealed his Pardon; but this Act of Grace was granted on the Day of Mercy; and yet of so many Sinners that were Spectators of this bloody Tragedy, we know but this Thief, who was so fortunate as to ask Pardon, and to receive it. Tell me then, dear *Neander*, should we not rather draw Motives of Fear from the Misfortune of Thousands, than of Presumption from the good Luck of one? If you look on the Right-hand of our dying Lord, pray cast an Eye upon the Left; and if you behold on the one side a Saint, you'll discover a Reprobate on the other. Let therefore Gentlemen learn Fear from the Damnation of the

the one, as well as from the other a dangerous Security. And I counsel all Christians to draw this Conclusion from the different Deaths of these two Malefactors, that it's a Madness to despair, and Temerity to presume; *Unus est ne desperes, unicus ne præsumas.*

Wherefore consecrate the first Fruits of Reason to God; you can't begin the Practice of Piety too soon, but may too late: Nature, untainted with Vice, may be wrought with Ease into any Form, and cast in any Mould. It's a kind of *tabula rasa*, a Blank, that almost with the same Facility receives the Characters of Angel and of Devil; but when once its stained with Sin, when it's biassed by ill Habits, and worse Principles, you will find it stubborn and rebellious. Be not then so foolish as to prefer Danger before Security, and to turn Pleasure into Toil. Take Occasion by the Fore-top, it quickly passes, and seldom returns.

IX.

Religion is the Ground-work of Salvation; and therefore you cannot be too tender of a Thing that so nearly concerns your eternal Happiness. I recommend this Point to your Care with greater Eagerness, because at present it lies under all the Disadvantage of Contempt; and I fear the Gentry have a greater Hand in the Scandal, than the Commonalty. Nothing, indeed, enters more frequently into Discourse; its the vulgar Topic of Conversation, the Subject of our Heats, the Source of Divisions, and by Consequence of our Misfortunes; Yet not one of a hundred knows the very Meaning of the Word, and not two in a thousand agree upon the Thing; the very Ideas we have of it are wild and monstrous.

I have heard with Indignation and Horror, some Gentlemen pronounce *ex cathedra*, That Religion is a Grievance; no Duty, because it controuls our most noble Faculty the Understanding, and enslaves us to blind Obedience.

Others weigh Religion by Interest, and protest that Orthodoxy and Profit go together: So that in those
Mens

Mens Theology, *Turcism*, with 1000 *l. per Annum*, is more credible, than Christianity with 500.

Others again confound Religion with Faction, and so to carry on a black Design, strike in with any Conventicle; they cry out for Liberty of Conscience, although they have none for Reformation, though they delight in Tumults, and feign the Angel to play the Fiend.

Others, like an abandon'd Brat, drop it at Churchwardens doors, and fancy it is a Monster of their begetting; Craft (say they) Jugling and Interest brought it forth, whilst Superstition and Policy maintain it.

But, by these Gentlemens Leave, Religion is neither the Product of Spleen, nor the Fruit of Imagination; it is neither the Statist's Engine, nor a Parson's Invention; it came from Heaven, and was planted on Earth by Christ and his Apostles; and we must either believe it here, or burn for our Infidelity hereafter: *He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.*

These are our Saviour's Words, and they will be received, I suppose, by Christians. The Apostle delivers the same Doctrine; *Without Faith it is impossible to please God.* Now without doubt God made Heaven for his Friends, not for his Enemies; for those who please him, not for those who condemn his Laws, and sport with his most peremptory Commands. Again, St. Augustine tells us, ** Ubi vera fides non est, nec potest vera esse justitia.* But it's Frenzy and Illusion to Excess, to fancy, that a Man not truly just, will be admitted into the eternal Joys of Heaven: It follows therefore very justly, that Salvation is a Chimæra out of Christ's Church; and by consequence, that all those libertine Gentlemen, who play with Religion, and sport with Faith, are in a fair way to deplore eternally their factious Impiety. I would have 'em spend some cool Thoughts on the Matter, and consider seriously, whether a petty, brutish, nay, atheistical Satisfaction, can countervail a perpetual Misery, and whether they would not give more pregnant Proofs of Wit and Judgment by inquiring after the true Religion, than by lampooning all.

* De Ser. Dei in Monte, C. 19.

Tell me not you lead a moral Life, you walk by the Light of Reason, and frame your Conduct by its inviolable Maxims; that you neither curse God, nor wrong your Neighbour; that you neither invade his Lands, nor impeach his Reputation; that your Hands are not dipt in Blood, nor your Tongue in Gall; that you defile no Man's Bed, nor inroach on his Property: These Negatives will never unlock Heaven's Gates, nor place you in Bliss. Faith must carry a Torch before you, otherwise you'll ramble in the Dark, and wander in Error, till the Flames of Hell display the Mistake, and at the same time punish it.

But do you think, *Neander*, that those Men who talk down Religion, and cry up-Morals, are at the Bottom greater Friends to the one, than to the other? Alas! no; their Actions are as libertine as their Belief; and if we may judge by Appearance, they have no more of the Man, than of the Christian. For whoever saw these mighty Advocates of Morals, these Assertors of Regularity, ever stand up in Defence of Virtue, but when they actually condemn'd it in Practice? I have often indeed heard your qualified Debauchees talk most feelingly of Sobriety over Champaign, of Temperance at a full Table: And I once met with a Prostitute, that extolled Chastity like a Vestal. You must therefore, when you meet with infidel Moralists, suppose they only commend Virtue in jest, but practise Vice in good earnest; and that they are as far from enslaving their Passions to the Laws of Nature, as their Judgments to Divine Revelation.

Take not Religion upon Credit; there are in the World Teachers of false Tenets, as well as Coiners of false Crowns; and as you bring these to the Touchstone, so you must bring those. To believe, you know not why, is rather Stupidity than Faith; it is to unfence Religion, to lay it open to the weakest Assault of Schism and Heresy. In fine, to believe nothing, is Madness; and to believe any thing, Folly. He is truly happy who walks between these two Extremes, and neither believes too much, nor too little.

X.

The Religion you must embrace, is that which Christ revealed, and his Apostles preached: This may be denied by a *Jew* or *Turk*, but not by a Christian. For, being God, he had Authority to command, and we have an indispensable Obligation to obey; nor could he set up Impossibilities for Truths, or impose Falshoods under the Mask of Divine Revelation. The Apostles indeed were Men, but inspired from Heaven, and consequently no more subject to Error, than the Divine Spirit that gave his Oracles through the Organs of their Mouths.

This is a Summary of your Duty to God: That you owe your Neighbour, shall be the Subject of our next Entertainment. In the mean time you must be my Guest to-day, pray refuse me not the Favour.

Nean. I am at your Command; but let me desire you to give me these excellent Documents in Writing; they are too long to be remembered, and too useful to be forgot.

Euseb. I'll comply with your Desire, and at my Leisure set down what I can call to Memory.

DIALOGUE IV.

Whether Gentlemen are obliged to practise Virtue.

“SCARCE was Dinner ended, but in came *Elen-*
 “*therius*, an Acquaintance of *Eusebius*; he was a
 “Gentleman of a worthy Family, and of an Estate
 “suitable to his Character. Liberty and Pleasure
 “were his darling Passions; and I have heard him
 “say, he had rather want Grace than Wit, although
 “he had no great Provision of either. He could not
 “endure to be crouded with Visits, or yoked in Cere-
 “mony, because such Formalities entrenched on Free-
 “dom, and put Liberty under Constraint; and for
 “this Reason he never went to Court: For he com-
 “pared

"pared Courtiers to so many Slaves, who move in
 "Fetters, and live for others, not for themselves;
 "sometimes to work'd-down Labourers, more fit for
 "Sleep than Pleasure. In fine, he valued Ease above
 "Greatness, and Sensuality above Conscience, so that
 "his Name jump't with his Humour; his Religion was
 "of the last Edition, that is *Puritanism* cut on *Indepen-*
 "*dency*, and garnish'd with an Oleo of upstart Novel-
 "ties; he ascribed Man's Justification to Faith alone,
 "and therefore condemned good Works as heterodox,
 "as Encroachments upon Christian Liberty, and a
 "Grievance to the Subject: Hence he hated Humilia-
 "tion-days, and could never be persuaded to fast till
 "he had regaled his Appetite. One Day he moved,
 "that the Statute *de comburendo hæretico* might be re-
 "vived and executed upon a Person for saying, that
 "*estote perfecti* was address'd to Gentlemen; he looked
 "upon it as *scandalum magnatum*, and a clipping of the
 "Privilege of Peerage. In fine, he was of Opinion,
 "that Fancy was the only Rule of a Gentleman's
 "Faith, and Pleasure that of his Actions."

Euseb. Welcome, *Eleutherius*, pray sit down. Why
 so thoughtful and recollected? I suppose you are come
 from your Devotions, Morning-service is just done.

Eleuthe. Why, Man, this is not the Lord's-day.

Euseb. Pray of what Religion are you?

Eleuthe. I am a *Christian*.

Euseb. Ah, that may be; but of what Persuasion?
 For that Notion reaches a great way: There are *Chri-*
stian Papists, *Christian Turks*, and *Christian Infidels*; and
 then there are *Protestants*, and *True Protestants*; and, in
 fine, there are *Et cætera Christians*; with which of these
 do you convene?

Eleuthe. With all, and with neither; that is, I have
 drawn off the Spirits from each, and left the *Caput*
mortuum behind; in short, my Religion is new and
 modish: 'Tis grinned at indeed by some, but practis'd
 by the greater and more witty Part of the Nobility; 'tis
 Reformation upon Reformation.

Euseb. Metal upon Metal is a Solecism in Heraldry,
 and why not Reformation upon Reformation in Reli-
 gion?

gion? But under Favour, if general Practice hits right with the Precepts of your Religion, they are fly-blown; and were I disposed to doggrel it, I would only gloss upon that Text. Follow my Counsel, *Eleutherius*; say common Practice clashes with its Maxims, or else you'll give too great an Advantage to Criticism and Inquiry. For if what you say be true, your Religion is without Fence, without Rampart, and a little Reason will batter the whole Fabric about your Ears; for when the Question is about Good and Evil, Practice stands on the wrong Side. But, Sir, let us wave Dispute; supposing you are a Christian, what Harm is there in going to Church on a *Feria*?

Eleuthe. What harm is it to sink my Character, and sling up my Charter?

Euseb. Why, Praying and good Works come not within the Statute of Treason, I hope.

Eleuthe. Take care, you may slip into a *Præmunire* before you are aware. Liberty and Property are edged Tools now a-days, few have meddled with them without a Scar.

Euseb. You are in a very merry Vein to-day, but methinks the Subject bears no Raillery. Prithee (Drollery apart) what do you mean by Liberty, Property, and *Præmunire*?

Eleuthe. In short then, Gentlemen are not tied up to Works of Supererogation, to Virtue, Perfection, and twenty other Niceties; all the World knows that Christians are free-born Subjects, exempt from the Bondage of Precept and Ceremony. They date their Liberty from the Moment of their Baptism; and a learned Clerk, let me tell you, was of Opinion, that the very Ten Commandments expired with the Synagogue. Now, Sir, to bring Gentlemen upon their Knees, to incumber their Liberty with Laws and Statutes, is to touch them in the most sensible Part. *Englishmen* will stand for their Birth-right, and not give up tamely so considerable a Privilege; and if you strive to wrest it out of their Hands, you may perchance repent of the Attempt. You will have to do with Numbers and Power: And though

though Truth stands for you, if Force sides against you, the Field will be lost.

Euseb. This is Liberty indeed with a Vengeance. Nature, at this rate, and Sensuality are let loose, and have a large Field to walk in. Because Christ came into the World to banish Sin, Man may open the Gate to all Abominations; he may break through all the Barriers of Nature, Reason, and Religion; he may cozen and murder not only with Impunity, but also with Devotion. I would have you draw up a Petition against Jails, Pillories, and Execution; nay, it would not be amiss, at your next Coffee-house Assembly, to vote down Hell also, as a Grievance to the free-born Subjects of the Covenant.

Eleuthe. Nay, indeed the Parson strain'd the Point, he has over-shot the Truth and himself too; but I'll maintain at least, that Gentlemen are not bound up to what Divines call Virtue and Perfection; these Fooleries look well enough in a canonical Cassock, or a Clergyman's Dress, but in Scarlet and Gold-lace they make a lean Figure; they walk in Embroidery, as little *David* did in *Saul's* Armour, very awkwardly, and rather furnish Matter for Diversion, than for Edification.

Euseb. Though this Thesis has less of Scandal than the former, I am sure it is equally false. For tell me, have not our Gentlemen and topping Mortals received from the liberal Hands of God a far greater Allowance of Favour than Vulgars?

Eleuthe. No doubt of it; Nobility itself is a Favour of the first Class; it raises a Man above the Croud and Smoke of the World, it entitles him to Honour and Respect; the Prince moves here below, as the Sun does above in Glory and Magnificence; Gentlemen are Stars placed above him for Pomp, State and Ornament: Besides, Gentlemens Bodies have a finer Texture of Parts, than those of a meaner Condition; their Complexion is more bright and sprightly, their Air more polite; in fine, Nature is like Carvers, who flubber over those Pieces that are condemned to Obscurity, and polish those with the last Exactness that stand in View.

Euseb.

Euseb. You argue right for me ; but then you confute your own Thesis. For if Gentlemen had received more Favours than the Peasant, certainly they are obliged in Honour, as well as Duty, to make a more ample Return of Gratitude. For, suppose a Prince has raised one from the Degree of a Page to that of a Lord or Captain of his Guards, that he has at the same time flung in 12000 *l.* *per Ann.* to support the Title, and set off his Dignity ; has not this new-dated Peer a more strait Obligation to serve his Royal Benefactor ; than a Dray-man, that only enjoys the common Protection of the Government ? This is our Case to a Hair.. You grant on the one hand, that such a Man lies not only under the common and fundamental Duties of a Subject, but also under the additional Ties of Gratitude to serve his Prince ; and on the other you confess, that God has with greater Profuseness poured out his Liberality on Gentlemen, than on Clowns and Tradesmen ; why then is not their Obligation greater to serve him ?

Eleuthe. Their very Station and Rank is their Patent of Exemption ; in short, they have no Time : For you must allow a Gentleman ten Hours for sleep, a quarter for his private Affairs ; two Hours to saunter from the Stable to the Dog-kennel ; three for Dinner, and as many for Supper ; almost six for the Tavern, Coffee-house and Theatre : So that you may see here remains no Time for God and Virtue.

Euseb. Your Arithmetic over-ballances your Christianity. Is it not ridiculous, I mean impious, to take the Length of a Man's Duty by his Practice ; to argue from Fact to Right, and subpœne Transgression to witness for the Breach of a Precept ? You have carved out a Gentleman's Time exactly enough, but not justly ; and I doubt much whether he will stand to it in the next World, though he may perchance in this. God bids 'em watch and pray in the Gospel ; and St. *Paul* in his Epistle recommends Sobriety and Chastity. Now I think Men seldom watch or pray while they sleep, and as seldom learn Sobriety in Taverns, or Chastity in Brothels, or Morality in profligate Conversation ; tell me then not what Gentlemen do, but what they should do,

which in short is this: As they have but one Affair to manage, which is their Salvation, so all their Thoughts and Actions must look that way; if any Motion warps from this Center, they swerve from their Duty; they must baulk Appetite, not gratify it; and either stifle Passions, or fetter them; they must be humble in Prosperity, and great in Adversity; *i. e.* they must bear that with Moderation, this without Clamours or Impatience; they must rather forfeit their Lives than Conscience, and postpone Pleasure to their Duty. These are the Offices of Gentlemen: For Men were placed in this World to cultivate Virtue, and to enjoy the Fruit of it hereafter; though they labour and sweat from the Cradle to the Coffin, to advance their temporal Concerns, they forward their Misery, and interrupt their Happiness; they are Strangers to themselves, and only Guests in their own House; they drudge continually, yet do nothing, and are laboriously idle. Tell me not then of Sleep, Visits, Horses, Hounds, Taverns, and Playhouses; these Things, with some Grains of Allowance, may be permitted Gentlemen, as Amusements and Diversions, but not as Business; their Business, their grand Concern, and their only Concern, is God's Service, and their Salvation: and if they squander the precious Moments of Time he has afforded them, they abuse the Gift, and the very End of their Creation.

Eleuthe. You are warm, methinks, and press very hard on Quality; but I suppose you are only in the Vein of bantering, and intend to shew how well you can manage an ill Cause, and that Wit and Declamation can sometimes supply the Place of Reason and Argument: Thou art excellently qualified for the Pulpit; thou hast Words and Invektive at command; prithee off with thy Jump, and on with a Cassock; thou wilt run down Vice at an unmerciful Rate, and talk Debauchery out of Countenance; no Sin will stand thee, no Heresy affront thee. But, by the by, *Eusebius*, you are subject to slip as well as your Neighbours; and sometimes your Passion runs so fast, that it distances your Reason: For I think you grant that the bare Observation of God's Commandments will carry a Man to Heaven; what then have we to do with your Works
of

of Supererogation, Mortification, and Austerities? The very Word implies Counsel only, not a Precept, and by Consequence no Obligation.

Ensb. I grant what you desire; but then I must add, that without these Works of Supererogation, as you call 'em, you will never keep those Commandments. You can't hit a Mark, unless you level higher. Gravity sinks the Arrow under the first Line of Direction, in spite of the Impulse. This is our Case, Nature draws towards the Center, no less than Weight; 'tis wanton and libertine, and loves to range in the Latitude of sensual Pleasure, not within the Compass of Law and Regularity. Now if you loose the Rein, and give it the whole Line of Duty to play in, 'twill break through that Restraint, and carry you beyond it. For, let me tell you, Appetite is not caressed into Duty, but beaten into it, and Passions are not to be tamed by Condescendence. Like the Mobile, the more Liberty you give 'em, the more they ask; they must be dicted and brought low, otherwise they will fly in your Face. In fine, if you will not have 'em ask what is unjust, refuse 'em what is lawful: Besides, Indulgence arms 'em, it gives 'em a Prospect of your own Power, and your Weakness; and then if each single one be a Match for a Giant, who can resist the whole Band drawn up in a Body? You boggle at great Sins, but swallow little ones without Scruple or Remorse; you shut your Ears against the inward Calls of God's Grace, and struggle with his Inspirations. All these Things are petty Quarrels with your Maker; they are Contempts and Disrespects, though not Treasons. In fine, they are Sins. Now, whosoever dare look a little Sin in the Face without Horror, will soon commit great ones with Pleasure; for they are both really Sins, and must be repented of; the Difference lies only in the Greatness on the one side, and in the Littleness on the other. When *Marius* was sent against the *Cimbri*, his Soldiers durst not look the Enemy in the Face; their gygantic Stature and barbarous Aspect cow'd the *Roman* Bravery: But when they had beheld these barbarous *Germans* three Days from the Camp, their Spirits revived, and their congealed Courage began to circulate through every Vein; they not only fought 'em, but

overcame. Just so a Man educated in the Principles of Christianity, cannot think of the Breach of a Commandment, without trembling, without Convulsions; but then he slides into trivial Commissions: At first, a Damp arises over his Stomach, he is crop-sick, uneasy, he continues on his Course, and Conscience begins to slumber; its Reproaches are faint, its Stings scarce perceptible; Custom flings in a Dose of Opium, and then it falls into a Lethargy; and when Man is once arrived at this Pitch of Insensibility, he boggles at no Impiety; he breaks through God's Commands, and will soon storm Hell to satisfy Passion. From whence comes this, but from your Principle, that Gentlemen are not tied up to Virtue, Patience, Humility? For did such Gentlemen mortify Appetite, and crush Sensuality in the Cradle; did they place all their Satisfaction in an absolute Obedience to their Maker's Will, and never allow Nature and Senses any Play-days, they would not have broke open the Inclosures of Duty, nor left all in common to Licentiousness; they had never made their Inclinations their Law, nor Pleasures the sole Boundaries of their Actions: For that Aphorism is most true, *Nemo repente fit turpissimus*, No body jumps into Ill on the sudden; Negligence and Distrust weaken God's Commands, before we venture to break 'em. Now supposing all Men are obliged to Virtue, it naturally follows, that this Obligation lies harder on Gentlemen.

First, They lie more in the reach of Temptation than People of an inferior Rank; more in view of the Enemy; their Circumstances then require Vigilance; they must stand Centinel, and place Out-guards for fear of a Surprize. A poor Man that can scarce furnish Necessaries for Life, has neither the Means nor Thought to pamper Luxury; Nature is work'd down, and rather cries out for Rest than Pleasure. In short, he can scarce live, much less riot; Pride can't come at him, it must pass through Muck, Smoak, and Penury, to reach him. Now this Vice is too high stomached to stoop so low, it loves not to lie on a Dunghil, or sleep on Straw; and a Man that daily sees and feels nothing but Want and Misery, must be mad before he can be proud,

proud, or grow vain upon any fond Presumption: Besides, Appetite is so kept under by Necessity, that it can scarce crawl; its very Desires reach no higher than Bread to subdue Hunger, and Cloaths to fence off Cold, and veil Nakedness. No ill Object passes through the poor Man's Eyes into the Heart; they draw in no Species, but those of Beasts and Dunghills; so that whatever they behold, is either rebating or innocent. In fine, they are below Temptation; and, like a small dismantled Village, not worth seizing. But Gentlemen stand the Mark of every Temptation; the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, seem to have entered a tripple League against them; they are marked out for a Slaughter and Sacrifice, they live in the midst of Plague and Infection, and cannot take one Step without meeting Danger, nor breathe without taking in Contagion; the World fawns on them; Passions revolt, and the Devil casts Nets to insnare them; fine Sight debauches the Eyes, Music the Ears, *Ragou's* the Taste, Perfumes the Smell, and false Principles the Understanding; Wine heats the Passions, and Delicacies put 'em in a Ferment; so that a Gentleman is beset on all Sides; each Vice batters his Constancy, and assaults his Innocence. Now, what way can he come off with Victory? He must raise Counter-batteries, and dismount those Engines that play upon him; he must make a Sally, and face Pride with Humility, Luxury with Continency, Intemperance with Sobriety, and love of Pleasure with that of Duty: In Morals, as well as Physics, Contraries alone defeat Contraries. Does not Nature tell us, as well as Experience, that when the Attack is brisk and vigorous the Place will infallibly be taken, unless the Defendant beat off Force with Force, and tire out the Assailants with Resolution?

Secondly, The Faults of the baser sort of Mankind are *personal*. They never spread; like an *Apoplexy*, they strike but one; the Mischief ends where it begun, and one Life satisfies its Fury. But Gentlemen's Crimes become universal, like the Plague, they sweep away whole Families, and drive Mortality and Desolation before 'em. For the Vulgar are an apish Generation, they live on Imitation, and are carried away by the Exam-

ple of great ones, as the inferior Orbs by the Motion of the superior; so that if a Master throws his Vices among the Family, they are soon picked up, and wore as Robes of Honour. For Servants that know their Fortune depends on a Master's Smile, will not easily displease him. They eye every Motion, study his Humour, and strike in with his Inclination: They applaud his Extravagancies first, and then adopt them by Practice. And thus by this abominable Complaisance, Slaves oftentimes work themselves into their Estates and Dignities. And then when Vice is so extravagantly rewarded, both with Estate and Pleasure, when a Man can debauch himself into a competent Fortune, without other Charges or Expence, than that of Conscience, 'tis odds he will venture on the Enterprize. Besides, Sins supported with *Escutcheon* and Title pass for Grandeur: Nay, and Vice at the Head of a pompous Retinue, is often mistaken for Virtue. For the Vulgar judge by the Eyes, not by Reason; and whatever appears great, they conclude good, as if Glittering and Value were synonymous. Who has spread this Illusion through the whole Mass of these Morals, but the Nobility? Gentlemen therefore, besides the direct Obligation of Obedience they owe to God, lie under a collateral one of Charity towards their Neighbours, and by Consequence their Failings carry Scandal along with them, as well as Disobedience; so that every Crime they commit, may be called Legion.

Eleuthe. 'Tis time to take a little Breath, you will overheat your Lungs, and discompose your Fabric. But pray, Sir, under favour, are Masters Gaolers *ex officio*? or must they be bail for their Servants good Behaviour?

Euseb. No, but then they must not be their Murderers.

Eleuthe. Why, I suppose you do not intend to cast scandalous Reflections upon the whole Progeny of Masters? Have a care, they may bring an Action of Calumny against you; 'tis dangerous for a single Man to engage with Numbers.

Euseb. Let us not dispute of the Name, I say you stab Souls; if this be not Murder, it is something

thing worse; and if our Laws take no Cognizance of it, God's do.

Eleuthe. What, Masters must play the Chaplains to their Family, as *N. N.* did; they must on with the Surplice and Tippet, and preach to the Text of *Fifthly, Beloved, is it so? Is our Brother gone astray? Yea verily, to Perdition.*

Euseb. Laughing and Drollery are great Reliefs at a *nonplus*. I have often seen some in Conversation, when their Stock of Reason was laid out, extreme lavish of such Impertinences. Leave the Pulpit to the Parson, but preach within your own Walls; at least by Example: This is more persuasive than Words; 'tis within your Sphere, within the Liberties of your Office and Obligation too; or at least shrowd your own Abominations under a Cover; let them not take Air, they'll sit more easy on your Conscience, and not entangle others; if you'll not couple together the Office of Chaplain and Master, don't that of Gentleman and Devil.

Eleuthe. I perceive by your Discourse, that Gentlemen will not gain your Good-will, unless they put on Fetters, and see their Keepers. Slavery is not so valuable a Blessing, as to be purchased. People often buy Liberty, but seldom Chains. I must stand forsooth upon Reservedness and Ceremony with my Lackey or Groom, put a Restraint upon my Freedom, mure up my Mouth, and stifle Mirth, or else cry out, *Jack, under favour!* or, *pray be not scandalized!* Is not this to put *Jack* in the Coach, and perch my *Lord* behind it. To place *Tom* in the Parlour, and bind over *Right Worshipful* to the Kitchen? In short, Speculation and Theory may approve your Morals, Practice cannot. We hire Mens Service, not their Devotion.

Euseb. Very well; according to your Casuistry, Precedents vie the Standard of Right; and then in the same Figure and Mode it follows plain enough, that because Men damn themselves, they do it justly, and we are eternally miserable by Law. The Consequence is logical enough, but not too Christian. However, if Hell have such wonderful Charms, run into its Embraces: But remember there is no Return; and look before you jump, else you may condemn your Folly,

but not amend it; quick Resolutions are soon repented.

Eleutherius arose in a Heat, and walked about the Room; his Pulse beat high, and one might read the Trouble of his Mind on his Cheeks.

Eleuthe. I love not those severe Morals, they cow the Spirits, disjoint Conversation, and clog Freedom. Spleen begot 'em, Melancholy nurs'd 'em, and Envy recommended them to the Pulpit. For I find those Men are the great Companions of Virtue, that are not able to be vicious; and those declaim most against Pleasure, that are past enjoying it. Yet these false Devotees will needs impose on Gentlemen, and set their Impotence as a Law for others.

Euseb. Look ye, there is no Harm done; you are still Master of your Practice, though neither of us can command Principles; these come not within the Precinct of your Liberty; are neither subject to Change or Alteration; *Semper idem* is their Motto. In a Word, Sir, I mould not my Discourse to a Humourist's Inclination, but to the Rules of Truth. Judgment and Conviction move my Tongue, not Adulation. If I have imposed on you, unmask the Imposture; if not, let good Humour run in its ordinary Channel. To strike in with a Patient's Disease, is not Kindness, but Cruelty; and I believe you had rather be eased of a Distemper with *Coloquintida*, than to be sent into the next World with *Juleps*.

Eleuthe. It's true; but I would not be debarred of Elbow-room, nor willingly sit in the *Stocks*, or be awed by a Groom or a Foot-boy. I would not bid Defiance to Conscience, nor war upon the Almighty. I am willing to condescend to an Agreement upon honourable Conditions.

Euseb. What! Will you stand upon Terms with your Maker? and article with your Creator? *id est*, you'll vouchsafe to be his Servant, provided he takes off all Restraint from Nature, and give you leave to live at Discretion? Fye, fye, *Eleutherius*, you are too weak to grapple with the Omnipotent; when he commands, you must obey.

Eleuthe.

Eleuthe. Right, when he commands; the Question is not *de jure*, but *de facto*, not whether he can command these Trifles you spoke of, but whether he has commanded 'em. For, in short, we bawl upon the Topic of Virtue and Vice, and yet we scarce know what we would be at. For what one Country approves, another condemns; and what deserves the Halter under one *Elevation*, merits a Patent under another. The *Lacedemonians* ranked subtle Thefts among the Virtues, and punished your clumsy Lurchers; as if the Sin consisted in the Discovery alone. In other Places its an Act of Piety to feed heartily on a deceased Relation, and an unpardonable Crime to deliver a Father over to the Mercy of Worms.

Euseb. What do you mean?

Eleuthe. I mean, that Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, Virtue and Vice, lie much in Fancy and Education; that Policy and Custom coin these different Notions. Why else is the same thing good under one Meridian, and evil under another? Popery in *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, is voted orthodox; in *England* heterodox. Beyond Seas, Fasting and Celibacy are meritorious; in *England* Celibacy is superstitious, vain, and hypocritical. So that in Conclusion, Good and Bad vary with the Climate, and by consequence take their *Being* from Imagination, Interest, or civil Authority; unless you'll say that all Mens Reason is not of the same Species.

Euseb. No doubt, you have harangued excellently on the Text of Libertinism; why don't you confound all Religions, as well as all Actions?

Nean. I believe he does: For if Virtue and Vice differ only in Name, Faith, and Infidelity may easily be reconciled, and then *Mahometanism* may put in as good Pretensions to Revelation as Christianity.

Euseb. Prithee, *Eleutherius*, talk no more of Faith, of Church, of Religion; thy Breath smells rank enough to fly-blow Truth, and to taint the Gospel.

Eleuthe. Adieu; my Business calls upon me. Pray let our next Conversation be more palatable.

Euseb. By all means; we'll talk of Wine, Women, and Venison Pasties; these are palatable Topics for Epicures.

Epicures and Scavengers, but not for Gentlemen and Christians.

Eleuthe. Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Euseb. You see, *Neander*, *Eleutherius's* universal Practice, drawn up in in short; can Blindness, Stupidity, and Madness, soar higher? Like crowned Victims, these unhappy Creatures dance and sing under the fatal Stroke without Concern, without Sense of the Danger! They laugh and droll one Moment, and begin the next to weep eternally. Oh Frenzy! They post in full Speed in the broad Way to Perdition, and will needs be told they spur to Heaven! What Notions have these Men of the other World, who live so madly in this! Surely they fancy the Soul flashes into nothing, when the Body falls into Dust, and that they die like Beasts, they live so like 'em. Yet these are your well-bred Gentlemen, your Men of Parts and Merit: And indeed one must have extraordinary Breeding to compliment ourselves into Hell; one must be witty to Madness, and prudent to Folly, to contrive our eternal Misery so efficaciously. But seeing they will not profit by our Instructions, let us, *Neander*, by their Stupidity > We'll leave them to themselves; their Vices can't damn us; both Glory and Punishment are personal; we have made a Day's Work of it; to-morrow we'll prosecute the same Subject.

DIALOGUE V.

A Prosecution of the same Subject.

“ *ELeutherius*, at his Return to his Lodging, grew
 “ uneasy and sullen; the late Discourse had alarm'd
 “ his Fears, and awaked his Conscience, which began
 “ in good earnest to call him to an Account, and flung
 “ before him an ungrateful *Journal* of his Vices. The
 “ unhappy Gentleman was unacquainted with such Re-
 “ proaches, he scarce understood the Language, and
 “ found in himself no Inclination to learn it. He
 “ thought he had treated Conscience so ill, it would
 “ not have the Confidence to return: And indeed for
 “ several

“ several Years he heard no News of it; which made
 “ him suspect it was deceased, or had taken a Turn to
 “ the *Indies* for Diversion.

“ So that he knew not what to make of these un-
 “ usual Gripes, of these Aches of the Stomach. At first
 “ he suspected *Eusebius* had Intelligence with Satan, and
 “ cried out for a *Divine* and *Exorcism*. For why, said
 “ he, can’t Potions conjure up from Hell the Devil of
 “ *Fear*, as well as *Philtres* raise the Fury of *Love*? But
 “ he soon confessed, the Devil’s Business was to deaden
 “ Remorse, not to quicken it; to gag Conscience, not
 “ to provoke it into Clamours and Reproaches.

“ Though *Eusebius* had argued down the Gentleman’s
 “ Understanding, he made no Impression upon his *Will*;
 “ though this Faculty be really blind, it affects Com-
 “ mand, and seldom fails to usurp the Government en-
 “ tailed on Reason, whenever it’s seconded by the re-
 “ bellious *Mobile* of unruly Passions. Hence it comes
 “ that our Judgment generally strikes in with our In-
 “ clination, and seldom pronounces against our Interest
 “ and Pleasure.

“ *Eleutherius* had been trained up in the wild Prin-
 “ ciples of Libertinism; and having tasted the Sweet-
 “ nefs of an uncontrouled Liberty, he found in himself
 “ no Propension to enslave his Reason to the Rules of
 “ Revelation; nor his Practice to the Laws of Morality;
 “ wherefore he brib’d his Will to over-reach his Rea-
 “ son, and very eagerly helped on the Imposture. His
 “ Endeavour proved successful; for in spite of Con-
 “ viction he questioned the Arguments of *Eusebius*, and
 “ laid his late Defeat on the Weakness of his own Abi-
 “ lities, not on the Force of his Adversary’s Reasons:
 “ And now his Conscience began to speak in a lower
 “ Tone; it upbraided him with a fainter Accent, and
 “ a kind of Respect; nor did he doubt but a second
 “ Conference would send it again beyond Sea; but he
 “ would not leave the Cause to his own Management,
 “ but pitch upon his Friends, a Barrister and a Courtier,
 “ whom he supposed to be mighty Wits, because they
 “ laughed at Piety to Scandal. The Design was laid
 “ handsomely, and had a promising Aspect; for though
 “ the Lawyer managed his ill Tongue, the other was
 “ excellent

“ excellent at his Weapon; and so might push on the
 “ Cause with a steel Point, as well as with a brazen
 “ Forehead.

“ *Eleutherius* next Morning desired *Eusebius* to favour
 “ him with a Visit in the Evening; he promised to
 “ meet him at his House, and put off *Neander* till the
 “ next Day. He went at the time appointed; but
 “ found only *Eleutherius*’s Lady at home. She received
 “ *Eusebius* with Civility, and desired him to expect her
 “ Husband’s Return.

“ She was a *Lady* of the Town, an Admirer of Ease,
 “ and a mortal Enemy to Constraint. One Part of the
 “ Morning she lay in her Bed, the other she sat at her
 “ Toilet. She spent the Evening either in receiving
 “ Visits, or returning ’em. Her Wit ran before her
 “ Judgment, but her Tongue distanced both. In fine,
 “ her Thoughts soared not an Inch above Earth. She
 “ was wedded to the World, enchanted with the pre-
 “ sent, and unmindful of the future.

“ After some usual Civilities, Pray Sir, said she, give
 “ me leave to inquire what passed between my Hus-
 “ band and you yesterday? He return’d in Disorder; I
 “ hope there was no Blood drawn.”

Euseb. None: My Duelling-days, Madam, are past;
 my Sword has slept some Years in the Scabbard, and
 nothing but an extraordinary Occasion shall release it
 from that Confinement.

Lady. Perchance you bled his Pocket; Bleeding is
 sensible to some Constitutions in that Vein; and I have
 seen Persons who would let out seven Ounces of Blood
 with fewer Grimaces, than one of Silver. And indeed
Eleutherius is of this Humour; his Money and Patience
 go together.

Euseb. We past the Afternoon in Discourse, not in
 Play, and I suppose he took Pet because we could not
 agree upon the Point in Question.

Lady. You surprise me, Sir; he and I play at Cross-
 questions every Day; nay, we seldom are of the same
 Opinion: Yet you would take him for a Dove, without
 Gall, without Passion, yea, without Sense, he bears my
 Humour so tamely: Certainly you discussed a Matter of
 Importance, to talk him into such an extraordinary
 Distemper.

Distemper. May I be so rude, as to ask you the Subject of your Conversation?

Euseb. Madam, the Subject was, Whether the Gentry be not obliged to practise Christian Virtues; and whether this Precept, *Be perfect*, falls not as heavy on Lords and Ladies, as on *Valets de Chambres* and Waiting-women? *Eleutherius* maintained the Non-obligation, and treated me with Heat and Passion, because I would not give up the Gospel to espouse his Error.

Lady. Indeed, Sir, I do not enter into Mens Concerns; but I am of Opinion, that Precept reaches not our Sex. Our Constitution is delicate, soft, and unattempting, more fit for Ease than Labour, and more inclinable to Pleasure than Pain. Besides, Liberty is our Favourite, and Constraint our mortal Enemy. The very Name of a Precept chills our Blood, and the Obligation of a Command is an invincible Temptation to transgress it. God therefore seeing our Nature unapt for Burden, cannot surely over-charge it with Prohibitions or Commands.

Euseb. But I suppose, Madam, you have some Pretensions to Heaven; you hope to enjoy God in the next World, as well as his Creatures in this.

Lady. I'll endeavour to be happy here, and hope to be so hereafter. Surely, Sir, you don't take me for a *Japanese*, without Soul, without Expectation of a future State?

Euseb. No, Madam; but of too much Liberty of Principle and Education too. But pray, how will you find God, unless you seek him? And how will you be received into Heaven at your Death, unless you prepare the Way to it by Virtue in your Life?

Our Saviour was pleased to assure Mankind, that the Way to Heaven is narrow and uneven: Perchance your Ladyship has fallen upon a more convenient Road, and intend to ride thither in a Coach and Six.

Lady. I seek his Will in the Bible, and his Presence in the Church.

Euseb. But do you also in your Actions? Alas, Madam, the Knowledge of God's Commands will not save you; and I suppose many mourn in Hell, who sometimes visited the Church on a *Sunday*. You know,
Madam,

Madam, the greatest Part of human Actions are of themselves indifferent, and take their Value from the Intention: They must be directed to God's Honour, to benefit our Souls; and tend to his Glory, to forward our Salvation. May I be so bold, as to intreat your Ladyship to favour me with a brief Account of the Method you use in the Oblation of your Actions?

Lady. Sir, I have not yet resolved on a Confessor; I owe no such Obligation; and I am not disposed to Works of Supererogation; and therefore you must not expect to found my Conscience, or to read my Thoughts.

Euseb. I confess, I am not quite furnished for the Employment of Direction; and I had rather be condemn'd to the driving of *Lyons*, than to be leading of *Beata's*. But, however, seeing you are pleased to refuse me the Favour I demanded, you will let me try, at least, if I can hit on your Method.

“ Omnipotent Eternal God! for thy Sake I intend to
 “ devote every Action of this Day to the World, without
 “ leaving one Thought for Heaven. My only Care
 “ shall be to have none, and my only Study to avoid
 “ Solitude. I'll glitter in Silks and Silver, and hang
 “ Lordships in my Ears; though my Sons become Lac-
 “ queys, my Daughters Chambermaids, and my Hus-
 “ band fasts out my Bravery in the *King's-Bench* or the
 “ *Marshalsea*. I'll want nothing at Table but Appetite,
 “ and rather run upon Tick, than keep within the Bounds
 “ of Frugality or Decency. After Dinner, I'll either
 “ give or return Visits, and entertain the Company at
 “ the Expence of Modesty and Charity. And in the
 “ Evening, I'll drive to *Hyde-Park*, and from thence
 “ strike off to a Ball, or a Comedy. I'll please those
 “ Gallants who please me; and smile on those who ex-
 “ tol my rare Perfections. All this, O God! I offer
 “ up,” &c.

In good earnest, Madam, dare you banter the Most High at this monstrous Rate? Would not such an Offering (like that of *Cain*) draw down a Curse, instead of a Blessing? What! do we seek God by trampling upon his Commands; and merit Heaven by deserving Hell? Or is not this, a faithful Copy of your Practice? Is it
 not

not your Study, your Business, your only Employment, to invent new Pleasures, and then to enjoy 'em? Now, Madam, if you dare not offer up your Actions to God, with what Face can you expect a Reward? Will he recompense Vice, and crown Impiety? Or have I misrepresented your Conduct? Don't you rave after Pleasure, Vanity, and Gallantry?

Lady. What then?

Euseb. St. Paul is very positive, *That a Woman that liveth in Pleasure, is dead while she liveth*: She lives in Appearance, but is dead in Effect; she has indeed the Life of Sense, but not that of Grace, and by Consequence will never enjoy that of Glory.

Lady. Pray, Sir, can't a Woman wear fine Apparel without forfeiting her Robe of Innocence? Must she rise from a full Table to suffer eternal Hunger? Must she be conveyed from the Play-house into a Place of Torments? Can't we be happy in the next World, unless we lie continually stretched on Racks and Tortures in this?

Euseb. Our Blessed Saviour, Madam, shall be heard, if you please, upon this Point. *Woe be to the Rich, to those that feast, to those that laugh*. You have, Madam, a plentiful Estate, you regale your Appetite, you laugh sometimes at your Neighbour's Virtues, and as often at the Expend of his Reputation: Do not therefore our Saviour's Maledictions concern your Ladyship? And will he receive you in the next World with an *Euge*, who strikes you with a tripple *Væ* in this?

Lady. You misapply Scripture, to forge an Argument, and play the declaiming Pedant: Is it a Sin to visit the Play-house, to dance at a Ball, to have a comfortable Estate, a well-furnish'd Table, and upon Occasion to smile?

Euseb. I answer first, though these Actions taken in Retail are not criminal, yet taken in a Lump they can't be innocent. For is it lawful, do you think, to consecrate all the Moments of your Life to Ease and Pleasure, to caress Passion, and court Sensuality; to make Satisfaction the Principle and End of all your Desires and Endeavours, and not to give Virtue the very Place of an Accessory? What mean those Precepts of Self-denial,

denial, of Suffering, of mortifying the Sallies of the Flesh? Do they stand for Cyphers in the Gospel, or were they made merely to transgress? Did the Son of God espouse our Nature with all its Infirmities? Did he suffer Hunger, Persecution, Whips, and Death, to purchase us Grace, to be drawn from *Hyde-Park* to the Theatre, from thence to Balls and Feasts? Did we come into the World to dance Minuets and Rigadoons? To sing *Airs*, either amorous or uncharitable?

Secondly. To see a Play that is either innocent or instructive, is no Sin. But then to see five hundred Plays, that from the Prologue to the Epilogue are either rusted with Blasphemy, or larded with Atheism, or embroidered with Smut and Ribaldry, is a Sin. Can a Christian with a safe Conscience take pleasure in hearing the Name of his Redeemer reviled, in seeing every Part of his crucified Saviour re-crucified in horrid Oaths? Does a Spectator of this second Crucifixion bear him more Reverence than those of his first? Can you see, without a Crime, Virtue brought every Evening to the Scaffold, either as a Criminal or a Harlequin, to be punished or hooted at; and Vice tread the Stage first with Pomp, and then go off with Reward? Is it not a Sin to countenance one? And who countenances those Scenes of Libertinism, but those who pay the Players, and applaud the Poet?

I do not say it's a Crime precisely to dance sometimes at a Ball, to sing an *Air alamode*, to enjoy a fair Estate, to sit at a full Table, or to wear a gaudy Mantua, if you clear Accounts with Merchants and Taylors. But, Madam, these Amusements are waited on by so violent, so provoking Temptations, that a Lady smitten (to Transport and Dotage with these Vanities) will certainly fall into many crying Offences, and by consequence draw down upon her sinful Head both the Maledictions and Vengeance of our Blessed Saviour.

For alas! if the most watchful are sometimes surprised, are not those in danger who sleep in the very Camp of their Enemies? If those Christians can scarce overcome the Allurements of Vice, who confine themselves to Retirement and Solitude; who check Appetite, who baulk Passion, and crucify the Flesh; will those

those withstand the Attacks of Concupiscence, the Assaults of Satan, the sawning Charms of the World, who inflame the Blood with High-feeding, who embolden Passion by a criminal Condescendence, and foolishly brave the Force of the Devil's battering Engines, without the Armour of Prayer, Humility, and Mortification?

Lady. Pray, Sir, be pleased to cut out some Work for Ladies; set 'em a Task, regulate their Employment: I suppose you'll remove us at least four Miles from *London*, as the Government does, on Occasion, *Papists*; or provide us with Wheels and Flax; or confine us to the *Diary*, to make *Cheese-cakes* and *Custards* for the Family.

Euseb. No, Madam, Town Air is proper for your Complexion. I am not for Removal into the *Campaign*, nor for gracing your Ladyship with the Title of Spinster (though perchance the Law does) I am of no levelling Principles; Quality has Prerogatives, and I would have you maintain 'em: But then if you are a Lady, you are also a Christian, and must make good the Character; *id est*, you must love those very things you hate, and hate those you dote on: Ease is your Darling, and Pleasure your favourite Inclination; you must withdraw your Affection from the one, and prosecute the other with Aversion; you pamper your Body to Excess, and caress it almost to Idolatry; you must treat it like an Enemy; you must cut off all superfluous Solicitude, and stint it to what is merely necessary; your Equipage and Furniture must answer your Rank, not your Vanity; and you must measure 'em also by your Husband's Estate, as well as by his Quality; you must educate your Children in the Fear of God, and give them Breeding suitable to their Extraction.

" Her Ladyship flew into a Passion; and had not
 " *Eleutherius* return'd in the Nick of Time, *Eusebius*
 " might have found by Experience, that good Counsel
 " is often-times ill received: But *Eleutherius's* Presence
 " conjured the Tempest. He begg'd *Eusebius's* Pardon
 " for having disappointed him, and told him ingenuously,
 " he came from beating the Drum, to invite two Vo-
 " lunteers to continue the Combat; but they refused to
 " enter into Service.

" Pray,

“ Pray, Sir, replied *Eusebius*, let the Controversy
 “ sleep; I have delivered my Opinion, if it jars with
 “ yours, I cannot help it; you are your own Master.
 “ After some indifferent Discourse, *Eusebius* returned
 “ home, and the next Day gave a Visit to *Neander*,
 “ and prosecuted his former Discourse thus.”

DIALOGUE VI.

*Eusebius instructs Neander in the Duties that regard
 our Neighbour.*

Euseb. **I** Touched briefly, at our last Meeting, the Branch
 of Christian Duty that relates to God. I'll
 now sum up the most essential Parts of your Obliga-
 tion towards your Neighbour.

I.

Love your Neighbour as your self, says the Text; and
 our Blessed Redeemer assures us, that Love, Concord,
 and Union, are the most distinguishing Qualities of a
 Christian. The primitive Believers set such a Value
 on this darling Virtue of God made Man, that one
 Heart seem'd to animate all their Bodies, and one Soul
 to govern all their Actions: So that the very Heathens,
 who hated their Religion, admired their Charity, and
 were forced to confess, that nothing but a Divine Hand
 could strike that heavenly Concord from such a Discord
 of Humours, Inclinations and Interests.

And lest Self-love might restrain the Word *Proximus*,
 as the *Jews* confine it, to Countrymen, Friends, and
 Relations, our Saviour has been pleased to extend it
 to all Mankind; so that without Distinction, without
 Limitation, it takes in the whole Species. Whosoever
 bears the Impress of God on his Forehead, though he
 carry that of the Beast on his Heart, is still our Neigh-
 bour. No Distance of Place can cut off the Affinity,
 no Length of Time can wear out the Obligation.

Nor must this Divine Virtu only play on our Tongue,
 or evaporate into genteel Discourses, or smooth Com-
 pliments

phiments wrapt up in Terms of Courtship; no, it must not end in Grimace or Ceremony, but stand the Test of Action; fine Protestations of Kindness too, too often veil traiterous Designs, and sugar'd Words poisonous Intentions: Nor is it a new Treachery, to present the Olive of Peace with one Hand, and the Stiletto with the other.

II.

Christian Charity, taken in its full Latitude, implies Precepts both negative and positive; by those you are most severely forbid to contrive any Mischief against your Neighbour; by these you are commanded to be as useful to him as your Circumstances permit, and his Necessities require.

III.

Hence you must not invade your Neighbour's Honour, nor make any Attempt upon his Reputation: A good Name is no contemptible Treasure; the wise Man prizes it above an Estate; it sets off Birth, and gives an Air even to Poverty; it shines brighter than Wealth, and sparkles more than all the Tinsel Gaudry of Fortune; it supports Grandeur, and sweetens Misfortune. A Bankrupt that has lost his Coin, if he has not forfeited his Honour, has a Resource at Command. Though his Fortune be fallen, he has a Fund to rebuild it on! But a Man without Honour is dead to all the Offices of Society and Commerce: Now, when his moral Capacity lies in the Grave, his physical one alone creates Misery and Contempt to himself; Sport for some, and Pity for others.

God has so entailed this Blessing to every Individual, that it's not at our Disposal; we can neither make over this Property by Deed of Gift, Bill of Sale, or mortgage it at pleasure. Much less can any other Man lay any Claim to it. You may commence a Suit of Law against me, if you think I am your Debtor; but you can't put in a Bill against my Honour. If I had wrong'd you, sue for Satisfaction; strain my Goods, but assail not my good Name.

Yet, good God! with what Freedom, with what Boldness do we attack our Neighbour's Reputation? One would think Fame, like *bona adestota*, Goods without Owner, belonged to the first Invader.

Detraction

Detraction is universally the Discourse *alamode*, not only among the Fry, but also among the Nobility. Our Conversations are begun and carried on at our Neighbour's Expence, and so we laugh and riot at free-cost; we drag out his most secret Failings to the Bar, nay, and haul 'em to Execution without Authority, without Warrant, yes, with a greater Crime.

Suppose his Crimes were real; what then? Who made us Judges? Who commissioned us to hang the Delinquent in Effigy? To proclaim on the House-tops what he committed in his Closet? Though he has lost his Honour in the Sight of God, he stands fair in the Esteem of Men, and has right to continue so, till his Crimes betray themselves, and expose his Iniquity to the Public: If he has done ill, God will call him to a severe Account; but we must not intermeddle. It's our Duty to pity a Sinner, and to pray for him; but not to upbraid him.

I only jested, says one. But why must I pay for your Diversion? Though you publish my Faults in jest, you stab my Reputation in earnest. But besides, by this very Excuse, you acknowledge yourself a Fool, to prove your Innocence: For to jest and to play the Fool, are in Practice synonymous.

He is my Enemy, says another. Did you inform the Company of this Circumstance, you might perchance detract more, and sin less; for who believes an Enemy? On such an Occasion all goes for Satire and Inveective. When the Heart is out of Tune, the Tongue never goes right, but you whet and oil your Darts, that they may pierce deeper. You command me to conceal your Passion, and then detect my Life, to shew me for a Monster, and thus you call in Artifice to second Malice, and misuse your Wit, to ruin an Innocent, and to enhance your Guilt.

But why am I your Enemy? Because I would not resolve to be your Dupe. You set Traps to ensnare me; I discovered the Ambuscade, and had Wit to avoid it: And thus you take the Liberty to bespatter my Fame, because you wanted Power to affront my Person.

Yet, though I am your Enemy, you are not, I suppose, an Infidel. If I have failed in my Duty, must you

you betray yours for Company? You are a Christian, and must therefore either forget or forgive. My Impiety cannot warrant yours: Revenge is *causa major*, and only belongs to the Court of the Most High. At his Bar alone we must plead our Cause, and from his upright Judgment we must expect Redress.

Ah, dear *Neander*! Let us turn our Eyes homeward, and examine our own Conduct; we may perchance find there Matter for Satyr, and Work for Repentance. Here we may blame without Detraction, and condemn without Sin. But it is both mean and unchristian, like Flies, to hover about our Neighbour's Stores. Put a Centinel over your Tongue; it's a slippery Member; Nature has framed it for Motion, and Malice has fitted it for any Mischief; a Child can set it a running, but all the Force of Reason, all the Checks of Conscience, are not able to stop it in its Career.

But, above all Things, be cautious and tender of Ladies Reputations: A Woman's Honour, like her Sex, is soft complexioned; the very Breath sullies its Lustre, and a Touch dashes it in Pieces. Wounds made by the Tongue (like the biting of Crocodiles) are above the healing Virtue of Balsam, and the Skill of Surgery. *Quod dentibus laceravit, nunquam sanatur.* An indiscreet Word bolted out at random, without Design, without Malice, oftentimes stabs the Fame of the female Sex, and every Wound is mortal.

My Blood has often curdled in my Veins, when I heard Gentlemen magnify their infamous Conquests, and raise cruel Trophies on the Ruins of Womens Honour: I had not Patience to hear the Bravades, nor Power to hinder them. What will these People blush at, thought I, who proclaim their Infamy, and promulge their Shame? Certainly they must think it a fine thing to be a Monster, why else do they triumph in Lewdness, and sport with Debauchery?

These mighty Victories are either real or pretended; if real, can Fancy frame any thing more disingenuous, more diabolical, than first to wheedle a Lady out of her Innocence, and then to prostitute her Honour to the wanton Caprice of a Club of Reprobates, who will not fail to discover her Shame at the next Rendezvous, and to multiply their own Crimes by lampooning hers?

Here

Here is a brace of Sins, both smell strong of Malice; both forebode Damnation.

If pretended only, the Crime is yet of a deeper Dye; it is of a more formidable Aspect, of a more gigantic Size: Here is Innocence at the Block, and Guilt commits the Murder.

I know in the next World God will call to a most severe Account these Christian Canibals that welter in Blood, and, like famished Wolves, worry their own Species. But I would have the Wisdom of the Nation make some Provision against such brutal, such inhuman Attempts. Why shall a Highwayman hang for taking my Purse, and a Rake go unpunished, who invades my Honour? Why shall a Rape upon a Woman's Body be revenged with a Halter, and Violence upon her Fame be rewarded with Applause? If the Faults be greater, why are not the Punishments at least equal? Why is there not a Restraint on the Tongue, as well as on the Hands? Is it because it's less capable of Discipline? What, must the greatness of the Mischief be a Plea for Impunity? Because this *purry petulant* Member commits more dismal Crimes than our whole Body, must it enjoy a more uncontrouled Liberty? I would have these Beasts of Prey forced out of Savageness and Cruelty by Law and Discipline; they should be clapt in the Pound, or cooled with a hot Iron: Or at least we should keep in pay a Brigade of Hunters, to ferret our Defamators, and to clear the Nation of this noxious Vermin, as once we did of Wolves: But I fear the Distemper is past Cure; those who are infected, carry the Contagion to the Grave; not one in a thousand repents.

Near. Why so? Is Detraction one of those Sins that are neither pardoned in this Life nor the other? True Sorrow is a Catholicon, an universal Salve for all the Wounds of Conscience.

Euseb. Right, true Repentance has a kind of Omnipotence; it disarms divine Justice, and turns God into Mercy; but then it must be true, real, sincere. Now, do you think these Men of Honour, as they are pleased to stile themselves, will ever resolve to repair a ruined Reputation at the Expence of their own? Will they set a disjointed Fame at their own Charge? No, no!

Near.

Nean. Can't I re-inflate a Man in the just Possession of his Honour, without forfeiting my own? Express your Mind clearer, I conceive not what you would be at.

Euseb. Detraction is a Sin against Justice, and therefore by the Laws of God and Nature the Offender lies under an indispensable Obligation of indemnifying the injured Person, *Non remittitur peccatum, donec restituatur ablatum.* Now the Detractor rifles his Neighbour's Honour, he blasts his Reputation, he must therefore make good the Loss; and as the Tongue is guilty of the Theft, so it must make Satisfaction: For the Wounds of Honour are only healed by the Instrument that made 'em. The Criminal must acknowledge his Fault, he must confess that Passion run away with his Reason; that Malice carried him beyond his Duty, and Truth also; that what he laid to his Neighbour's Charge, was hatched in his own Brain, or taken upon Credit; and if a bare Asseveration will not do the Work, he must back his Confession with an Oath.

Nean. This is severe: What, must a Gentleman give himself the Lie? Flesh and Blood cannot practise such rigorous Morals; the Remedy is worse than the Disease; and if your Casuistry be orthodox, it is easier for a Camel to pass through the Eye of a Needle, than for a Detractor to enter into Heaven.

Euseb. Under favour, *Neander*, the least Sin is a greater Evil than the greatest Infamy; and I ho'd it much more easy to blush for an Aspersion, than to burn for it eternally.

Nean. Don't Men charge up to the Cannon's Mouth to gain Honour, and leave their Bodies in the Breach to be carried off with Applause? Nay, do they not oftentimes march up to the Out-works of Hell, to maintain their purchased Reputation? Can you therefore think, that those Bravoes, who tremble more at the Shadow of a Disgrace, than at all the Terrors of Damnation, will buy Pardon at the Expence of their Honour?

Euseb. The Question, dear *Neander*, is not what Men do, nor what Men will do, but what they should do. Were Practice the Standard of Duty, we might reform

form the Gospel as well as the Calendar; we might turn those Woes God has pronounced against Injustice, Drunkenness and Whoredom, upon Justice, Sobriety and Chastity: For it's certain these Virtues are invisible in Practice, and those Vices are too too fashionable. But, *Neander*, though Custom and Practice may enhance Guilt, they cannot lessen it.

Men are fond of Honour to Madness and Frenzy. It's a *noli me tangere*; the least Attempt upon this darling Folly is often revenged with Murder. But then, methinks, the Inclination we have to conserve our own Fame, should inspire some Tenderness for that of our Neighbour. For have we not Reason to suppose, he is no less acquainted with the Value of this inestimable Treasure than ourselves, and that he would be as unwilling to expose it to the Mercy of petulant Tongues? Perchance, *Neander*, I rate it to the Height of its Worth, yet I give God's Favour the Preference: One Grain of his Divine Grace outweighs a Tun of a Hector's Reputation. In a Word, I would live an Age under the Strokes of the most picquant Disgrace, I would sheath in my Breast all the Darts of Malice, Envy and Poverty, either to die innocent, or repentant; for all these Miseries are fleeting and transitory; but the Reward of Virtue, and the Punishment of Vice, are both eternal. If therefore your Men of Honour will rather stand by their Crimes, than recant, I would have them trained up in the Discipline of *Bedlam*; a Switch is the best Remedy against Madness.

Besides, why is an humble Confession a degrading Satisfaction? The Name of a Christian is glorious; how then can the Duty lie under Reproach? If the Profession be honourable, the Practice of it cannot be shameful. Why then do we tremble at Shadows, and run from Monsters that take their Deformity from Imagination.

I did not blush to wound my Neighbour's good Name; why should I be ashamed to heal it? Sin should be waited on by Infamy, as it is by Remorse; and Repentance should be accompanied by Glory; but by a strange *Legerdemain* the Devil has turned the Tables, and tacked Shame to this, and Impudence to that:

But

But however, Repentance is an honest Act ; it is worthy of a Man, and the indispensable Duty of a Christian ; why then should it fear a Witness ? The Difference between good and ill Men lies not in the Esteem of Virtue, but in the Practice ; for both equally value it. But the first only possess it, because the others will not go to the Charge of procuring it.

Nean. Pray, is not Fear a clownish Vice ; a female Weakness ? Does it not sit ungenteelly on Quality ? Now what can bring a Gentleman to the Bar, and clap him on his Knees, with a Pray forgive me in his Mouth, but this mean Passion ?

Euseb. You are mistaken ; Cowardice and Fear are neither synonymous in Philosophy, nor Morals : That is always a Vice, this is often a Virtue. When Prudence commands Fear, Boldness is Temerity and Folly : It is Cowardice to despond and sink under a Danger, that Valour can subdue ; but it is Rashness to engage with one above the Strength of human Force. Has then a Gentleman less Courage, because he trembles at the impartial Justice of an enraged Deity ? Because he dares not wrestle with the Omnipotent, or stand the Shock of his Fury ? Because he'll rather repent, than die in Obstinacy ; and rather return to his Duty, than suffer eternally for transgressing it ? *Neander*, let not the wild Notions of our pretended Gentlemen be your Guides : Their Principles are as corrupt as their Practice, and their Reason is as bad as their Conscience.

Nean. Are you not a Member of the Port-royal Club ?

Euseb. Why do you ask this Question ?

Nean. I am told they are mighty Patrons of *la morale severe* ; they preach up Rigour to such an exorbitant Height, that one would think God's great Prerogative, Mercy, was either worn out, or extinct. Your Morals have a Flavour of Rigorism ; they are sour, morose, ill-natur'd, and call for a Dram of Charity. For look ye, Sir, Detraction, as the World goes, is no Phantasm, it's a very real Thing, and keeps good Company : This alone pours Life into Conversation ;

it quickens Discourse ; without it Mirth would languish, and good Humour sleep. I have seen your Seventh-form Wits as mute as if their Mouths were pad-locked, when any serious and innocent Subject came in their Way ; but when their Neighbour's Conduct was brought before them, their Tongues run before their Conscience ; they would take his Life in pieces, they would rip up his Breast, dissect his Thoughts, and then draw Demonstrations from mere Conjectures ; they would hand his Reputation about the Table, till it fell to the Ground, and blow over it, till it smelt as rank as the Breath that causeth the Stench, and disgorged the Infection. Notwithstanding, these People hoped to be saved, without stooping to the Satisfaction you speak of. In short, every Man endeavours by Detraction and Outrage to undermine his Brother's Fame, and no Man so much as thinks of repairing it. Nay, I never heard the Clergy recommend it to dying Persons as a Duty ; but either as an Act of Decency, or of Edification. Can I suppose you are better informed of a strict Obligation than the *Ministry* ? Or better versed in Casuistry than Divines ? *Eusebius*, let us damn no body.

Euseb. I remember when stigmatized Villains with Narratives and Discoveries libelled honest Patriots into *Newgate*, and cut off their Honours and Lives with Fears and Jealousies ; when they sewed the Innocent in Bear-skins, and then set all the Beagles of the Faction about their Ears ; when they profaned *Bailies* with Perjuries, and butchered their Fellow-subjects Fame at the Bar, to quarter their Bodies at *Tyburn*. These Knights of the Post flung not up, I suppose, their Pretensions to Heaven : Though I have not seen any Recantation ; yet I am sure, unless God nulls all the Laws of Nature, and calls in the Gospel, or issues out under his Great Seal an *Amnesty*, they will fall short of their Expectation.

I confess, this Disease of the Tongue is epidemical ; the Use of Speech has so swerved from its original Institution, that it is become an Incumbrance and a Snare to Mankind. I look upon the Faculty rather

as a Penalty, than a Prerogative; and were we divested of it, though we should be unfit for Conversation, we might hope to be more innocent. Now, whether our Calumniators hoped to be saved, is a Question. I am apt to believe their Religion and Conscience are of a-piece, and that they confine their Fears, Hopes and Desires, within the Compass of this World: For certainly, the Dread of eternal Fire might cool their Passions, and check their Malice. Were they persuaded of another World, would they not fall with more Scruple, and rise with more Vigour? But if they hope for Salvation without Satisfaction, they build on a deceitful Bottom.

Neander, Once more let me advise you to be tender of your Neighbour's Honour. Give Ear to the Voice of Nature, that commands you *to do as you would be done by*: You can't chuse but hear this just, this equitable Admonition, unless we stop our Ears, and cast Reason into a mortal Lethargy; nay, we must approve the Counsel, so that we can neither plead Ignorance nor Impotence. And certainly, a sick Man deserves rather Laughter than Pity, that will rather struggle with a Disease, and groan under the Pangs of a burning Fever, than apply a Remedy.

Yet, after all, I grant a disjointed Reputation is not easily set; and therefore I beseech you, to avoid a Mischief, that draws after it such a dismal Consequence. If other Men have a mind to be eternally miserable, let them have that Satisfaction; but be not so ill advised, as to wait on them. Should a man put fire to his House, or leap into a boiling Cauldron, the Frolic would scarce go round. Yet certainly, those that break in upon another Man's good Name, and never resolve to repair the Injury, hazard a Thing more precious than a House or Life. Why therefore shall we refuse to comply in one Case, and not in the other?

I have made a short Survey of Detraction, and laid before you a faint Prospect of its dangerous Consequences: But it avails not the Patient to know the Nature of his Distemper, unless he be told the Remedy. I will therefore prescribe a *Recipe*. Certainly

the Physician's Method is applicable to Diseases of the Soul, no less than to those of the Body. We must strike at the Cause, before we can hope to master the Effect. Now if we trace Detraction up to its Origin, we shall find it spring from Pride and Envy : For it's a kind of Aposteme that lies at the Heart, and breaks out at the Mouth.

Though all Sins have a Flavour of Pride, yet Detraction has a greater Dose of this bad Humour than ordinary. It's the chief Ingredient of this outrageous Crime ; it discomposes the Stomach, and then immediately gives the Heart-burning ; and then the Tongue, which is its Index, falls into Disorders. A Man smitten, like young *Narcissus*, with his own Excellencies, looks down from the Pinnacle of his soaring Conceit on other Mortals as Vassals ; he fancies Praise is an Inheritance intailed on his Merit ; that either to respect or honour another, is to invade his Property, and to set against him an usurping Competitor. Hence he runs in Quest of a Foil, to make his own Perfections appear more gaudy, and sparkle with more Eclat. Now what can give a more charming Turn to his supposed Talent, than his Rival's Folly ? Hence he rallies up in a Body all the auxiliary Forces of Anger and Revenge ; he takes the Field, and maraudes upon his Fame ; he dissects the poor Creature's Actions, and exposes the whole Anatomy of his private Transgressions to the View and Censure of the Public : For he wisely fancies, that the Fabric of his Vanity will stand unmoveable on the Ruins of a Rival's Reputation. Did the Breasts of the proud and haughty-minded Men lie open to Sight ; could we rifle all the abstruse and dark Recesses of their Hearts, what Sallies of Joy should we discover at the most innocent Oversight of a Competitor ? And then, whoever crows within at the Misfortune, will proclaim it at the first Occasion : For Joy, like Grief, is a stifling Humour, unless it throws off the Oppression.

If therefore you desire to speak ill of nobody, think not too well of yourself ; set not too exorbitant a Price upon your Merits ; remember you are no Phoenix, the only

only Individual of your Species; those Qualities you possess, are mere Gratuities, the Effects of God's Liberality, not of your Deserts; you had no Right to be, much less to be great, beautiful, or rich. Is it not Madness therefore for you, who can lay claim to nothing, to ingross all the Gifts of Nature and Fortune? Think not, God has exhausted his Treasury on you alone; he scatters his Favours where he pleases; and if he provides more plentifully for your Neighbour than for you, why do you complain? Must you be evil, because God is good? Must you cast a malicious Glance at another, because he has received some Marks of his great Maker's Kindness? Discompose not your Thoughts for other Peoples Advantages, but enjoy your own with Thankfulness. Fix just Bounds to your Desires, as well as to your Undertakings, otherwise you'll rear up imaginary Castles of Greatness, to create to yourself a real Torment.

But if you will contend for an honourable Post, manage the Contest fairly; push on your Pretensions with Virtue and Generosity. Let Merit bear away the Prize, not Outrage; and if your Rival carry off the Advantage, rather applaud the Conquest, than revile him. By lessening his Parts or Conduct, you burlesque your own; but then if you complain, and curse in a Corner, you only betray your Impotence, Ill-nature, and Impiety. In fine, look at your Failings and his through the same Glass, and you'll see an humbling Spectacle; you'll behold so many Objects worthy of Blame, that you'll have no great Stomach to censure others.

Envy is the second Source of Detraction. This is an ill-natured Vice, it loves Ill for Ill's sake, and takes Pleasure in Torment; it is a kind of Turnkey by Birth, and an Executioner by Profession; it feeds on Stench, and sucks Rats-bane from Balms, and Infection from Perfumes; it never does a good Turn, but when it designs an ill one; and seldom takes Things by the Right-handle; Mischief makes up its Employment, Plagues and Famines are its Diversion, its Smiles are like blazing Comets, which either hatch

Treason, or portend it. What Wonder, if a Man possessed by this Fiend plays the Devil, who is surnamed *Accusator Fratrum!*

But though any Mischief lies within the Reach of an envious Man's Wish, many are removed out of the Verge of his Power : Some move too high to be shot at, others too low ; but neither Place nor Station is a sufficient Fence against the Tongue. A Dwarf may engage with a Giant at this Weapon, or a Clown with a Lord. And for this Reason, when the envious Man can't come at his Antagonist's Person, he sets up his good Name, and falls foul upon his Honour ; and when by the Help of keen Satyr and false Glosses, he has beat down the Out-works that fenced his Fortune from Insult and Ruin, he draws his Cannon nearer, and raises Batteries against his Grandeur and Estate that support it : For he knows that the best built Fortune can't be stable, when Reputation, that propt it, is removed. Thus we see *Socrates* kept his Ground, and even triumphed over the Calumnies of his Accusers, whilst his Reputation interposed. But when a buffooning Comedian drolled him into Contempt, he appeared no less guilty before the Judges, than despicable on the Stage. So that in Conclusion, Envy found him guilty, and the Senate pronounced the Sentence.

Methinks it is superfluous to dissuade a man from this Vice. Interest is more powerful than Reason. We dote on Pleasure, and run from Pain by the Instinct of Nature. Who will not rather chuse a Prison with Satisfaction, than a Palace with Torment ? But an envious Man, instead of following the Current of Nature, bears up against it. He labours for Labour's sake, and drudges for the mere Expectation of Misery. He leads the Life of *Cain*, haunted with the Spectres of his own Crimes from within, and with a thousand Jealousies from abroad ; other Peoples Happiness creates his Torments ; their Prosperity gnaws his Entrails ; and his Impotence, to over-cast the Sun-shine of their Fortune, claps him on the Wheel. Now a Man that can fall in love with Pain, and court Disquiet, must not be cast in the same Mould that other Mortals are :

are: And therefore I should think it as easy to dissuade People from Envy, as from vaulting down a Precipice.

But besides, a Man that envies others, is always paid in the same Coin; his Honour will be as roughly handled; when one contests with Multitudes, he stands on the lower Ground, and fights at a Disadvantage. This is the envious Man's Case: For he can't but know the disingenuous Descants on others Actions will reach the Ears of the offended Persons. Defaming Reports have a miraculous Sympathy with those, that Distance of Place is not able to dead the Echo; they rebound from Tongue to Tongue, are tossed from Hand to Hand, till they come to the Knowledge of the Injured; and generally, like Snow-balls, they increase in the Journey. What a grating Noise then will they make in the Ears of the defamed Person? Will not he think of Reprisals? Will he not treat your Honour with as little Regard as you have his? And God send such an easy Satisfaction may assuage his Resentment. When Men sit Judges in their own Cause, they make the Bills of Losses and Damages rise high; who knows but they may demand Blood, and sacrifice your Life to the *Manes* of their murdered Reputation?

In fine, *Neander*, remember you must die. When Death hath sealed your Eyes, you'll find all the Darts of the Tongue shot at your Neighbour, stick in your own Soul; you'll feel the Smart, but will find no Lenitive, no Cure: Why then shall we run headlong into those Crimes we must either deplore here, or burn for hereafter? Let us look before us, and not, like Beasts, follow the mere Impressions of Passion. Let us shew we are Men, not by our Vices, but by our Virtues. To have Reason, and to act against it, is to debase our Species.

IV.

As God has fenced our Neighbour's Fame, so he has been careful to guard his Possessions against all the Attempts of Avarice and Injustice. *Non furaberis*, says he in the Decalogue, *Thou shalt not steal*; and then he threatens the Criminal with the Sentence of his high

Displeasure, unless he cancels the Transgression with a sincere Repentance. I apprehend, *Neander*, some Gentlemen mistake this Command; they fancy it reaches only Pads, Cut-purses, or Highwaymen: But this is a Mistake; it takes in all who act against the Laws of Justice; and for this Reason, I fear, that many who hang at *Tyburn*, are often less criminal, than some of those who stand Spectators of the Tragedy, or perchance who sat on the Bench. For in all Kingdoms, Laws are, as *Solon* said, like Cobwebs, that hamper small Flies, whilst the greater break through them. Poor People bear the Punishment of Injustice, and great ones carry off in Triumph both Pleasure and Profit. These are too big for Execution, though not for Guilt. They can sue for an indigent Neighbour's Field, because it lies conveniently, and persuade the Judges they have more Right, because they have more Money and Credit. The Lustre of Gold often dazzles Lawyers out of Conscience, and just Possessors out of Lordships. Right ebbs and flows by the secret Influence of Guineas. For let me tell you, *Neander*, the Justice of a Cause sprouts up, and thrives miraculously under a Fee.

But though these Men carry the Suit in the Eyes of the World, they lose it at God's high Court of Justice, and their Souls also; nor is there any Difference between these Over-reachers and Cut-purses, but that they are ten times more criminal. Among the *Lacedemonians*, a clear Theft passed for a Virtue. Are not some Christians of the same Persuasion? But for all that, though a *Spartan* Jury might possibly find 'em not guilty, they'll find no such Indulgence in the Vale of *Jehoshaphat*.

I never yet understood, how Solicitations, and Recommendations of Causes to the Judges, how double and triple Fees could be well reconciled with this Law, *Thou shalt not steal*: For either you doubt of the Integrity of the Bench, or you do not. If the first, you cast a Scandal on the Face of the Government; you arraign either the Capacity or the Integrity of the Prince; *i. e.* you suspect he wants Judgment in the Choice of Magistrates, or has advanced on purpose those who would betray

betray the Property of the Subject. Now such an *Inuendo* is disrespectful, rash, and highly unchristian.

But besides, if really you doubt of the Judges Integrity, your Conduct is foolish: For if a Judge will sell a favourable Sentence to the Plaintiff, he'll be no less kind to the Defendant, if he out-bids him. A Man then should be first sure of Success, before he parts with his Money, otherwise he will be gulled out of his Pretensions, and pay for his Disappointment.

Again, this Practice runs quite counter to all the Dictates of Conscience and Justice. For if Gain and Interest be a Magistrate's weak Side, if I know he measures Right by the Weight of Silver, and barter Law for Money, can I pamper his Inclination, or feed his corrupt Appetite, or strike in with his sinful Distemper? No more, certainly than I can with a safe Conscience push him down a Precipice: For if it be a Sin to permit one, when I can hinder it, is it not a Sin to persuade a Crime; nay, to buy one?

If the second; *i. e.* if you suppose your Business lies in the Hands of upright Men, that square their Verdicts by the Laws, not by Partiality and Favour, why are you eternally upon the Hoof? Why do you tire them, and yourself too, with tedious Applications? Why do you drain your Pockets to enrich *Pettifoggers* and *Attorneys*? This Trouble is superfluous, and the Expence unneedful. In a Word, Sir, the Conduct is either unprofitable or unjust.

But if you doubt in your Cause, let it fall; at least push it on no further with your Credit or Purse; for all you can expect, is to gain a Suit, and lose your Soul.

Nean. If I can juggle a Neighbour out of an Estate by Quirks of Law, and by a genteel Turn of the Hand bubble him out of a considerable Sum, may I not put him to graze upon the Common, without any Obligation to restore?

Euseb. The very Question is a Scandal not only to Christianity, but to human Nature; you are obliged not only to return the Capital, but to indemnify him for all the Losses consequent thereto.

Nean. Nay, Sir, I am of your Opinion; for why should a Man gain by his Crimes? Yet once I fell into the Company of a Man of Parts, of Character, and Repute in his Country, who thought otherwise of the Matter: We discoursed the Point, yet I could never get him over to my Opinion: He held so fast to Non-restitution, that there was no moving him. A hearty Repentance, said he, without Restitution, makes a sufficient Atonement for the Offence. He told me I was unskilled in Casuistry. I confessed I had read no Casuist, but the Bible and Nature.

Euseb. With Submission to the Gentleman's Character, Parts and Station; he was either a great Fool, or a superlative Knave, fit for *Bedlam* or *Newgate*. Was he not a Lawyer?

Nean. He had studied in the Inns of Court.

Euseb. I thought so. It's a healing Doctrine for a wounded Conscience, a palatable and easy Remedy, a Catholicon for all the Aches of the Mind, and the Gripes of an over-charged Stomach; and perchance the Use is universal, otherwise once at least in a Twelve-month we might see a *Dives* transformed into a *Lazarus*, and a Lord into a Lacquey, and a Lady into a Chambermaid; we might see those who sit majestically in Coaches with a long Wig, and a Snuff-box *alamode*, sit behind 'em. Good God! how many gawdy Birds would make as naked a Figure as the Daw in the Fable, if their Peacock Plumes were returned to their Owners?

Neander, pray tell that Gentleman I am neither satisfied with his Conscience nor his Skill; he that will not restore stolen Goods, is more criminal than he that conceals 'em; and he that will keep an ill-purchased Estate in spite of Justice, will seize on the next that lies in his Way; and then how can he understand *Coke* and *Littleton*, who can't read the very Alphabet of Nature? A hearty Repentance, without Restitution, is a Dream.

Dear *Neander*, never raise the Pile of a great Fortune on a Bottom of Fraud and Injustice; it's an unstable Foundation, and unable to bear the monstrous Weight of Crimes, they crush in a Moment the best-built Structure,

Structure, and entomb the Criminal, together with all his Grandeur, under the Ruins of his towering *Babel*. The Triumphs of unjust Men are always short-lived. God takes pleasure in strangling 'em in the very Cradle; they pass like Lightning, and leave nothing behind but Smoak and Vapour: Their Fall is no less amazing than their Rise; they pass off like Phantasms, or else live in Penury and Contempt, or die like Reprobates; they carry the most legible Marks of God's Malediction stamp'd on their Foreheads, and tear almost all Men, without being pitied by any; so that divine Vengeance begins their Torments in this World, to continue them eternally in the other.

I'll not follow this crying Vice through it's Branches, nor make an intire Dissection of all its Parts; it runs through all the Veins of Commerce, and almost Conversation; it's found in Play, as well as in Contracts, and is no more innocent under one Shape, than under another; you may call it Over-reaching or Out-witting, if you please; but the Change of Names makes no Alteration in the Thing: Nature depends not on Fancy or Caprice, they are the same in spite of Custom or Disguise.

V.

I must now caution you against Lewdness. It's a noisome Employment to grope in Puddles, and to dig in Muck; and therefore I'll only skim the Surface, and let the offensive Dregs lie at the Bottom. You know God has enacted this Law in the Decalogue, *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*: This Precept does not only restrain Acts of Lewdness, but even Thoughts and Desires: For Impurity in Idea draws after it a real Hell, the Smoak that vanishes in a Moment, kindles an eternal Fire.

Nean. I suppose neither Gentlemen of the Court, nor Officers of the Army, come within the Compass of this Prohibition. God surely and Nature have issued out in their Favour a Patent of Exemption.

Euseb. Truly, *Neander*, I never read that either God or Nature had such a Deference for the Court and Army, or so great a Respect for Quality. Why, Man, let

let our Courtiers be as great as *Alexander*, and our Soldiers as valiant; there sits a more august, and a more powerful Master above, whose Commands they must obey, or smart for the Transgression. The Sword has no Privilege above the Plough, nor has Quality any Right above Peasantry, but no greater Torments: *Potentiores potenter tormenta patientur.*

Nean. If it be so, our Gentlemen and Soldiers are all struck with a Lunacy. They seem to have entered into an Association against Divine Authority, and endeavour by Practice to repeal the Statute; as if God's Laws could cease *per desuetudinem*, as well as human. When St. *Paul* bids every Man take *uxorem*, if he meant a Miss, the Counsel is followed even to a Scruple; but if he did not, our Conduct is scandalous to Impudence, and God's Authority is slighted beyond Contempt and Insolence.

Euseb. The Evil lies deep, and the Disease reaches to the Land's End; few are clear of the Infection; Lewdness is no more a Diversion; no, it's become the grand Business, the Employment of Mankind; nay, it's improved to Science also: Love-intrigues turn on Method, and are carried on by Demonstration: So that Attempts upon Chastity come off generally with Success. For Women, in our Age, are as ill furnished for Resistance, as an old *Spanish* Town for a Siege. But then the Dons, when forced to surrender, article for their Honour: This they'll bring off, though the Town stay behind in the Hands of the Conquerors. But our Female Defendants stand not upon such Niceties: They deliver up their Modesty, and go off with *Ignominy*: Confusion I will not say; for Blushes are out of Fashion, unless when it's a Question to practise the Christian Virtues of Sobriety, Temperance, and Chastity.

I have more than once taken a Survey of our Gentry, and I find nine in ten ruined by this unlucky Vice; to all Intents and Purposes, they have forfeited their Honour, mortgaged their Estates, and impaired their Health; their Bodies fall under the Weight of Lewdness, their Purves are scarce able to support it. So that if these young Sparks would take the Pains to
cast

cast up their Accounts, they would find their Pleasures have brought them in no other Profit but Poverty, Diseases, and more than one Cause of Repentance. Good God! why must Appetite have such a strange Ascendant over Reason? Why must Man thus transgress the End of Creation? Appetite was made to obey, Reason to command. To change their Office, is to throw down the Inclosure between Man and Beast. Is it not a Madness to sell this Prerogative for a petty Satisfaction; that like the Book of the *Apocalypses*, leave a sweet Flavour in the Mouth, and Bitterness in the Heart? But suppose a Man will enjoy Pleasure, is nothing palatable but Dirt and Mire? Must he turn Goat, or Baboon, before he can be pleased? Certainly he is enamoured of their Nature, he dotes so much on their Pastimes; and I am apt to believe he would range on their Hills, or sport on their Trees, among a Herd of Females.

But take all together, I fear the Pleasure does not come up to Expectation: The Gall out-weighs the Honey. For let us suppose a Man possessed by the unclean Devil of brutish Love, he lodges all the Torments of the Damned in his Heart, and, what is worse, their Guilt; he shivers and burns, he hopes and despairs, he dreams in Company, and talks in Solitude; all the Features of his beloved Object meet in his Imagination to wound his Heart, and turn the Idol he adores into a Devil to lash him; his Fears keep Pace with his Fondness, and Jealousy treads on the Heels of both, and all conspire to make him wretched. For though Love looks pleasing and pretty in Romance, in Life it's Monster, Tyrant, and Fury.

A Lover knows, that a Woman, who has withdrawn her Fidelity from God, will forsake a Gallant at the least Prospect of Advantage. Hence Disquiet seizes on the Brain, and Jealousy rises from Hell, to clap him on the Torture; like the Devil in the Gospel, it sometimes flings him into the Water, sometimes into the Fire; he watches his Treasure with the Eyes of an *Argus*, and lays an hundred Ambuscades to find his Misery,
and

and her Infidelity; so that, though Miss be faithful, Monsieur is sure to be miserable.

I say nothing here of Aversion, Hatred, Envy, and a thousand other Vipers that worry his Heart, and prey upon his Vitals. In short, in a besotted Lover alone are centered all the Frenzies and Follies of *Bedlam*, but that of Mirth. So that Envy can scarce wish him more unhappy, nor Malice render him more unfortunate: But if the Intrigue be carried with a Person of an unspotted Reputation, and who stands fair in the Opinion of the World, nay, and who perchance sets up for *Lucretia* and *Vestal*; what Endeavours are made to court incognito, and to play out of Sight? But if, after all, the Sin quickens in her Womb, and that within nine Months she be in danger to fall into Fits of the Mother; what Pangs, what Throws, what Convulsions tear this poor Creature's Breast, and her Gallant's too? In how lively Shapes does Imagination paint her Folly! She suffers all the Torments of Child-birth at the very Instant of Conception; besides those of Rage, of Despair and Confusion; and in the End, perchance, resolves to conceal one Sin by the Help of another; *i. e.* Lewdness by Murder; and thus a poor Innocent, who came into the World by a less Sin, is sent out of it by a greater; and then in all Probability, the Tragedy that begun at Midnight in Darkeness and Privacy, often ends at Mid-day on a Scaffold. Must not therefore one be void of Reason, to take a petty Pleasure in hand, with such a Crowd of Troubles in Reversion? Ought we not to fence against a Vice, so charming on the one hand, and so uneasy on the other?

Nean. What are the best Preservatives against this epidemical Distemper?

Euseb. Take this as a Principle, that Chastity is a Gift of God; and therefore implore continually his divine Assistance; rely on his Grace, not on your Force; and if you be so happy as not to fall, give him the Glory of the Triumph; and believe, that whosoever presumes on his own Valour, has already measured half the Precipice; God protects the Humble, and humbles the Proud.

Secondly,

Secondly, Keep Love at a Distance, or it will surprise you: When once it has stormed the Heart, it forces Reason to surrender; and when Appetite commands, when Passion domineers, what can we expect but Brutality? Lock up the Gates of your Senses, and, as in Frontier-towns, examine the Passengers. Love, like a *Proteus* borrows all Shapes, and makes its Approaches at all Seasons; so that you must stand upon your Guard, if you intend to avoid a Surprise; and if you can keep this Traitor at Arms-length, Lewdness will neither have the Face, nor find the Opportunity to assail you. But if you admit this Tyrant, if you lodge him in your Breast, you will have Cause to deplore your Slavery, and perchance eternally. For in a Word, Love, like a Viper, eats into the Heart that warms it, and returns Death for the Favour.

Thirdly, Flight is the best Defence, the most secure Rampart against the Darts of Lasciviousness; you may as well hope to freeze in Fire, as to converse innocently in the midst of Occasions. I am of *Tertullian's* Opinion, that it is easier to die for Chastity, as the World goes, than to live with it in Balls, Visits, and Entertainments. And I look upon it as a certain Truth, that many of the Sex, who have surrendered their Honour to the Flatteries, Importunities, and Dalliances of Gallants, would have refused it to the Cruelty of Hangmen.

Enter not therefore into the Play-house; it's the Palace of *Asmodeus*, the Seat of Lewdness, the Nursery of Debauchery. It's with us as *Fornices* were at *Rome*, only with this Difference, that those Crimes are learned, contrived, and resolved on here, the *Romans* actually committed them under the black Shade of those infernal Vaults. For my Part, I am of Opinion that a Christian cannot with a safer Conscience enter into the Play-house, than into a Brothel: As Things are managed there, Temptation is stronger on the Stage, and more inviting. The Blackness of the Vice lies under a Disguise; it's blanched over with all the Art of Wit and Gawdery; so that nothing appears but the charming Part, which fascinates the Eyes, captivates the Ears,
dozes

dozes the Intelleſts, and fires the Paſſions: And then, to plain the Way for Action, the Poet burleſques the Terrors of the other World; he paints the Devils rather like Scaramouches to divert, than like Executioners to torment: He blaſphemes the Maſteſty of God to bring him under Contempt, and ſo blunts all the Darts of Fear and Apprehenſion; and then, when Objects draw, when Paſſions ſtand prepared, and Reftraint is removed, what can be reaſonably expected, but Proſtitution?

But beſides, the Stage not only removes Fear of Punishment, but even rewards Debauchery; for who are they that carry off Applauſe and Fortunes, but Rakes and Proſtitutes? The Poet puts all his Wit in the Mouths of Rakes and Bullies; and if an honeſt Man appear, he is ſure to be hooted at, and generally goes off both Fool and Cuckold. Is not this to condemn Virtue, to execute it in Effigy, and to canonize Vice by Deputy? Is not this to ſay, Gentlemen and Ladies, beware of Chaſtity and Virtue, they are out of Date in our Age; you'll forfeit your Honour by maintaining it, and grow ridiculous if you continue innocent. The ſhorteſt Way to Repute, is to drive over Conſcience, to bluſh at Honeſty, and praſtiſe Incontinence. What Virtue is Proof againſt ſuch murdering Engines? If Hell be a Place of Diverſion, as the Poets endeavour to perſuade the Audience; if God be a Scare-crow, if Chaſtity be infamous, and Impurity creditable, who will not rather be lewd with Credit, than chaſte with Reproach? I would have both Poets and Players enter a little into themſelves; they have all contributed to run down Virtue and Religion, and to bring Libertiniſm and Atheiſm into Faſhion: Thoſe prepare the Poiſon, theſe preſent the Potion, daſhed with all the palatable Ingredients of Pomp and Magnificence, that it may go down with Pleaſure, and work with Efficacy. I am afraid in the next World they'll be forced to answer for the Sins of the Poet and Actors; as well as for thoſe of the Chriſtian, unleſs by a timely Repentance, and public Recantation, they aſk Pardon of God, and Forgiveneſs of the Nation, which they
have

have rhimed almost out of Religion, and played out of Conscience.

Fourthly. When Temptation invites, draw up all the dismal Consequences of this wretched Sin, and fix your Thoughts upon them. Other Crimes, like the Adder, carry their Poison in their Head; this is a Scorpion that licks up its Venom in its Tail. For though the Sin be charming, its Sequels are dreadful: The Infection flies up to the Brain, like the Sting of the *Tarantula*; and though those who are bit by this poisonous Insect can dance out the stupifying Humour, and may be fiddled into their Wits, the others are past Cure; they remain, in spite of Homily and Exhortation, stupid, brutal, without Judgment, without Honour, without Sense, and often-times without Money; but never without Folly, Sighs, Jealousies, Rage, and Despair.

Fifthly, That your Affections may not steal abroad, nor, like Butter-flies, flutter from one Object to another, chain 'em by lawful Wedlock to a Wife. I know at present Matrimony, that in *St. Paul's* Days was honourable, lies under no creditable Circumstances; and we are in part obliged to the Stage-poets for the Asperision. They represent this divine Institution under all the Reproaches of Slavery and Folly, and paint both Sexes so scandalously lascivious, that the Character is enough to deter Christians from the Engagement. I suppose these Gentlemen are feed by the Stews, to stand up for the Improvement of their Trade; and for this Reason they labour so heartily to persuade People lawful Pleasures taste flat and insipid, as if the only charming Circumstance of Pleasure were the Unlawfulness of the Action. This Doctrine is calculated exactly for the Practice of *Lucifer* and his Associates, but not for Christians; it smels of Smoak, and may in good time heat the Preachers.

Beware of Jealousy. A Wife is often made faithful by not suspecting her of Infidelity; but when without Reason you question her Loyalty, you only tempt her to betray it. I have heard of a Lady, that kept her conjugal Vow, whilst her Husband thought she did; but when he accused her falsely, and blasted her Reputation, she

she murdered her Innocence to revenge the Injury. Some Women are of Opinion, there is little Difference between being unchaste, and being thought so; and therefore go off with the Satisfaction of Infidelity, as well as with the Infamy. A thousand, thousand times happy is that Couple, that by a wife Foresight prevents those Misfortunes that spring from Diversity of Constitutions and Humours, or at least support with Patience what Prudence can't avert, and so improve Necessity into a Virtue.

VI.

If God has blessed you with Children, says the Scripture, *Prov. vii.* instruct 'em. God has engraved this Law in the very Heart of Nature, and more than once promulged it in the Bible, that Parents might be well convinced of this grand Duty, and be persuaded to comply with it; and yet it seems that no Law is less understood, and more universally neglected in Practice than this. Some Parents, more cruel than the Ostrich, bring poor Creatures into the World, and then abandon 'em. Others, like Apes, are so fond of their Brood, they kill 'em with Kindness: Those are guilty of Negligence, these of Indulgence; and all betray their Duty, and by consequence their Conscience.

I have been often scandalized at the insupportable Neglect of some Parents; they made no Difference between their Lackeys and their Children, but that they caressed those, and eternally tormented these; they herded with the Grooms and Carters, and owed all their Education to the Stable and Kitchen; and if they sent 'em sometimes to School, 'twas only to rid the House, not for their Instruction. They never took the Pains to inform themselves, whether the Master was black or white; whether religious or impious; a *Turk* or a *Christian*. Good God! said I to Sir N. N. what do you mean? You will not hire a Cook without examining his Talent, nor take a Groom without good Security of his Skill; yet the one is only to serve the Belly, the other to curry Horses; and will you trust a Child to the Care of a Man, who, for aught you know, has neither Science nor Religion?

Nor

Nor have I beheld with Patience the doating Fondness of others. I have seen my young Master often play the Lion in the Family, and my tender Lady, the Mother, applauded his Insolence, like the *Romans* in *Seneca's Days*. She would embrace the Spark, when she should have chid him; nay, and kiss him for those very Things she should have whipped him. To cross the Child, is to stab the Mother; and if he whimpers, she cries in good Earnest; his Passions grow upon him with Age, and a foolish Indulgence emboldens them; he asks what he pleases, and obtains what he demands; a Refusal sets him on fire, and then my young *Jupiter* begins to thunder: My lady trembles at the Tempest she has raised; and instead of laying it by a sober Correction, she foolishly augments it by a thousand Caresses: He is coached to Company, to Balls, and the Play-house, and must be Spectator of Mamma's Vanity and Follies to learn 'em. Poor Sir *T. H.* saw this fine Menage, but was too dotingly fond of his Wife to save his Child. He complained one Day to me, that his Son was fit for nothing, but either to dance or to quarrel. You are mistaken, said I, have a little Patience, and he'll retaliate his Breeding upon you, with Insolence and Outrage; he is as handsomely equipped for a Rake, as can be: Nor was I deceived, for since that he flung himself away upon a Chamber-maid, dipped his Estate, persecuted his Mother, and brought his Father with Grief and Chagrin to the Grave.

You must know, *Neander*, that Man by Nature is half Beast; he has all the Inclinations, all the Passions of the most savage Animal; and, what is worse, he has Reason to sharpen 'em, and malice to abuse 'em. But as the most fierce Lion is tamed and rendered tractable by Education and Discipline, so Man may be taught Sweetness, Moderation and Virtue, if he be taken in hand betimes, if his Passions are checked, and forced to obey the Commands of Reason, from the Cradle. But when once Sense has got the upper Hand, when Passion has tasted the Sweetness of Superiority, and Reason is accustomed

to

to Slavery, you may as soon subdue the Fierceness of a full-grown Tyger, as persuade Sense and Appetite to resign the usurp'd Government, or Reason to take it: *Adolescens juxta vitam suam, & cum senuerit non recedet ab ea*; A young Man goes on as he began, and carries the first Impression to the Grave. That you may not therefore cry one Day with the poor Eagle in the Fable, who being mortally wounded by an Arrow trimmed with her own Feathers, sigh'd out this melancholy Complaint, *Miserable Bird that I am! What a Fool was I to bring forth Feathers to my own Destruction!* I say, that you may not complain, those Children you gave life to, are the Cause of your Death, observe three Things. *First*, So soon as they are capable to know God, teach 'em to fear his Justice, and to love his Goodness; instruct them in Religion, and take care they practise all the Duties of a Christian. A Child that fears God, will love his Parents; he can't be religious, without being dutiful. Inculcate a thousand times, that he is made for Heaven, and that he must live virtuously in this World, to be happy in the next: Precaution him against the Vanity of the World, and all its specious Scenes of Deceits and Pageantry, that delude the Eye to seduce the Heart: Discover the Danger before you expose him, and tell him with that admirable Queen *Blanca*, you had rather see him in the Grave, than in Sin: Inspire not into his tender Breast Desires of Grandeur; this is a Seed that sprouts up without sowing: Choak all Tendency of so early a Pride, or else it will grow to his Ruin. I blush at the unchristian Conduct of those Parents, who teach little Creatures, before they can walk, to climb up to the very Pinnacle of Honour; who would make them Pages to Antichrist to be great, and would counsel them to be *Mahometans* for the vain Satisfaction of seeing them *Bassa's*: When you have furnished them with Virtue, and provided for their Soul, let them think of a Settlement, and aim rather at a Post that is genteel, than great; an elevated Fortune is seldom obtained without vast Crimes, and always supported by greater.

Secondly.

Secondly, Cultivate them with those Arts and Sciences that suit with their Capacity and Condition. For those that have nothing to do, do always more than they ought; and though they are unfit for a handsome Occupation, they are capable of a vicious one.

Thirdly, Give not all your Means to the Eldest; leave a Provision for all. A young Gentleman that begins the World without Money, ends it without Conscience: When I must rack my Brain to live, I have neither Time nor Leisure to think of living well. Necessity is the Mother of Vice, no less than Abundance; and Want is both more troublesome than Affluence, and equally dangerous: Besides, how will you have a Gentleman push forward, who has nothing to improve? Can he raise a Fortune without Tools to work with, without a Fund to lay the Foundation? Poverty pals the most generous Spirits; it crows Industry, and casts Resolution itself into Despair. When you have acquitted yourself of these three Points, you have done the Part of a Father; the rest you must leave to Providence, who watches over its Creatures, and never abandons those who comply with their Duty.

VII.

Your Care must not stop at your Children, let it reach your menial Servants; though you are their Master, you are also their Father. And for this Reason the *Romans* called House-keepers *Patres Familias*, Fathers of the Household. Besides, as a Christian you are their Brother, and have the Church of Christ for your common Mother; all these Relations deserve a Tenderness on the one side, and on the other impose an Obligation on you to inquire into their Behaviour, and to provide for their Instruction; don't so overcharge them with Labour, that they can find no Time for God. You can't exact so continual a Service, nor is it in their Power to comply with you. They owe more Obedience to God than to you; and you transgress your Duty, when your Commands cross upon his. Nor is it sufficient to allow 'em Time to look into the Concerns of their Souls, you must see they employ it well:

well: Let 'em meet at Prayers at least once a Day, and punish those that neglect this Duty. Suffer not in your House a Debauchee, though never so useful. Who is a Traitor to his Maker, will betray a Master at the first Occasion: A Man without Conscience is always without Honesty. Besides, Lewdness and Knavery are catching, and one infected Person suffices to scatter the Contagion. Take this for a Principle; the more you take to Heart God's Interest, the more he'll take care of yours; he'll crown your Enterprizes with Success, or raise your Soul above the Stroke of Misfortune. In fine, you'll either enjoy Prosperity with a Christian Moderation, or bear Adversity with Pleasure.

VIII.

Confine not Charity within the Walls of your own House, nor employ it wholly about the spiritual Good of your Neighbour; let the Body feel the Effects of your Tenderness, as well as the Soul. When he groans under the Pangs of Poverty, and struggles with Necessity, relieve his Indigence out of your own Storehouse; let the Measure of your Charity be the Extent of your Ability, and of his Want: What you lay out on the Poor, is not spent, but put to Interest; God is Security for the Reimbursement, so that the Payment is infallible. I have seen some Gentlemen open-handed enough, but then they dispersed their Charities with so unhandsome a Grace, that methought they did Ill in doing Good, and refused an Alms whilst they gave one; they seemed to insult over a poor Creature's Misery, and seldom open their Purse, till they had vented their Gall. This is not to relieve the Indigent, but to throw Shame upon Want, and Confusion upon Necessity; it's to hang Weight to their Burden, and to fret Poverty with Contempt: Besides, it loses the very Nature of Alms; for that is not received *gratis*, that is purchased with Blushes, and at the Expence of Patience. A compassionate Look often-times refreshes more, than a Crown with a severe one. And (methinks) I had rather be sent away with a civil *God be with you*, than be entertained with Peevishness and Ill-nature. A
small

small Favour well-timed, becomes considerable: The very Manner of giving adds to the Gift. Keep not therefore the Poor at a Bay, nor rack 'em with Questions: To what Purpose do these Preliminaries serve, but either to feed your Curiosity, or to spend a fretting Humour? We are of the same Nature; our Bodies are made of the same Clay, and our Souls by the same Hand. The Difference between the Rich and Poor comes not from Nature or Merit, but from the Ordination of Providence. Some are born to no other Estate than that of their Brethrens Charity, that they may practise Patience; and others to Abundance, that they may exercise Charity; so that the Virtue of these stand indebted to the Misery of those, and the Giver is no less obliged than the Receiver.

IX.

Begin to practise the Virtues of a Christian betimes; accustom your Palate to 'em before you have tasted Vice, they'll relish better; a small Resolution plains the Way to Heaven in the Beginning, and turns Godliness into Pleasure: But if you stay till Sins have flush'd the Passions, and sharpened Appetite, nothing but Violence can secure you; you will not be able to advance one Step without a Combat; you must fight your Way through all the Squadrons the Flesh, the World, and the Devil, will draw up to oppose you; and when these Enemies are headed by vicious Habits, God knows whether you will ever be so hardy, as even to attempt a Conquest so hazardous on the one side, and so laborious on the other.

X.

Indeed a Christian Behaviour among Gentlemen is so unusual, that you must venture to be out of Fashion, you must stand the Shock of Raillery, and perchance the Stroke of a Lampoon; but these Weapons stick in the Skin, and although they are pushed on with all the Violence of Malice and Profaneness, are not able to draw Blood, or to touch your Reputation. I have often been astonished at some Gentlemen, who practised
Virtue

Virtue at home, and Vice in Company; who betrayed their Conscience to avoid a Blush. This is, said I, to fall into the wretched Blindness of some savage *Indians*, who adore the Devil, that he may do 'em no Harm. If Rakes glory in Evil, why should you be ashamed at Good? That carries along its Condemnation, and this its Justification. Surely Shame fits more naturally on Guilt than Innocence.

But could we dive into a wicked Man's Heart, could we pierce into his Soul, we should read most visible Traces of Shame and Confusion, every Moment he casts an Eye on his Vices, and his Neighbour's Virtues. For let me tell you, *Neander*, Piety has an amiable Aspect; it charms its very Persecutors, and even those who stigmatize it in Practice, admire its Beauty. So that though sometimes they let fly a Raillery, and shoot a Joke, these petty Arrows fly at random, and never come near your Honour: Nay, take it for a general Rule, that those Rakes, who flirt at a Christian Deemeanor, have a secret Esteem for it.

Oh, said one, I must draw in my Piety, and mew it within my own Walls; I have almost lost my Christian Name, and am scarce known, but by that of Bigot. Pray, Sir, said I, let us not startle at Sounds, nor run away from Buffoons; let us construe the Word, and frame right Notions, and then we shall find that Bigot, in the Jargon of Reprobates, is nothing else but a Man that believes Religion, and dares profess it; that boggles at Oaths, and blushes at Perjuries; that will elevate his Spirits with *Old Hock*, or *New Champaign*, but not drown his Reason; that has not Courage to laugh at Hell, nor the Impudence to play upon Heaven; that sometimes does good Actions, and always fears bad ones. This is the Height of a Bigot's Devotion, according to the modern Use of the Word: So that it imports nothing hurtful, nothing infamous; unless it be a Disgrace to profess Honesty upon Occasions, to practise Morality, and to have a good Conscience.

But let Debauchees burlesque your Piety, must you abandon it? Will you abjure Christianity, because some Libertines sport with Religion; or commence Atheist,

to humour Fools? Why then will you be scared out of Piety, or teased out of Morality? Is it honourable, in spite of Raillery, to acknowledge a God, and a Disgrace to serve him? Is it a Credit to be a Christian, and a Shame to be a good one? No, certainly: Let us put Things together, and act consequently; let us call in Reason to govern Fancy.

Besides, who are those Men that awe us? A Club of Animals, that have more Money than Wit, and more Quaity than Conscience; a Pack of Hectors that live ill, and judge worse; that are pitied by some, and scorned by others: The very Panegyrics of these Men are Satires; Praise out of their Mouths is scandalous, and Blame is glorious. *Neander*, suffer not yourself to be laughed out of Heaven, nor rallied into Hell; if you can't bear the reproaching Frowns and Smiles of a Man, how will ye endure the Frowns of an angry Deity? If the Lash of a petulant Tongue be so sensible, assure yourself the Pains of Fire and Brimstone will be more insupportable. Virtue in a Dungeon is preferable to Sin on the Throne, and Innocence in the Pillory is more honourable than Guilt on the Bench.

XI.

If you love your Soul, and resolve to save it, avoid the Conversation of Libertines and Atheists; like the Basilisk, their Eyes dart Poison, and their Tongues speak Death: They are Satan's Deputies, and Devils by Proxy. A Libertine is half Fiend, half Beast; Pleasure is his *Summum Bonum*; this he places in Sin like the Devil, and in Mire like the Swine; he circles from the Tavern to the Play-house, from thence to the Stews, and returns to his Lodging the same Way; so that his whole Study is to learn Wickedness, and his whole Business to practise it; his Discourse is a Compound of Smut and Blasphemy, his Entertainment unchristian, and his Dialect diabolical; he would feign monopolize the Wit of the Nation, but wants both Fund and Patent; his Knowledge reaches no farther than the *Gazette* or the *Courant*, and on Occasions he ventures to vent Nonsense in Metre; his Religion is universal, calculated for all Meridians; he has one for a

Calm, another for a Storm; one for *Europe*, another for *America*; so that it's as difficult to be defined as a *Disjunctive*; in *England* he stickles for his Bishops, in *Scotland* against 'em; he is a *Jew* at *Amsterdam*, a *Musfulman* at *Constantinople*, a *Papist* at *Rome*, and a *Calvinist* at *Geneva*: In a Word, he is any thing without, and nothing within; so that his whole Religion turns upon Convenience and Interest, and is comprized in these Verses.

Quest. *What's Orthodox and true Believing Against a Conscience?* Answ. *A good Living.*

Quest. *What makes rebelling against Kings A good old Cause?* Answ. *Adminisfrings.*

Quest. *What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?*

Answ. *About two hundred Pounds a Year.*

Quest. *And that which was prov'd true before, Prove false again?* Answ. *Two hundred more.*

XII.

An Atheist is an over-grown Libertine; and if we believe his own Genealogy, he is a By-blow begot by Hazard, and flung into the World by Necessity; he moves by Wheels, and has no more Soul than a Wind-mill; he is thrust on by Fate, and acts by mere Compulsion; he is no more Master of his Deeds than of his Being, and therefore is as constant to his Word as the Wind to the same Corner; so that an Atheist, by his own Principles, is a Knave *per se*, and an honest Man only *per accidens*. In fine, he starts out of Dust, and vanishes into nothing.

Nean. All my Concerns are in the Hand of a Man who will not be very fond of this Character; yet he sets up for an Atheist, and supports the Fraternity with Arguments and Authority.

Euseb. Neander, discharge him out of hand, he'll certainly ruin your Soul, and may possibly embezzle your Estate. A round Hurricane of Atoms may drive him into the Possession of your Lands, and you out of 'em. A brisk Puff may convey out of Sight a necessary Indenture, or raise high the Bill of Reparations; there is no coming near a Man with Safety, that's void of Conscience;

science; no trusting him that acts by Fate, or moves by Destiny; if he be a Slave to Impulse, he is not Master of his Honesty.

Nean. Though he abjures God, he upholds Reason, and keeps touch with Probity; he values Honour, and would forfeit Life to maintain it.

Euseb. Then he is made up of Contradictions, and one Part of his Creed stabs the other: If there be no God, your Friend is the Spawn of Casualty, the Child of Matter and Motion, a Heap of Dust, with a Complex of Ubications, a Figure without Soul, a Statue without Life; he is all Matter like Beasts, no more capable of Reason than an Ape, of Virtue than *Balaam's* Ass, or of Honour than *Caligula's* Consul. In fine, withdraw your Concerns, or you may one Day repent your Confidence: For I must once for all tell you, Honour without Conscience, without Religion, will yield to Interest.

Nean. This cannot be done so soon; endeavour, I beseech you, to gain him; overturn his Principles, and the Conquest will be easy; you can't oblige him more than by entering into a Dispute; and the shortest way to win his Favour, is to quarrel with his Tenets.

Euseb. Disputes indeed are natural to Atheists; for no Men maintain with greater Eagerness they are in the Right, than those that suspect they are in the Wrong; like Men in a dangerous Road, they love to travel in Company, and so draw in Proselytes to march to Hell with a Caravan.

But, *Neander*, this Itch of arguing is a terrible Argument; they are scared with Doubts, and haunted with Suspicions that God is no Chimæra; it's a Sign that Conscience is uneasy, and makes some Attempts to break all the Barriers of Ignorance, Pride and Blasphemy.

However, I'll comply with your Desires, and wait upon the Gentleman when you command me: Although I must tell you, a converted Atheist is a Phoenix scarce seen in an Age; for he is a Mixture of Pride and Ignorance, of much Sense and little Reason; he confutes Arguments with Laughter, and pretends to frown Demonstration itself into Sophistry. How can Truth (I do not say subdue) but even reach such a Man? You

may as soon fetch down the Moon with a Cannon-ball, as convince him.

Nean. It's true, but Charity armed with solid Reasons, may perchance soften his Obstinacy; and although you lose your Labour, you'll meet at least in the next World the Reward of your Zeal. I'll tell him you intend to make him a Visit.

Euseb. I am content, *Neander*, I have drawn a short Scheme of your Duty, and wish you so happy as to comply with it; it will prove the best Support of this Life, and the greatest Comfort in the other. God has interwoven Man's Felicity with his Duty, and twisted his Interest with Pleasure. A good Man is seldom uneasy, and an ill one is always unquiet; one must be blind, not to discover the Canker at his Heart, through all the glittering Pageantry of Greatness and Power: He may rant and laugh, but can't be merry; for certainly there is a great Difference between Noise and Mirth; their Lives are as unlike as their Ends, and those are as different as the Pains of the Damned are from the Joys of the Blessed.

"*Neander* took leave of *Eusebius*, with a Promise to call upon him the next Morning. He went immediately to *Theomachus's* Lodgings; (this was the Atheist's Name) he opened freely his Design, and asked him, if Business would permit him to enter upon a Conference with *Eusebius*."

"*Theomachus* received the Proposal with a Transport of Joy, and told *Neander* he was infinitely obliged to him, for offering so fair an Occasion of making Acquaintance with a Man so much talk'd of: For (continued he) I have often heard great Commendations both of his Virtue and Learning, and shall by this Interview be able to judge, whether his Merits equal his Fame. Besides, the Greatness of my Adversary will secure my Credit; though Fortune declare against me. *Neander*, after some mutual Compliments, returned to his Lodgings, with a Resolution to mind *Theomachus* of his Promise the next Morning."

The END of the FIRST PART.

A S U P.

A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
FIRST PART
OF THE
GENTLEMAN *Instructed*;
With a WORD to the
L A D I E S.

Written for the
INSTRUCTION of the Young NOBILITY
of both SEXES.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCCLV.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

FIRST PART

OF THE

GENERAL HISTORY

OF THE

LANDS

OF THE
WEST INDIES
IN THE
SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY



LONDON

Printed in the Year 1726



THE
P U B L I S H E R
T O T H E
L A D I E S and G E N T L E M E N .

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH it be not within the Power of Man to write so nicely, as to leave the Critics nothing to refine upon; yet there are some, whose Performances come nigher up to it, and hit much better with the Goû of the Times, than others. Among these we may presume to reckon The First Part of the Gentleman Instructed; which was scarce well set out, before it was at the End of its first Edition; and having run the second with the same Success, in the third it was deservedly took up into a Dedication; in which, as it gained not little on account of the honourable Person it was presented to, so it received no small Advantage from the ingenious Remarks of the Dedicator; whose Elogium are so well thought, his Thoughts so well expressed, and his Expressions so well put together, that though the Work itself were of no Value, yet one would buy the Book for the Dedication.

It was the Author's Desire of being unknown, which made him willing to pass for being dead; but this Supplement, which is the genuine Offspring of the same Pen, has too much of him in it, not to convince the World he is still alive; and whoever reads the Second Part, will find there such a Harmony of Thought and Expression with the First, that if the Author had been dead, one would almost conclude him risen again to write it. In a Word, he is certainly alive; and 'tis hoped his growing Esteem will encourage him to oblige the Public with many such deserving Pieces.

His Design in this is to instruct the Nobility of both Sexes in their Duty; and to chalk out the surest and shortest way to Content in this World, and the Glory in the next. This is, without doubt, an advantageous Discovery; which so nearly concerns you, that I hope you will take the Proposals into Consideration. And methinks the Author so handsomely reconciles Greatness to Goodness, and all the Prerogatives of Quality to the Precepts of the Gospel, that you must either have forfeited Reason, or have bid adieu to Religion, if you refuse to practise the Method he prescribes: For who but Fools and Atheists will resign all Pretensions to a future Bliss, for any temporal Enjoyment, when he may live great here, and happy hereafter?

Ladies, Soldiers, and Courtiers, will find here the Causes of their Miscarriages, and the Remedies: And if a bare exposing of your Failures over-heat the Spleen, and awaken Indignation, surely the Gentleman's Antidote will lay these unjust Resentments; and persuade you to acknowledge, that he had been less charitable, if he had been more indulgent.



A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
FIRST PART
OF THE
GENTLEMAN INSTRUCTED.

DIALOGUE I.

The Cause of the following Dialogues.



USEBIUS prepared for the Rendezvous, and resolved to attack the Atheist next Day: But an unforeseen Accident deferred the Meeting.

A Club of young Blades that Evening filed off from the Play-house to storm some Bottles of Champaign. *Eleutherius* led on the Brigade, and marched at the Head of the Battalion. And indeed he was compleatly equipped for the Adventure: His Purse was armed with Silver, and his Conscience with Steel. They attacked the Enemy with Courage, and bore on with Resolution. All pro-

tested against Quarter (as brave *Friburgen* did at *Cremona*) so resolved to stand till they fell in the Enterprize.

But if the Assailants did Execution, Champaign did more: It tilted at the Head, and made directly at the Brain. One dropped under the Table, an Huzza waited upon him to the Ground; and *Morpheus* stept in to play the Surgeon.

The Misfortune of one breathes Vigour into the other; they carry on manfully the Attack: Their Heads run round with the Glasses; their Tongues ride Post; their Wits are jaded, and Reason is distanced. Brutes could not talk better, nor Men worse: Like Skippers in a Storm, they rather hollowed than spoke; scarce one heard his Neighbour, and not one understood him: So that Noise stood for Sense, and every one passed for a Virtuoso, because all played the Fool to Extravagance.

The Subject of their Heat was no less surprising than the Management of it; and both ridiculous to Amazement. *Sorrel* (cries one with an Oath) is the most compleat Nag in *England*; and then he threw among the Company such a Bedroll of Jockey-jargon, that one would think he had swept the Stable seven Years, or served an Apprenticeship to a Farrier. From Terms of Arts he goes on to a Lesson of Proportion. He dissects the Animal, and flings the Anatomy on the Table; then he flourishes on his Feats, and swears he is famous in the Journal of *New-market*. Nay, I am told, the Gentleman protested *Sorrel* was as well born as himself; that in a collateral Line he touched the greater *Beucephalus*, and was a Cousin, once removed, to *Caigula's* Consul.

Wine had heated the Company's Blood; but this short Panegyric inflamed it. They could not agree to *Sorrel's* Atchievements, nor suffer him to monopolize the Perfections of his Species; every Man stood up in Defence of his own *Roxinante*, and maintained his just Prerogatives with Heat and Clamour. But whilst the Dispute ran high, their Wits sunk low with the Bottles; Sense slumber'd, and Reason almost fell into a Lethargy.

From

From the Stable they trip over to the Kennel, and leave Horses, to philosophize on Hounds. They follow the Chace with Tumult; one would have taken 'em for a Pack of Beagles on the Scent, but that they open'd louder. All this while the Glasses circle, Reason ebbs, Extravagance flows, and Mirth flies out into Madness.

And now our Gallants were handsomely equipped for any Villany. Champaign had fired their Blood, intoxicated Reason, and drowned Shame. They fell upon their Maker without Fear, without Scruple. Some worry his Justice, whilst others buffoon his Mercy. The Juice of the Grape had swelled these petty Pig-mies into daring Giants, who cannonaded Heaven, and defied the Omnipotent. Indeed their Drunkenness made some Atonement for their Blasphemies: But after all, it's a sad Case, when a Man is better for being transformed into a Beast, and less foolish for having lost his Wits.

One protested against all Religions, but that of *Epicure*: Against all Heavens, but that of *Mahomet*: And against all Hells, but Want of Champaign or Canary. Another would not receive the Lord's Prayer without an Amendment. To petition for Bread (said he) has more of the Beggar than of the Gentleman; and suits better with the Poor of the Parish, than with the Lord of the Manor. Let us at least (said he) tack to daily Bread, one Bottle of *Burgundy*. The Motion met with Applause: Every one followed the Proposal with a Comment ten times more outrageous than the Text. They rioted on: Impiety, and the most rampant Insolence, passed for the most refined Wit. Nay, to screw Outrage to the highest Point, Oh! says one, give me *Religio Medici*: This Religion at large is a healing Profession; it reconciles the Cross with the Crescent, and strikes an Alliance between the Son of *Mary*, and the Son of *Abdala*. Thus is the Gospel delivered up to the Rabble, and a petty Atheistical Pamphlet locked up in the Ark. Our Saviour's Doctrine must give place to the Visions of an irreligious Quack, more fit to gaze upon Urinals, than to talk of Religion.

Had

Had their Discourse been innocent, their Madneſs had been diverting: But to hear Chriſtians turn God into Farce, and Religion into Romance; revile Sanctity, and play with Juſtice, is monſtrous and provoking. For what can be more amazingly flagitious, than to make God the Subject of our Sport, and the Goſpel of our Diverſion? Than to throw the moſt auſt and the moſt trifling Things into the ſame Compoſition? And to blend Majeſty and Omnipotence with Laughter and Frenzy?

The Proverb ſays, *Who murders when he is drunk, muſt hang for it when he is ſober.* I would have it paſs into a ſtanding Law, and take in Blaſphemers. The Fear of a red-hot Iron might poſſibly put 'em in mind of Fire and Brimſtone; and the Dread of paſſing for ſigmatized Villains in this World, might ſcare them into an Apprehenſion of living eternally Reprobates in the next.

By this time *Eleutherius* had ſeized on the Chair, and began to hold forth on the Text of *ede, bibe.* He was a Libertine at full Growth, a Latitudinarian in Principle, and by conſequence an Atheiſt in Practice: *Epicure* was his Cauiſt, and *Hobbs* his Divine.

To your Arms, Gentlemen (bawls he) the Enemy has taken the Field, and advances to beat up our Quarters. Our Privileges gasp, and our great Prerogative lies bleeding: Nothing but Reſolution can retrieve them.

The Company gazed at this unexpected *Exordium.* Some cried out Thieves, others a *French* Invaſion; but moſt concluded, the *Monſieurs* could ſcarce land without Veſſels; unleſs they followed the Road of the *Compoſtella* Pilgrims, or preſſed ſome Teams of *Domingo's Ganxes.* But the Orator perceiving their Surprize, ſoon laid their Fright, and calm'd their Fear. Gentlemen (continued he) our Enemies are domeſtic, not foreign; and they prepare Chains for our Conſciences, not for our Bodies. In a Word, they preach up Virtue, and cant down Pleaſure; entail Heaven on the one, and Hell on the other.

Yet,

Yet, did they confine this Obligation of Self-denial to the Clergy, or the Sex, I would sit down, and only smile at the Imposture. But alas! they even strike at our unquestionable Prerogative, and bring Gentlemen within the Lash of the Statute. We must forsooth sling up our Claim to Heaven, unless we starve in the Face of Plenty. We shall cry out in the next World for Water to cool our parched Tongues, if we bathe 'em with *Burgundy* in this. These new-coined Tenets are set on foot, and abetted in *London*, nay, in the very Sight of the Play-house and Tavern.

I met this Morning one *Eusebius*, the grand Patriarch of these dangerous Morals: His Person seems as outlandish as his Doctrine, and his Mind no less heterodox than his Principles: He is a Compound of *Jew* and *Infidel*, *Pharisee* on the one side, and *Stoic* on the other: His Gate is as grave as the old Duke of *Alva's*, and as starched as that of his Majesty of *Pegu*: But his Tongue rides post, and is a kind of *Motus perpetuus*; and like old *Diogenes*, or *Timon*, is always upon the Satire. In fine, I took the Man for Penance in Person, and Mortification in Querpo; for a mere Mummy, pickled in Myrrh, and baked in Bitumen. Gentlemen, cries he, must low Appetite, baulk Sense, and curb Nature: They must war upon the Flesh, repress its Sallies, and diet it into Obedience: They must be humble in Grandeur, poor in Wealth, and meek in spite of Provocation: They must melt down their Swords into Crosses, and turn their fine Holland Shirts into Sackcloth. Is not this to lay us on our Backs? To break down the Inclosure between Quality and Pleasantry, and to call in our Patents? Drudgery is the Portion of Clowns, Pleasure the Inheritance of Gentlemen: I could not indeed confute his Sophisms with Reason, but will by Practice. And if I am not mistaken, one Fact weighs more than a thousand Speculations. Let us strangle this new-born Brat in the Cradle. *Principiis obsta* is a nice Maxim: A Spark contemned breaks often into a Flame. New Errors are as highly received into our Island as new Fashions, and we are just as constant to our Principles as to our Amours.

The

The Harangue was received with Applause, and all voted a Remedy. Some would silence *Eusebius* with a Bastinado, and others with Reason. They pitched upon the last Opinion as more civil, and less dangerous.

An Interview is resolved. But who will take up the Cudgels, and close with the Enemy? *Eleutherius* found no Inclination to measure Weapons with a victorious Foe. The first Engagement had cooled his Appetite: He had shot all his Ammunition, and like our *German* Allies, expected a Bill of Exchange to furnish his Magazine with new Provision.

The Expedition, says one of the Company, is of too great Consequence to be committed to *Eleutherius's* Conduct; he has been once fooled, and a second Attempt, ill-managed, may give an intire Overthrow to our Cause. To be foiled and fooled, says another with a Smile, may pass for synonymous in his Case; the Sense comes as near as the Letters, and the Signification of either may equally be applied to him.

Eleutherius was surprized at the Glance, and the Sarcaasm called for a Blush; but Wine prevented the Confusion; for it having taken Possession of his Cheeks, they could admit no other Colour: Though, to speak Truth, *Eleutherius* had a great Command over his Blood, and was within an Ace as much Master of his Face as of his Conscience.

However, he protested against the Calumny, yet with too much Heat to be innocent; the Wine had warmed his Courage, but this set it on fire. The Consult had ended in a civil War, had not one of the Company interposed, and kept the Peace between her Majesty's Subjects. Nay, he undertook the Command of the Expedition: So that having provided for the Encounter, they reeled to their Lodgings, though some took up in the Kennel.

DIALOGUE II.

A Prosecution of the same Subject.

WHILST *Eleutherius* prepared against *Eusebius* on the one side, his Lady (whom I call *Emilia*) mustered Troops on the other. Yesterday's Discourse lay hard on her Ladyship's Stomach. The Gentlewoman was downright Crop-sick, and nothing but Revenge was able to carry off the Humour. She had been so inured to Compliments, that she could not digest *Eusebius's* Freedom. Flattery had placed her among the Beauties, and Favour voted her a Wit. She was fond of the Promotion, and by an innate Pride common to the Sex, ascribed the whole Preferment to Merit, and nothing to Courtesy. Now this Lady, so gaudy in Conceit, could not endure to receive Reproof for Incense, nor unpalatable Truths for fawning Courtship. She dreaded a sincere Tongue no less than a true Glass, and would no more suffer her Conduct to be questioned, than her Complexion. *Eusebius* indeed had handled her Ladyship without Ceremony, but her Disease was mortal: Like an honest Surgeon, he would not spare the Saw to flatter the Patient. However, he stept not over the Rules of Breeding, but kept within the Bounds of Decency: But he could not applaud her Follies, nor canonize her Irregularities. She was wedded to the World. He told her she embraced a Shadow, that once would betray her Hopes, and thwart her Expectation with Disappointment: That she might receive her Folly by a timely Divorce; but that dilatory Put-offs are generally followed by an untimely Repentance. *Eusebius* might have expected, from her Court-breeding, a civil Return for so charitable a *Carveat*. *Emilia* was in the wrong, but she would not be set right. She posted to Hell, yet would needs be told she took the high Way to Heaven: And because the good old Gentleman postponed her Favour to her Happiness, and refused to purchase her *bonnes Graces* at the Expence of her Soul, she flew into a Fury, and repaid his Charity with Satire and Declamation. Nay, some affirm Passion had almost

most stopped Respiration; and that she had certainly expired of a Syncop, had she not taken Coach, and thrown off the stifling Humour in the Bosom of a Female *Juncto*, with whom she passed the Evening.

Emilia found the Ladies in a Commotion, their Conversation was clamorous, and too earnest to be indifferent. Indeed a kind of South-east Wind had ruffled their Temper, and blown their Tongues into Disorder.

The *French* Packet-boat brought over the Alarm, and *Lucia* (so I call the Lady) paid the Post a Shilling for the Mortification. To be short, this Gentlewoman entertained an Envoy at the *French* Court, to give Intelligence how Modes ebbed and flowed; when they first appeared, when like to expire; which were more proper for forty, which for sixteen; which for a rising, which for a setting Beauty. She received fresh Advice, that the *French* King had forbid the wearing of Gold-lace, and that all below a Countess lay under the Prohibition; that he had clipped Commodes, and taken the Sex a Story lower; that the Duchess of *Burgundy* immediately undressed, and appeared in a *Fontange* of the new Standard; that his Majesty had a Design against Top-knots, and had passed in Council an Act against the Transportation of Washes and Pomatums.

This unexpected Intelligence wrought like *Diaturbith cum Rheu*; Passion flushed in their Faces, and burst out of their Mouths. The Grand *Lewis* was commanded to the Bar, and pronounced guilty of a high Misdemeanor; he was handled by this Female Bench as cavalierly, as the *Salamanca* Doctor by Sir *George Jefferies*; and his exorbitant Power received more Lashes in an Hour, than at the *Hague*, or *Vienna*, in a Twelve-month.

The Sun, says one, in all his Voyages never saw a more imperious Prince; he drives at universal Monarchy, his Desires out-stretch his Dominions, nothing is able to glut his Ambition but the Slavery of *Europe*; he has besieged Towns these threescore Years, now he falls foul upon Fashions, and hectors at the Toilet as he huffs in the Field.

This

This is, continued another, an Inroad upon our Privilege, and a manifest Invasion of our Right; to model Dresses, is the chief Branch of our Prerogative; nay, it's our proper Chattel; in a Word, it is an Employment intailed on our Sex.

Indeed, I am told, says a third, *French* Laws reach not our Island; they are contraband here, no less than their Wines: But tho' there be no Commerce of Trade, there is of Modes; we are always *French* without, tho' seldom within; and tho' we hate their Soldiers, we dote on their Taylors and Sempstresses. We should therefore see the Waiters, and seize on the reformed Ware at the landing; nay, and indict the Seamen upon the Statute of no Commerce with *France*.

Emilia expected a *Queve* with Impatience, and now she thought to ease her Mind, and to lay open the Cause of her Chagrin to the Company. Alas! said she, our Privileges are not only rifled at *Paris*, they are clipped at *London*; the distinguishing Marks of Birth and Title are defaced, and the Maid stands on the same Level with my Lady. Then she entertained the Club with the Dialogue between herself and *Eusebius*, and followed the Text with an exasperating Comment: Nay, she misrepresented the Discourse to fit it for Satire, and foisted in some grating Expressions to provoke Resentment. The Harangue tired the Audience, and almost threw a Leash of Ladies into Fits: They lost Patience, and even Breeding; Passion seized on Reason, and Revenge gave Liberty to the Tongue. When Spite and Impotence meet, nothing is more clamorous and extravagant.

But above all, *Emilia* was remarkable: Nature had favoured her with a voluble Tongue; and her mercurial Temper, heated with Revenge, improved its Motion to Admiration; so that it run at the Rate of ten Miles an Hour, and lashed *Eusebius* without Mercy or Interruption. They leave Monsieur at *Versailles*, to chastise *Eusebius* at *London*: He was to be brought upon his Knees first, and then to do penance before the Congregation. But these severe Resolutions were the Effect of the first Heat; Time cooled their Fury, and wrought

wrought them into Terms of a more reasonable Satisfaction. They thought therefore fit to compound with the Gentleman upon these Articles. 1. That he craved Pardon of the Ladies for affronting their Character, in the Person of *Emilia*. 2. That he acknowledged the Doctrine he had advanced was heterodox ; rather spoken out of Inadvertence than Malice, and more to carry on Discourse, than to impose an Obligation. 3. That these Words of our Saviour, *Be perfect*, rather intimate a Counsel than a Command ; and that they concern neither the Duchesses, Countesses, nor Gentlewoman. 4. That the foresaid Persons are exempt from the Cumbrances of the Gospel, and lie under no Law but of their Pleasure. *Emilia* and *Lucia* drew up these Conditions, and were deputed by the *Juncto* to present them to *Eusebius*. In the mean Time the good Man went to Bed, never dreaming of their Designs ; and ignorant of the Work these two Cabals had cut him out for the next Day's Employment.

DIALOGUE III.

Eusebius lays open the irregular Conduct of Ladies.

EMILIA and *Lucia* drove away betimes the next Morning to *Eusebius's* Lodging. They generously for once broke their Sleep to execute their Commission, and exposed their Health to the Morning Vapours for the common Concern of the Sex. *Eusebius* started at the Earliness of the Visit, and began to suspect this unusual Appearance, like monstrous Births, portended a Turn of State, or threatening Inundation, or Earth-quakes : To rise by Candlelight, and to set out before the Sun, is not only a Breach of Custom, but a Violation of the Ceremonial of Ladies ; universally they must not begin their Journies till *Phæbus* has almost ended his, nor lay down to sleep till he prepares to rise. However, *Eusebius* remembered his Duty

Duty in the Height of his Surprize, and received the Deputies with a Respect. He would fain have regaled them with a Dish of Chocolate, but they refused the Offer : For indeed they had already, by way of Precaution, armed themselves against the *Serena* with a Caudle.

Emilia opened her Commission, and read her Credentials : Then I am sent, said she, by a select Committee of Ladies, to require Satisfaction ! You are, Sir, I presume, continued she, too guilty to deny the Charge, and too much a Gentleman not to ask our Pardon.

Eusebius could scarce keep Countenance at this unexpected Harangue ; and indeed, had not her Ladyship wept like *April*, he might have turned the Scene into Farce and Comedy. Indeed she wept so heartily, one would have thought her favourite Lap-dog lay gasping, or that some *American* Planter had kidnapped the little Animal, to transplant the Species into *Virginia*. It was not Repentance for her Sins melted her Heart, and drew down these plentiful Showers : No, no ; Vexation alone opened the Flood-gates of her Eyes, and cast her into this whimpering Distemper. *Eusebius*, as I said, had catechised her Ladyship, and she took his Freedom in Dudgeon : She mistook his Charity for Disrespect, and thought herself affronted, because he paid less Respect to her Follies, than to her Person ; for great Ladies expect Flattery, even for those Extravagancies for which they are in danger of suffering Fire and Brimstone hereafter. Now the very Sight of *Eusebius* boiled up her Resentment to the Brim ; and because it found not an easy Issue through the Tongue, it broke a Passage thro' the Eyes.

Eusebius seeing *Emilia* in this Situation, thought open Raillery unseasonable, and yet he could not resolve to be serious. He took therefore a Mean, and between Earnest and Jest : You are, Madam, I perceive, said he, a public Minister, and this Lady is your Adjoint. Why was not I advertised of your coming ; I might have prepared the *Sopha*, or borrowed her Majesty's Coaches to conduct you to Audience. But seeing you
are

are pleased to appear *Incognito*, let my Ignorance apologize for this poor Reception.

You tell me, I am guilty of *Leze Majesty* against *Ladies*; certainly a Crime of so monstrous a Size would fly in my Face, unless my Memory were short, or my Conscience hardened. Yet though Age hath not wore out the one, nor my Morals feared the other, I am not conscious of the Trespafs. No, I respect their Quality, and have a Regard for their Persons, when attended by Merit; and waited on by Virtue: But when I find no Fund of Excellency, but the Feminine Gender; a dignified Husband, or a gaudy Manteau, I reserve my Esteem for more deserving Objects.

Luc. How, Sir! Have you the Confidence to plead not guilty before *Emilia*? Refresh your Memory, cast a Reflection upon Yesterday's Conversation! Was it genteel? Was it managed by the strict Rules of *Decorum*? You forgot her Station, and your own.

Euseb. You must not wonder, Madam, if I deny the Indictment; the Law allows it to Criminals, it is the Style of the Court. Now, I suppose, you will not refuse me the Privilege of the Bar. But, however, I had I confess the Honour to argue the Point with *Emilia*, and the Misfortune to displease her. Yet the Offence was merely personal, it reached not the Court, much less the whole Sex. I presume every Woman is not *Legion*; and that Affronts, like Diseases, are not propagated by Sympathy.

Luc. You struck and wounded the whole Sex thro' *Emilia's* Side. Did you not preach up Virtue, not only as an Ornament to Quality, but as a strict Obligation? Did you not lampoon our Conduct, and expose our Behaviour?

Euseb. I told *Emilia* Virtue was her Duty, and I have Scriptre for my Warrant. Pray fly in the Face of the Holy Ghost, and bring in an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against our Blessed Saviour. He pinches, I assure you, upon Grandeur and Title, and values more a Dairy-maid with Virtue, than a Princess without it. I ventured also to compare the Practice of Ladies with their Duty; and after a serious Application, I found the

the one bore no Proportion with the other. They jar like Contraries, and can no more be reconciled than Contradictories. If I arraign the Expresses of some, it was only to reform them. Charity guided my Tongue, not Satire. In fine, I endeavoured to correct their Failings, without outraging their Persons, or insulting their Quality. Now, pray Ladies, Where is the Harm? Is it not true, That God created the World for Man, and Man for himself? And are not Ladies comprehended in this general End of the Creation? Will they resign all Claim to Heaven; or shake off the Yoke of Dependence? Are they not therefore obliged to serve God, both out of Interest and Duty? Is not this the fundamental Stone of our Religion? The capital Maxim of the Gospel? The whole Load of Christian Promises and Precepts lean on this Basis: And as God has observed no Mean in his Favours to us, so he has put no Bounds to our Obligation. *Love the Lord thy God with all thy Heart.* This is the Scripture, Ladies: It is not only God's Word, but his Command; and I find no where that the topping Females lie without the Pale of the Precept. But, perhaps, you are better read in *Shakespeare* than Revelation.

Luc. God be thanked, Sir, we know the Catechism. Do you suppose we received our Education in the Wilds of *America*?

Euseb. I question not your Knowledge: It is hard to overlook a Truth God has stamped within us. That we were made to serve God, is the first Lesson we learn: But by Misfortune, we seldom look behind the Principle; we never take into Consideration the Consequences: For if it be true you were merely created for his Service and Glory, every Action that warps from this Point is excentrical and irregular: It is a Violation of your Duty, and carries you from the End of your Creation. Be pleased to survey your Thoughts and Desires; calculate your Words and Actions; and then tell me, Whether they hankered not more after your Satisfaction than God's Service? Whether they aimed not more at the obliging of Sense, than at the Discharge of your Duty? And yet you believe you
were

were placed in this World to save your Soul : That your only Business is to save it : That though you gain the Universe, you lose all, unless you save it : Permit me to disbelieve you in this Particular, or to conclude your Reason to be disordered.

Emil. Take your Choice, Judgments work no Alteration in this : You will scarce think us out of Christianity, nor judge us into *Bethlem* : But pray, What unfortunate Constellation reigned at our Births ? What fatal Influence dubbed us Fools or Infidels ? The Dilemma is unkind : I might add, ungentle. Infidelity in a reformed Nation has something of the Monster ; and Folly every where much of the Beast. Does our Discourse betray any Distemper of the Head ? Or our Practice any Symptoms of a depraved Will ?

Euseb. Should you see a Man, whilst his Estate lay gasping, saunter from the Play-house to the Tavern ; sleep till Ten in the Morning, and revel till Twelve at Night ; bastinado his Lawyers, and challenge his Judge to a Duel ; would you not conclude this Gentleman valued Indigence above an Estate ? That he was fond of Poverty ? Or completely rigged out for a Journey to *Moorfields*.

Emil. We should questionless infer, he had a Mind to disburthen himself of the Incumbrance of Lands, and to try the Charity of the Congregation. But pray parallel not our Behaviour to this Coxcomb's Extravagance.

Euseb. By no means ; for how can I compare Things that have no Proportion, or Analogy ? This Coxcomb's Folly can only throw him into Poverty, and those troublesome Sequels that wait on Indigence, light Dinners, and foul Linen : And yet, this Misfortune may by Care and Industry be retrieved, and must end. But Ladies must expect more dismal Consequences of their Negligence : But Heaven lost, is never found ; and Hell-flames once lighted, are never extinguished.

Luc. Nay, now we are fallen on the Topic of Eternity, we shall never end. You are chopped upon the Text of Pedants, upon the common Theme of Cant. You intend to fright us into Bigotry, and to scare us into

into Slavery. We know God has prepared a Heaven for his Friends, and a Hell for his Enemies, and that both are everlasting; but we know also whilst we do no Harm, we incur no Guilt, and by Consequence no Punishment.

Euseb. Hell indeed is a very common Place, the Road to it is plain, and always crouded, so that it is well peopled: Nay, and the Citizens, like those of old *Rome*, are in great part Lords, Knights and Ladies; and the Privilege of the Corporation runs for Eternity. You are acquainted, you tell me, with this Truth: However, I take the Freedom to rub up your Memory; and I think a Touch of it sometimes, tho' it be only in Glance and Cypher, is seasonable: For, I confess, a Doubt has hung cruelly in my Head, whether the Knowledge of our First-rate Mortals, of both Sexes, reached the Centre? I have spent some Reflections upon their Conduct, and find Hell in their Practice, but not in their Belief. I have compared with Grief, Pagan *Rome* with Christian *London*, and read in the Practice of this, the Infidelity of the other. Their Actions are so uniform, one must conclude their Expectations are the same; and that our *English* Hopes and Fears are confined wholly to the present, as well as the *Romans*. For, in fine, these Pagan Ladies were littered to *Campus Martius*, ours are coached to *Hyde-Park*; if they sheered off to the Theatre, ours drive Home by the Play-house; they had their Balls, we are not behind-hand in this Diversion. The *Roman* Ladies hung Provinces in their Ears, and carried the Price of Kingdoms on their Backs; and their Vanity swelled to that Excess, that nothing but a Decree of the Senate was able to put Bounds to its Extravagance. Indeed our Banks are less furnished than those of *Rome*; and so our *English* Vices must be content with less Equipage: We are not attended by a Train of Slaves, nor carried on the Shoulders of *Gauls*, or *Germans*; our Pendants and Necklaces may want some *Carats* of the antient Bravery, but generally they weigh more than our Lands and Lordships; they eat up our Glebe, and
prey

prey upon our very Titles. So that though our Vanity has less Pomp and State, it's attended by more Folly.

I confess *Venus* and *Cupid* have no Altars in our Churches; yet though they are clear of Idols, Idolatry goes on: Like *Michas*, we worship these little Prostitutes at home with *Ephods* and *Teraphim*, and turn the whole Year into a *Lupercalia*: We build, I mean, to this Procurefs and Pandar, Altars in our Hearts, out of the Reach of Parliament or Church-wardens; and sacrifice not Doves, but all our Thoughts, Desires, and Actions to those lewd Divinities. For pray consider, do not Love-intrigues take up the Time of Christians, as well as of the old Pagans? And are they not carried on with as much Heat and Ceremony at *London* as at *Rome*? Can History instance one Fact of Incontinence that we have not adopted by Practice? Nay, the Copies we draw, out-do the Originals; and we blush as little at those Crimes our Religion condemns to Fire and Brimstone, as the Pagans at those Idolatry placed in Heaven.

Now, who can draw any other Conclusion from such a Resemblance of Practice, but a Resemblance of Belief? And that *England*, though Christian without, is no less Pagan within than *America*? For what is the Difference, but that our Name is better, and our Vices worse? I have heard that a *Japanese*, by the Instruction of a Divine, conceived a high Idea of the Christian Religion; but all the Rhetoric of the Preacher was unable to bring him over, till he had taken a Journey into *Europe*. With the first fair Wind he set sail for *Goa*, he doubles the *Cape of Good-Hope*, and lands at *Lisbon*; he travels over *Europe*; he examines the Behaviour and Employments of Christians; he compares their Lives with their Belief, the Looseness of their Actions with the Severity of their Precepts; and finding no Proportion between the Doctrine and the Practice, he concluded Christianity was Mummery and Romance: That we did not believe in *Europe*, what we preached in *India*; and, in fine, that Christianity was rather a Mystery of Iniquity than of Godliness. For he

he could not conceive it possible for so many Millions to run counter to the Laws of their Profession, and to combine to confute by an universal Practice all the Articles of their Creed. Can Men, said he, who profess a Gospel of Love and Amity, outrage their Brethren, and welter in the Blood of their nearest Relations? Can Men, who are bid to lay up all their Treasure in Heaven, place their whole Concerns upon Earth? Can they take up here, as if they were never to remove, and settle with Satisfaction in the very Place of their Exile? Can Men believe Christ suffered for their Sins, and yet crucify him in their Oaths? Or that God will avenge Crimes, and yet commit the blackest without Horrour, or even Scruple? Can they believe Lust is forbid, and at the same time make it their Business to excite Flesh, and whip on the Passions to Excesses, even beyond their natural Inclination? To plunge into Debauches less upon Appetite, than by way of Exploit and Gallantry? This poor Idolater could not conceive how the Conduct of Christians could vary so prodigiously from their Judgments: How their Law could teach Morality, and their Actions breathe Impiety: And so returned into his Country with this Persuasion, that our Religion was all Artifice, all criminal, or all Christians Infidels.

Emil. Well, Scolding is a Song of two Parts; if you take one, I may be tempted to take the other. Providence spoiled a good Surgeon, to make an ill Gentleman. Your Genius lies so to Dissection, I believe you take as much Pleasure in the cutting up of a Fault, or in reading upon the Sores of your Neighbour, as a Doctor of the College in the anatomizing of a Malefactor taken from the Gibbet. Take your way, lampoon the whole Race of Christians, and make a Satire upon the Nation. You have assumed the Office of Censor-general, and what will you gain but Enemies and Reproof?

Luc. His Invektive, Madam, reaches not us; we do no Harm; our Conduct is innocent, and our Behaviour belies not our Profession.

Euseb. I am not disposed to libel Ladies, nor to burlesque Mankind. But I am concerned in earnest, to

see People, in spite of all Solicitation to be happy, run headlong, like crown'd Victims, to their Ruin: To see Christians claim a Right to the vast Promises of our Redeemer, and at the same time to break through all the Principles that support the Title. You fix your Security upon this wretched Maxim, *I do no Harm*. Suppose it true; Will this insure your Happiness?

You have certainly considered *Matt. xxv*. You have read the Parable of a Master, who called his Servant to Account for a Talent. Be pleased, upon my Recommendation, to turn once more to the Place: It seems design'd for your Instruction; weigh the Drift, and stop at every Circumstance. This Man delivered his Servant a Talent, with a Command to lay it out at Interest: But reflecting on the one side perchance that the Bank was sunk, and the Security questionable; and on the other, that his Master was severe and exacting; he thought it a Piece of Policy to secure the Capital, and restored it immediately at his Return. But the Master treats the Man with Heat and Outrage: *Ill and idle Servant*. He receives the Talent with Indignation; he coops him up in a Gaol, and then condemns him to weeping and gnashing of Teeth. Now this poor Wretch was neither Thief nor Murderer; he neither wasted his Lord's Goods, nor alienated 'em. It's true, he laid not out the Money to Interest; but he secured the Principal: And if he did no Good, he was charged with no Harm. Notwithstanding, this Plea brought him not off; he was found guilty of Negligence and Idleness, and received both Sentence and Punishment.

So that, Ladies, the very Ground of your Security was the Cause of his Damnation. He was unprofitable, but not wicked; he increased not his Master's Stock, nor did he embezzle it. You pretend you do no Harm, but confess you do no Good; you do not serve God, and will not offend him. If this Pretence did not protect the Steward, nor stave off the Sentence, why shall it plead harder for you; unless perchance the Female Sex has Right to more Indulgence than the Male; or that God will have Regard to Quality; or that

that the Court lies out of the Verge of his Jurisdiction?

But in good earnest, Ladies, *Do you no Harm?* Is it not Harm to wander from the Cradle to the Coffin in a Labyrinth of Amusements, either vain or childish? Is it *no Harm* to tire yourself upon the Concerns of this World, without spending one Thought upon the Affairs of the other? Is it *no Harm* to play the Prodigals, to lavish those precious Moments of Time that compose your Lives, upon Balls, Masks, and Dressing? Perchance Education has given you false Notions of Time; you are ignorant of its Value; you are perchance apter to look upon it as a Burden, than a Favour; as a Drug that lies upon your Hands, than a Treasure. Suffer me to disabuse you.

Nothing is more valuable, nothing more precious than Time, every Moment is worth an Eternity; the Bliss of the Saints is but the Reward of Time well husbanded, and the Torments of the Damned are the dismal Effects of Time misused. Do you comprehend the Value of Grace, or of the beatifical Vision? This Grace, this beatifical Vision, are the Price of Time. The damned Souls can never soften God's Justice; though they weep eternally, though they groan eternally under the Weight of his Severity: And yet, in one Moment of Time, assisted by his Grace, we may cancel the most flaming Sins, we may renew our Claim to Heaven, and return to his Favour. Happiness therefore and Misery, and both eternal, depend on Time. Yet *you do no Harm* when you mis-spend it; nay, when you labour more to misapply it, than God requires to manage it to Advantage.

How many Wretches sulk in Flames, without Pity or Interruption? And yet they burn for the very Principle you maintain, that it's *no Harm* to trifle away Time. But, Ladies, Flames have restor'd 'em to their Wits, and brought them to a just Acknowledgment of their Error: They deplore their Mistake with fruitless Tears, and draw from their late Repentance no Lenitive but Despair. They cry louder for Time, than the unhappy Dives for Water, and prize a Moment above

the Waves of the Ocean. Would God expose Time to Sale, the Number of Chapmen would equal that of the Reprobates. How many Empires would *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, and *Messaline*, give up for one Hour? But, alas! ten thousand Worlds will not purchase a single Moment. Is it then *no Harm* to saunter away our Lives, and like Children, duck-and-drake away a Treasure able to buy Paradise? In fine, Ladies, our death-bed Wishes, that sue with such an Energy for a Moment's Reprieve, demonstrate Time has a real Value: For why should it appear so desirable, when the most gaudy Vanities of the World raise Contempt?

Emil. So, *Eusebius* has pronounced our Dooms; we are already damned in Effigy, nay, and all Mankind in Emblem and Hieroglyphic. Are you not afraid, Sir, of being torn to Pieces by the Street Infantry? Do you feel no Pangs of Compunction for such Antichristian Assertions? I could no more sleep with such a weighty Sin upon my Conscience, than I could breathe fifty Fathom under Water. What nothing but Hell and Damnation for poor Mortals, after a plentiful Redemption? But I suppose you stand off in Generals, and comprehend us not in your Sentence; for, I thank God, I always have an Eye on the main Chance; I am at Peace within, and take Account of my Time.

Euseb. Mistake me not, Judicature is the Flower of God's Prerogative: He alone crowns the Virtue of the Righteous, and punishes the Crimes of the Ungodly. I have not surveyed the Region of Darkness, nor perused the Register of *Lucifer*; so that I am ignorant of the Number of the Unfortunate, and unacquainted with their Persons: Yet certainly if Scripture be the Rule of Good and Evil, if it points at the Road that leads to Death, without straining the Law of Charity, I may pronounce the greatest Part of our *Beaus* and *Belles* are in a fair way to Damnation. For who steers by that Compass? Who follows that Guide? Nay, in Defiance of Self-Interest, Revelation, and Reason too, we cut upon all the Maxims of the Gospel, as if it were to be understood backwards, and that Vice stood for Virtue, Virtue for Vice, and Hell for Heaven. But it seems

seems your Club is not like other People; your Consciences are serene, without Storm or Cloud; you enjoy within a sweet Spring, a gentle Calm, as if the *Halcyons* had built their Nests in your very Souls. You make not a false Step from *January* to *December*, every Thought is seraphic, every Motion more than Christian, every Moment of Time is managed with Thought and Consideration. It's pity Canonizations are out of Fashion in *England*, you might else stand fair for a Place in the Calendar. But, in good earnest, is your Conduct so irreproachable? Do you allow so much Time to God? So little to Vanity? Let us try, if you please, this Point by plain Fact: It deserves Attention.

Pray then, Ladies, what is the grand Occupation of the Day? Between eight and nine in comes my Ladies Woman, to range in Order and Method all the little Trinkets of the Toilet. She chuckles together a whole Covy of Essences and Perfumes, she commands Combs to their Posts, Pomatums to theirs, Washes *alamode* to theirs. Here is Contrivance in Folly, and Confusion in Order. One would take a Dressing-room for a Toy-shop, or a Mercery of small Ware. Nay, I have heard it compared to an Army in *Array*, for the little Knick-knacks stand in a military Posture; some are divided into Battalions, others into Squadrons; some make up the left, some the right Wing; and I have seen a *Corps de reserve* upon a Side-board, ready for sudden Occasions. A *French* Glass *alamode* commands in the *Corps de bataille*; at his Beck the Patch-boxes march, Powders and Essences advance, Combs enter upon Duty; and then on a sudden, *halt*: And now my Lady makes her *Intrado*, and begins the great Work of the Day. She consults her Oracle the Glass, upon the State of the Health and Beauty: What Change since last Night Time has wrought in her Complexion; whether it carries on its Approaches with Speed; or whether it draws near the *Glacis*, and when probably it may master the *Out-works*?

And now her Ladyship brandishes the Combs, and the Powders raise Clouds in the Apartment. She trims up the *Commode*, she places it ten times, unplaces it as

often, without being so fortunate as to hit upon the critical Point. She models it to all Systems, but is pleased with none. For you must know, some Ladies fancy a vertical, others an horizontal Situation; others dress by the Northern Latitude, and others lower its Point to forty-five Degrees. At length she comes to the Patches: Here is Plea for Fancy, and Room for Invention; no wonder then if the Operation takes up Time, and calls for Study and Reflection; it's hard to resolve upon the Number, harder upon the Size, and much more easy to billet an Army, than to assign each Patch its proper Station. Twelve strikes before her Cheeks are inlaid, and her Face be checker'd *alamode*. And when she has baited the Chambermaid, and stroked her Lap-dog, in comes Dinner; down she sits, not to eat, but to fret; one Dish is too high seasoned, another too low; this is too sweet, that too sour; the Pigeons are too lean, the Pullets too fat; since her *Levee*, she only named God, when she told the Cook, *God sends Meat, and the Devil sends Cooks*. Here is the great Concern of the Morning; this takes Madam's Thoughts, this runs away with her Care, and sweeps away with one half of the Day. Yet she does *no Harm*, she is thrifty of Time, she puts it to Account; these Hours, no doubt, are wisely employed; they are laid out to Advantage, and will fructify to a Miracle.

But now the Evening Employment calls upon her. She steps into the Coach, drives to the *Exchange* in the *Strand*; from thence to *Cheapside*, and at her Return strikes in at *Pater-noster-Row*. In one Place she learns new Fashions; here she cheapens Silks, there China Dishes; here Perfumes, there Pomatums. She coaches the Ware, and leaves a Billet for the Reckoning. Being cleared of Business, she's fit for Diversion. She posts therefore to the *Park*, where she supposes every one admires her. Some indeed are smitten with her Drapery, whilst others pity her Folly; but all agree her Vanity out-weighs her Judgment, that she is richer without than within, and that her Wit sparkles less than her glorious Equipage. She makes the Round, inquires who is come to Town; who has slipt aside into the Country,

Country, who is lately married, who lies in; and having discharged her Commission, and delivered her Errand, she rolls home by the Play-house; unless a Ball, or a secret Assignment desire her Presence. This is a Lady's Life in Epitome, her Employment in Short-hand. One Day's Work is the Copy of another, and one Year shews the Practice of forty.

And now, Ladies, which Action of the Day bids fair for Heaven? Which calms your Conscience, and puts you out of Apprehension of a final Miscarriage? Which distinguishes the *Christian* from the *Pagan*? The Heir of Paradise from the Child of *Lucifer*? I fancy the *Chimæse* Dames, who are Strangers to the Joys and Terrors of the other World, take the Scheme of their Lives from the Plan of yours. They work by your Sample, and copy the *European* Original. They while away their Time upon Trifles; they dress and undress as you do; they idolize a little Body that once must fall in the Grave, and repair with Artifice the Ravage of the Age; they steer by the Impulse of Sense, and follow the Current of Inclination: Ease is the Object of their Wishes, and Virtue of their Aversion. If the Lives of Infidels and Christians carry such a Resemblance, I fear their Ends will bear the same Proportion; for how can they march on the same Road, and not arrive at the same Term?

Luc. Here is a Libel upon the Sex, and the Character is obliging; but the Picture is taken from Imagination, not from Life. It's a Dash at Random; an Essay of Wit to sport the Faculty, and to breathe the Spleen. I perceive you seldom frequent the Church; for did you vouchsafe to make an Appearance there on the Lord's Day, you would see the Ladies in the Pews, as well as in the Park, or in the Boxes.

Euseb. I beg your Pardon, I had almost forgot the Sabbath Occupation. *Sunday* is a Day of Rest, and so Ladies stand religiously to its primitive Institution; *i. e.* they consecrate it to Sleep and Repose: It's a Day of Vacation too, and by consequence the most proper Season for Physic. I knew a Lady sick of a chronical Dis-temper, that puzzled the Doctor, and threw the Apo-

theary into Fits of Amazement. It's Symptoms were extraordinary, and it's Accidents without President; she was in a perfect State of Health and Vigour all the Week, and always discomposed on the Lord's Day; nay, I was informed she discerned by the Beat of the Pulse a Feast from a *Feria*, without the Help of *Poor Robin*. But pray, Madam, what Motive leads you to Church? Sometimes you appear to teach, sometimes to learn new Fashions; perchance also you have failed in the Return of a Visit, and nothing but an Apology in a holy Place can atone for the Breach of a Ceremony so sacred. I take it for granted you disclaim the Quality of a Suppliant; why else do you disdain the Posture? Kneeling is indeed improper, I mean impertinent, for those who have no Inclination to pray: Nay, I suspect, without the Consent of Queen and Parliament, you have enacted to yourselves the profane Part of *Darius's* Law, *of making no Petition to God*.

Tell me ingenuously, do you not enter into the Church as *Caligula* did into the Temple, not to pray, but to receive Homage? Do you not fancy a Place on the Altar becomes your Ladyships better than silver Candlesticks or Basons? I grant upon Occasions the Fame of a celebrated Preacher may decoy you into the Sanctuary, and so Curiosity subdues Sloth, and one Vice makes room for another; but then his Rhetoric runs away with your Attention, not his Morality; you hearken to criticise or applaud, not to learn. In fine, you flock to the Pulpit as the *Romans* did to their *Rostra*, to hear Oratory, and to see Declamation; and thus you coach back to your Lodgings. All these Sins you carried to the Sermon, besides a sufficient Cargo you overtook in the Streets, or pick'd up in the Congregation.

And as in the Morning you sat down to laugh and chat with your Pew-fellows; so after Dinner, with the heathenish *Jews*, you rise to play; the Table-cloth is removed to make place for Cards. Did Gaming keep within the Pale of a mere Recreation, perchance a Set after the Evening Service might be tolerated. But, alas! Libertinism and Avarice have given it the Freedom of the City; it's erected into a Company, as well

as the Society of Taylors and Haberdashers. In a Word 'tis become a Calling; nay, a laborious and servile one too. Ladies toil and drudge at it Day and Night, they give up their Privilege to that Remission. Laws, both human and divine, have provided for the basest Mechanics: The very Sabbath is no Day of Rest and Relaxation to them; this Trade goes on, when all other Shops are shut; and, to confute the common Excuse, we do *no Harm*; sometimes at one sitting a Child's Portion is truck'd for a Swing on the Rack, which Lunatics are pleased to call Diverſion.

Luc. Well, and where is the Harm in all this?

Euseb. Nay, Madam, if this Failure be little in your Opinion, I fear your Conscience will appear less. What Harm to profane the Church, and the Sabbath too? Why, it's a Complication of Sacrilege and Insult; and do these Crimes stand for Cyphers in your Casuistry? They strike directly at your Maker, and almost imply Atheism by Illation; they wound your Neighbour also by Reflection, and clash with Justice and Nature. For is not Justice violated, and Nature outraged, when you card or dice away a Labourer's Salary, or a Child's Portion? Unless perchance our *English* Proverb, *The better Day the better Deed*, sanctifies the Action. Well, I perceive the Sex is impeccable, unless it vaults over the two Tables of the Decalogue together, or swallows Sins like Carroway-comfits, by the Dozen.

The Ladies sat all this while upon the Tenters, and received the Mercurial as they swallow Pills, with wry Faces in abundance; they broke off the Homily a hundred times, and as often sprinkled the Discourse with Expostulation; their Passion flowed too fast to be pent in; they were neither able to keep Silence, nor to speak to the Purpose; and Anger that loosed their Tongue, fettered their Reason. But *Eusebius* endeavoured to sooth 'em into some Terms of Moderation; he desired their Attention for a Moment, with Assurance they should have time to interpose: He protested that he intended Instruction, not Satire; that he honoured the Sex, but fawned not on its Vices. But the Comment upon their *Sunday* Behaviour spoiled all, he might as

have reasoned down a Hurricane, or argued the cholerick Ocean into a Calm, as compliment these Females into Silence. Their Resentment had taken fire, and all their Passion boiled over with Noise and Tumult. In fine, Impatience stept into the Coach-box, and drove their Ladyships beyond the Bounds of Decency. *Eusebius* had read that Non-resistance tames Fury, whilst Opposition made it; that, like capricious Horses, it runs faster when you draw in than when you loose the Reins: He therefore gave way to their Sallies, and received some Discharges of Chase-shot. At length the Humour was drained, and the Tempest ended in Serenity. And as Topers drink themselves sober, so these Ladies talked away Impatience, and vexed themselves into a good Humour.

The Storm being over, Ladies, continued *Eusebius*, can such a Conduct stand with the Belief of an Eternity? Can Women throw Time away with so little Caution, who are persuaded their All depends upon the Management of it? Can they put any Stress upon the Expectation of future Happiness, who perch with so much Eagerness upon present Satisfaction? You would do well to face your Practice with your Profession; to balance what you receive in Hand, with what you expect in Reversion; to run up to your Baptism, and recollect your first Engagement; for the World is a bewitching Thing, and without Care it will bubble us, and put upon us with Trifles; and when once it has got the Ascendant, 'twill foment Ignorance for an Excuse of Liberty; 'twill bribe a Man's Conscience, and *subvert* Reason against himself: For certainly its Promises charm Sense, and a present Possession transports Nature; but you should remember that Ratsbane is made with Sugar, and that the most sweet Poison is generally the most swift and mortal. Let therefore Health take place of Pleasure, and scorn to die of the childish Disease of Liquorishness.

Eusebius had continued, but *Neander's* Arrival put a Stop to his Discourse. He came to lead him to *Theomachus* the Atheist, and was surpris'd to see his Friend in so extraordinary an Engagement. I am sorry, said he,

to interrupt your Conversation, and must make a small Apology for my Incivility. But indeed I had rather be guilty of the Breach of Behaviour, than of my Word. I promised last Night to conduct you to your Adversary; the Time draws near, and he expects your Appearance.

Euseb. We Men of Arms are expos'd to Surprizes. I fell this Morning into an unexpected Ambuscade, and found my Quarters storm'd, before I received any Intelligence of an Enemy. In a short time I hope to disengage myself, and to compose the Business a *Famille*; we must sue *Theomachus* for a Cessation of Arms till To-morrow, and then we'll open the Campaign. *Neander* sent his Man with a Letter to *Theomachus*, who acquiesced to the Proposal.

In the mean time, *Emilia* turning herself to *Neander*, spoke thus. Though I have not had the Honour of your Acquaintance, I am glad of your Arrival. Your Mein tells your Birth, and methinks I read Goodnature in your Forehead. *Eusebius* has trespassed upon our Patience, he has handled Quality with the Rudeness of a Carman, and flourished upon the Conduct of the Sex with Indecency of Application, and the utmost Strains of Clownery. Nay, he throws us out of Sense, and will not allow us any Tincture of Morality. Indeed his Civility and Judgment are both of a Size: Providence seems to have sent you to our Rescue.

Nean. Madam, her Majesty has not honoured me with the Dignity of Knighthood, and so I lie under no particular Obligation to defend distressed Damsels. However, your Quality commands my Assistance, and your Beauty my Esteem.

The Compliment took to Admiration; Joy posted through every Joint, and charmed the Lady into a pleasing Humour. She who before spilt Gall and Vinegar, by a strange Metamorphosis became all Honey, all Sugar. She had seen Forty, so that her Complexion was in its Wain, her Charms had stept over the Meridian, and touched some Points of the *West*: Yet she buoy'd up the Decays of Nature by the Support of Art, and slung such a comely Varnish on these Breaches
Time

Time had made, that like *Zeuxis* she mistook Life for Imposture, the Effects of her Vanity for the Work of her Creator, and the Relicts of Age for Beauty. Nay, she ventured once to confess in good Company, fifty Years weighed less on her Shoulders, than thirty on her Face. Yes, said she, whilst my Cheeks wear *June*, let my Hair put on *December*.

A Compliment therefore so *a propos*, so agreeable to her Inclination, cast the Lady in a Trance, and laid all Resentment asleep. She became less untractable, and more docile; she desired to learn not to dispute, but rather to amend her past Conduct, than to defend it: In effect, she heard *Eusebius* with Attention.

This sudden Change hath often made me conclude, that Lenitives are more proper for Womens Constitutions than Corrosives. They may be soothed into their Duty, but not hector'd: A kind Word is more persuasive with them, than a strong Reason.

After some Recollection, *Emilia* return'd *Neander* a Compliment for his; and forgot not to insinuate the Value she put upon his Esteem. Then turning to *Eusebius*, Sir, said she, I undertake not the Defence of Ladies: None are without their Failings, and some not without Crimes: And I confess that the Number of those is less who live up to their Profession, than of those who dishonour it. Some square their Conduct rather by the Gospel of Sense, than of St. *Matthew*: And others are better versed in the Art of Dressing, than of Living well. But why must the General be lash'd for the Faults of Particulars? Let the Correction and the Disorder go together, and let those who carry off the Pleasure of a bad Action feel the Punishment. Must *Lucretia* be hooted at for a Prostitute, because *Messaline* cast off Shame? Must *Susanna* beat Hemp in the antient Palace of *Bridewell*, because *Helen* left *Menelaus* for a Gallant? Or *Judith* stand for a Fury, because *Jezabel* deserved the Title? I hope *Westminster-hall* Justice is less partial than yours, and the Arrests of our Judges better complexioned. We are all, as I have said, liable to Miscarriage; the best Principles trip sometimes: For Nature provoked by Sense,
and

and roused up by Temptation, is apt to rebel against Principle. And then the odds are vast on Nature's Side. What Wonder, if Ladies trained up in the Art of Behaviour overlook the Precepts of Morality, and persuade People by their Practice they are better acquainted with the Civil Virtues of the Court, than the theological of the Gospel.

Luc. Madam, these Satires rather flow from Passion than Judgment; and I always revenge myself on such Toys with Silence; Contempt blunts the Edge of a keen Lampoon better than Reason, and no Reply disappoints the Author, and throws him off the Hinges. In a Word, *Eusebius's* Railing is no credible Qualification, it is a certain Symptom of a desperate Cause. For who flings Dirt, that has another Weapon at Command?

Euseb. God forbid I should follow those Sparks, who having been the *Dupes* of one Woman, impeach the whole Sex as Complices of their Disappointment. No, no; if some Women deserve Blame, others cannot be praised too much: Their Virtues are above Panegyric, and their Merits above the Flight of Eloquence or *Hyberbole*.

Who can read the Book of *Judith* without Admiration and Transport? This great Lady seemed to be framed above the Spheres by the Hands of Angels. Valour equalled her Beauty, and Virtue topped both. She had nothing feminine but the Sex: Never was Grace better placed than on her Brow; it flashed a Mixture of Charms and Terror; she darted Love, and commanded Respect: She attacked a proud Conqueror at the Head of a victorious Army, and subdued his Heart with her Face, to take off his Head with his own Sword. In fine, this brave Amazon filled the *Assyrian* Camp with Confusion, and *Bethulia* with Triumph. She stopt the Conquests of an ambitious Prince, and the Ruin of an innocent City.

What shall I say of the great *St. Catharine*, *Wealth*, *Youth*, and *Beauty*, entered into a triple Alliance against her Virtue. Hell joined Force, and Idolatry Cruelty to the Confederates. Yet she defeated their Designs,
and

and raised a Trophy to her Sex, and an eternal Monument to her Virtue upon their Ruin; for she overcame the Vanity of Philosophers with her Learning, the brutish Passion of an amorous Emperor with her Chastity, and the Rage of Hangmen with her Constancy. Flattery could not bend her Courage, nor Wheels break it: She lived a Christian, and died a Martyr.

St. *Ambrose* seems to have spent all his Rhetoric upon St. *Agnes*; yet his Words fall short of her Actions, and this Child did more than Eloquence can express. Her Piety was above her Age, and her Virtue above Nature. The Courage of this young Lady over-matched the Fortitude of *Alexander*, and few Men at Threescore arrived at that Love of God she breathed at Thirteen. Her Body was too little to receive the Sword, though not to overcome it; and altho' she was too young for Torments, she was ripe for Victory. The Spectators trembled while she stood unconcerned, and the Executioner that gave the Blow shewed more Symptoms of Fear than she that received it: In fine, she fell in the Combat, and went off with Victory: For as St. *Cyprian* notes, though Martyrs die, they are not overcome, and they are invincible because they brave death. *Vinci non possunt, & mori possunt, & hoc ipso inveciti sunt, quia mori non timent.*

The wise Conduct of *Clotilda* drove Paganism out of France, and raised Churches to the true God on the Ruins of Polytheism. She softened the Obstinacy of her Husband by Instructions, and polished the Roughness of his warlike Virtues with the Practice of Morality; and at last brought this great Prince from Paganism, and the whole Kingdom to Christianity. *Hermenegildes* owes his Faith to the Piety of his dear *Ingundes*, for he had died Arian, if this orthodox Princess had not made him Catholic. In a Word, God seems to have trained up Ladies for the Propagation of the Gospel. A *Martha* and a *Magdalen* received our Saviour into their Hearts; they refreshed in *Bethany* his tired Limbs, after the Fatigues of his Function; and when one Apostle betrayed him, and the others aban-

abandon'd him, *Mary* followed our Lord to *Calvary*, and there durst mingle her innocent Tears with the sacrilegious *Crucifige's* of the Rabble. When the Apostles doubted of Christ's Resurrection, she proclaimed it without Hesitation; and in Recompence of her Faith, Christ commissioned her to assume the Office of Apostle to the very Apostles. Wherever God spread the Gospel, he provided a Lady to further it. *Helena* planted the Faith in the *Roman Empire*, *Cæsarea* in *Perfia*, *Gezela* in *Hungary*, *Ogla* in *Russia*, *Dambruca* in *Polany*, and *Ethelburga* in *Germany*. In all these glorious Enterprizes Ladies led the *Van*, whilst Men only brought up the *Rear*. They marched only upon the Traces of these great Heroines; and brought through the Barriers of Flesh and Blood, when they had paved the Way by their Example.

Indeed such noble Instances of Virtue are less numerous in our depraved Age, than in the Days of our Fore-fathers. Yet many Ladies draw their Lives by their antient and most admired Originals: I could name some of Figure and Title, who live in this World like People who knew they must live eternally in the next. They are meek without Sheepishness, affable without Affectation, reserved without Dissimulation, and great without Pride. They reconcile the Highness of their Rank with the humble Principles of their Profession; they dispute the first Place without Vanity, and stoop to the lowest without stepping an Inch below their Station. Here is Scripture in Practice, and Perfection in Life and Action.

Nean. Pray, Ladies, let this Panegyric atone for the Satire; if *Eusebius* has struck the Sex with one hand, I assure you he strokes with the other; he dashes the *aigre* with the *doux*, and handsomely mingles Reproof with Instruction: He has Balms to heal, as well as Caustics to blister; and when he has breathed a Vein, he closes the Orifice with a Swathing-band. In a Word, he has knocked his own Libel on the Head, and, like the Scorpion, is both Poison and Antidote.

Emil. Good-nature is come upon him, and his Breeding is returned to the Cure; he speaks now like a Gentleman

Gentleman as well as an Orator, and I promise him a fine Audience, if he'll preach in the Pulpit upon the same Subject.

Pray, said *Neander*, turning himself to *Eusebius*, favour us with the Cause of our Ladies Misfortune; for I call it a Misfortune to deviate from the Rule of their Profession, and to frustrate the very End of their Creation.

Euseb. It is indeed a Misfortune, but almost universal; it is spread over the whole World, and affects the whole Species. *Emilia* has touched the Cause, ill Education: This is the fatal Source of their Misery, the true Origin of all their Failings. Young Ladies are brought up as if God created them merely for a Seraglio, and that their only Business was to charm a brutish *Sultan*: One would think they had no Souls, there is such a Care taken of their Bodies: That God had enacted a Salique Law as well as the *French*, and excluded the Sex from the Inheritance of Heaven.

The seven Years of Infancy are spent merely in the Entertainments of Sense; they are yet supposed unfit for Instruction, and so their little Passions sprout up without Check, and increase without Controul. But, under Favour, though in an Age so tender, Children cannot be disciplined by Reason, they may by Sense: For I cannot see why their Passions are not in a Capacity of being moderated, so soon as they are in a Condition of being excited; for though they are not ripe for Precept, they are for Fear, Menace, and Caresses; and thus we see the Nurse oftentimes frowns and fawns the most froward Infants into a good Humour. Some Restraint therefore should be put upon their disorderly Propensions, even in this Non-age; for if you suppose a Child to be a Brute at Seven, and treat him merely as such, in all Probability you will make him continue so till Ten. But alas! this timely Care is quite forgot; little Miss, like Mamma's Lap-dog, is caressed till she is fit for nothing but to play or sleep. The little Creature must sleep on Silk, and feed on *potable Gold*. Like a *Bartholomew Poppet*, she is wrapt in Gold and Silver, and practises Vanity before she knows the Sin.

So

So soon as Reason begins to sparkle, Miss is led into the Dressing-room; she is taught the great Mystery of the Glass, and all the important Secrets of the Toilet: Which Wash clears the Complexion; which conserves, and which repairs it. These are necessary *Prolegomena's*, or *Præcognita* to the Science. A Man may as well be a perfect Mathematician without the Knowledge of an *Angle* or *Circle*, as a Lady can be a Graduate in the Philosophy of the Dressing-room without these *Postulatus*.

For Beauty being the chief Object of a Lady's Care, she must help Nature with Art, and polish the Work of the Omnipotent with a *French Wash*; she must fence it against the Assaults of Heats, the Excursions of Pimples, and the dangerous Inroads of the Small-pox. She must, in fine, expose her Life to save her Complexion. And then, to mould her Shape to the Court-standard, what Pains does the Mother take on the one side, and what a Martyrdom does the Child undergo on the other? Her Feet are condemned to the *Scotch Boot*, and her Body to the Torment of the Press. She is pen'd up in Iron, and forced to trail her Person. Besides, the poor Creature is put to a short Allowance of cold Water, or tied up to a Pittance of Barley-broth, and must keep a continual Lent in spite of our Statute-book. One would think Hunger was a Propriety of the Sex, and Fasting the topping Qualification of a young Lady; her Mother will not suffer her to grow up to her Joints, nor to have all the Flesh and Bones God designed her. And thus she is racked without and within for the Satisfaction of *Madam*, and the whole Body is sacrificed for Shape and Colour.

And now Miss leaves the Nursery to ply at the Dancing-school, and to finger the Guitarr, or the Virginals; and when she has mastered a Minuet, and an Air *alamode*; when she can practise a Brace of Grimaces, and wave the Fan, Good God! how Mamma titters; she is now fledged for the World, and sets out for Company. But she must beware of Reservedness, and fence against a Blush; for these are Country Vices, Symptoms of Rusticity, Crimes against Breeding, and
the

the Freedom of the Town. She is therefore taught a qualifying Embellishment in the Court Dialect, called *Assurance*, in the Christian Confidence; and thus she mortgages Modesty for Behaviour, and almost robs the Woman to equip the Lady.

In the mean time, Age comes upon her, Passions get a-head, Temptations follow without Number, Desires without Bridle, and Vanity without Check. She is a Stranger to the Doctrine of Self-abnegation, and unpractised in the Methods of Resistance: She knows not what it means to baulk Appetite, nor to subdue Sense to Reason. She has been set up by the Mother for a little Goddess, and the Family adores her like a household Divinity. The Frowns of this little Creature raises Storms, and her Smiles fair Weather; you must no more cross her, than offend those Stars, that in the Pagan Theology rained Tempests on the Heads of those who disdained to salute them.

What a Tragic-comedy did I behold at my Lady D—'s! I thought Folly could not rise to such a Height of Extravagance. Miss had the Misfortune to be baulk'd in a childish Enterprize; the House rung immediately of the Disappointment, all was in an Uproar, all in a Confusion: The Violence of the Passion cast the Child into a Fever: The Mother's Pulse beat by the Daughter's, and because Miss was discomposed, good Mamma took Physic; and, to carry on the Farce, the Chambermaid breathed a Vein. I fancied myself in *Lutian's* Island of Dreams, and that what I saw was Vision and Revery. For how, said I, can Folly strain so far? *Bedlam* is unacquainted with such Scenes of Madness, with such Flights of Farce and Comedy: Had the vixen Humour been frightened away with a little Severity, the Fever had withdrawn, and Birch would have wrought the Cure more efficaciously than Physic, or Bleeding by Proxy. Thus Education adds Biass to Nature, and makes the Temper of Children more rugged, instead of polishing them.

Besides, Miss is not only misled by the Fawning of the Mother, but too often poisoned by the Example of her Maid. If *Betty* has a Gallant, she is the Depositary
of

of her Secrets ; she enters into the Intrigue, and is informed of the Rise and Progress of the Adventure. Her Apartment is the Place of Assignment and Rendezvous, and by Consequence she is witness of all those Follies that wait on Love between Persons whose Passion is greater than their Conscience. Such Spectacles stain the Imagination of Children, they carve Devils in the Brains of those, yet innocent Angels ; and though at present they make no great Impression, they will in time cut out Work for her young Ladyship. They will awake the Fury of Love, and throw Fuel on this fiery Passion ; for such Sights, like the *Italian* Poisons, work some Years after they are taken. The Memories of Youth are extremely tenacious, and if they are sullied with an indecent Object, will recollect it, till at last they transcribe it.

Now whilst the young Lady makes so fair a Progress in the Science of the World, she is a mere *Ignoramus* in the School of Heaven : Question her about Religion, she is a Stranger to the Language. One would think she dropped from the Moon, or had been trained up among the *Cafres* : She can scarce distinguish a Church from a Synagogue, and knows no more of the Gospel than of the *Talmud* or the *Alcoran*. And indeed, poor Creature ! how should she be instructed, but by immediate Revelation ? The *Credenda* of Christianity are not infused by Nature, and the *Agenda* too are in great part conveyed to us by the Senses. Now who takes care to instil these Principles into young Ladies ? The Mother has too much Work on her Hands to undertake a new Employment, the Office of Catechist is below her Level, it is too pedantic and serious for a Person who affects Ignorance, and dotes on Mirth and Levity. Besides, she fancies her Obligation only reaches the Body, that the Soul lies out of her Jurisdiction ; that if she fits the Child for the Court, or the Town, she discharges the Duty of a Mother.

Now if my Lady forgets the most important Point of Education, will *Betty* remember it ? If the Mother, like the *Ostrich*, abandons her Young, and flies into
the

the Wilderness, will the Maid be more careful? Alas! perchance she is as little versed in the Catechism as Miss, and knows no more from whence she came, or for what End she was placed in the World, than a Child in the Cradle. And although she were able to instruct, there is no depending on her Will. Servants are mercenary, they have an Eye on their own Advantage, they drudge for their own Interest, not their Mistress's; and by consequence, to wind themselves into their Favour, they entertain them rather with Things that please, than with those that profit. They are, in fine, a Race of Insects that bask in the Sun, and cannot live without the Heat of their Ladies Favours.

Now what can be expected from a Woman brought up in Ease, Luxury, and Vanity on the one side, and in a total Ignorance of Religion on the other? From a Woman flushed already in all the gaudy Amusements of Vanity and Diversion, and quite a Stranger to any future Expectation? Who will bridle Passion without Reason? Or forego a present Satisfaction without some Prospect of a future? To sport down the Stream of Inclination is pleasing; but to row against the Current is a fatiguing Employment. Now no Man will tug at the Oar without either the Hope of a Salary, or the Fear of a greater Punishment: For Pleasure without Torments in Remainder, is in most Mens Opinion preferable to Virtue without the Expectation of Reward. Having therefore so faint Invitations to Good, so powerful, so bewitching Allurements to Evil, we must not wonder if Ladies follow those Impressions, if Vanity over-rules Duty, and criminal Amusements run down Morality. Thus equipt, young Ladies are consigned to Husbands: They change their Subjection, but not their Principles. With their Portion they bring all the Extravagancies of their Childhood, and seldom resign them but with their last Breath. The first Education sinks deep, and in time twists itself with Nature: You may with as much Ease wash an *Ethiopian* white, as preach an ill-principled Girl into a virtuous Woman. Here is the Cause, Ladies, of your Misfortune, the Origin of your Distemper.

Emil.

Emil. Well! you have searched the Wound, I hope you will apply the Remedy. Who knows the Cause of a Disease, cannot be ignorant of the Cure.

Euseb. My Profession makes me unfit for the Employment. However, a Lady's Desire is a Command, and requires Obedience.

DIALOGUE IV.

Ladies must avoid the Obstacles to Virtue.

Euseb. **Y**OUR Duty, Madam, branches into two Heads. You are a Christian, and a Mother. These Relations call upon you; God has placed you in a Station that requires a double Care, and you must extend your Endeavours to the discharging of both; for if you fail in one, you betray your Duty, and your eternal Happiness into the Bargain.

I.

That you may act the Part of a Christian with a *Plaudite*, let your Thoughts dwell continually on this great Principle, *That you are born for Heaven, and that this Life is but a short Passage to Eternity: It's but a Flux of Moment, that will end: It's a Stream that disembogues into an Ocean without Bottom, without Limit.* It's not sufficient for a Pilot to know for what Place he is bound, when he first weighs anchor, and hoists up the Sails; no, he must carry it continually in his Thoughts, and in his Eye: This influences every Turn of the Stern; did he once forget the Term of his Voyage, he would wander on the Ocean at random, and never reach the desired Haven. Paradise is our Country, the World a Sea, and our Actions must waft us over to that fortunate Island. Now how shall we follow the Rule, and touch the Blessed Point, unless we daily consider under what Degree of Latitude it lies? The Prophet *Jeremy* threw all the Miscarriages of the Jewish People upon their Inconsideration: *The Earth lies desolate,*

late, says he, *because no Man will take the Pains to enter upon the Consideration of his Duty.* And I fear the Miseries of our present Nobility spring from the same Fountain. Our Forefathers have handed down to us this unfortunate Negligence, and it has improved in the Journey. For did we seriously reflect, that we are born in this World to live eternally in another, and that our Virtues will be rewarded with Glory, and our Vices with Fire; should we tire ourselves in the Pursuit of Things meerly indifferent, and criminal? Should we, like Children, set our Hearts upon Objects, not only trivial, but base and contemptible, and truck our Souls for a Rattle? I say, like Children: for what is the Difference between them, and our high-flown Mortals, but that these deal in Money, Palaces, Plate, and Diamonds, and those in Babies and Hobby-horses: So that at best, if the Folly of those is more expensive, the Childishness of these is more innocent.

II.

The Doctrine of Christ must be your Guide, you must follow that Road he has plained by his Example, and points at in the Gospel. As he has promised the Reward, so he has annexed the Conditions; and we must make good these, before we can lay any Claim to that.

Now the first is, that we withdraw our Affections from this World. *Love not the World*, says he; its Maxims are dangerous, its Conversation infectious, and its Embracements mortal. Under the Appearance of a Friend, it masks Treason, and under the Disguise of Pleasure, real Torments; it dashes Honey with Gall, and throws over Poison a palatable Relish: Its Principles clash with Christ's, and therefore you are warned to break off all Correspondence on pain of forfeiting God's Favour. *Whoever is a Friend to the World, is God's Enemy.* In Effect, Christ reads Lessons of Humility in almost every Leaf of the Gospel; the World preaches up Pride, and magnifies Vanity. Christ commands us to contend for the lowest Place, the World for the highest; to please the one, we must feat
our

our Neighbour above our Heads, and we must throw him under our Feet to content the other.

III.

Now there being no Mean between those two Extreams, no Place for Neutrality; will a reasonable Creature pause one Moment to what Side he must go over? Whether Interest lead him to join with our Saviour, or to take up with the World his Enemy? The very Deliberation is no less scandalous, than to debate whether you shall apostatize from God, for a Correspondence with the Devil; or deprive yourself of a real Satisfaction in this World, with Heaven in Reversion, for Misery travestied, and Hell in Remainder?

For think not, Madam, that the Followers of Christ must forswear Pleasure, and give up their Pretensions to present satisfactions. Though their Desires lodge in Heaven, God antedates their Bliss on Earth, and gives them in hand an Earnest of those Joys they will possess hereafter. For let me tell you, the Friendship of Heaven, the Sense of our Mistakes, and the Pardon of our Sins, are transporting Prerogatives. Is it not a Pleasure to condemn the World? To be above all sublunary Trifles; and to be a Slave to nothing? Is it not a charming Satisfaction to have a clear Conscience? To dote neither on Life, nor to fear Death? These are Delights above all the smooth Sensations of material Organs: And besides, they lie out of the Reach of foreign Accidents; they are always at hand, and cost us nothing.

IV.

Now what are those fine Things the World offers, and we so eagerly fly at? They are good in Shew, and evil at the Bottom; they are possessed with Fear, and lost with Regret; they pamper Sense, and rack Reason: For, in fine, they are all reduced to Concupiscence of the Flesh, Concupiscence of the Eyes, and Pride of Life, *i. e.* to Sensuality and Honour: These make up the World's Riches, and our Torment: These are the Blessings so much talked of, so much adored, so dearly bought, and lost so easily: And yet they are a
mere

mere Sound, a Name, and nothing. Let us descend to Particulars.

V.

The Concupiscence of the Flesh takes in all those Pleasures that cajole Sense, and end in Brutality; and what Effect do they work upon us? Why, they glide upon the Organ, they print a smooth Impression, and lay us upon the Level with Animals. So that all we dare expect from sensual Satisfaction, is, to be made miserable Men, and happy Beasts. Now, methinks, a Man's Brains must be ill-placed, who pawn's Conscience and Heaven for a Prerogative so ill-favoured and abasing.

VI.

Let us suppose the most exquisite Fowl of the Air fly to your Table; that *France, Italy, and Spain*, furnish you the most excellent Wines: What can Taste desire more? Yet when once Nature is satisfied, the eating is no more a Pleasure, but a Torment. For to feel the Stomach over-charged, the Body disabled, and the Fumes of Ragoos in the Head, is no great Satisfaction; unless Excess changes our Constitution, and turns Pain into Pleasure, and Health into a Burden. In fine, the Delight flashes away in a Moment, and the Surfeit sticks by us a Fortnight: It preys upon our Vitals, and if it does not choak 'em, it's sure to disorder 'em; and after ends in a Winding-sheet.

Indeed, Hearing is not so pleasant a Sense; it rather courts the Soul than stoms, and if the Pleasure it conveys be less boisterous, it's generally more innocent: But however, it's too airy to be durable, and too fleeting to be relied on. For, what is it but a Perception of moved Air, that beats upon the *Tympanum*, and gently drums upon acoustic Fibres? And can any thing be more unmanly, than to build our Happiness on so weak a Foundation? Besides, this Pleasure is shorter-lived, than those Animals that cannot out-live one Day. I have seen the same Hand that charmed the Company the first Hour, tire it the second; and those very Stroaks that at first raised Transports, in the end grated upon the Ear, and became troublesome. In-
deed

deed this Pleasure is luscious, but it gluts in a Moment, and, like Sweet-meats, breeds a Surfeit. Now methinks a Man must put a mean Valuation upon Christ, to leave him for a Touch upon an Instrument, and a faint Idea of future Torments to be fiddled and music'd into Hell.

Do not mistake me: I am not for tying Damnation to an airy *Sonnet*. I know we may regale our Ears with a Ragoo of *Italian* Symphonies, without the Penalty of eternal Weeping; for I have told you, the obliging of this Sense is more foolish than criminal. But however, the Effects are dangerous, for Music has a strange Ascendant over our Passions; it heats and cools them, it ruffles and transports them, it moulds and fashions them to any Figure; it awakes the Fury of Anger, and conjures up the Devil of Love: And these two Fiends drive full speed to Hell and Damnation. Caution alone saved *Ulysses*: He would not trust his Virtue with a fine Voice, nor his Philosophy with a warbling *Donna Margarita*; he rather chose to resign the Pleasure of a *Solo*, than to suffer the Misfortune of a Shipwreck; and would not barter his dear purchased Heroism for a Song.

It were to be wished our Gentry of both Sexes carried Wax in their Ears, as well as this Heathen General; their Occasions often exact the Precaution. They steer between the Rocks, and *Syrens* lie in Ambuscade to insnare them. In these Circumstances the least Oversight is mortal; if we don't keep at a Distance from the Whirlpool, we shall be suck'd in by the Eddy. How many, for want of Care, have split upon the Quickfands? Was not Madam *W.* played out of her Reputation, and violin'd into a Match below her Quality? And how many Gentlemen have been sung out of their Innocence at the Play-house and Music-meetings?

Though therefore Music in itself be innocent, it is often fatal in the Consequence, and strikes us at Rebound. And this is enough to rouse up a Christian's Care; where Duty obliges him not only to avoid downright Sin, but the very Tendency to it.

But alas! the Poison lies not only in the Notes, the very Words carry Infection: They are soft and amorous, and either blame Honesty, or provoke to Debauchery; they either personate the Despair of an abandoned, or the Triumphs of a successful Lover. Now what is this but Stratagem, to set ill Humours at work, and to make soft Rhime a Conveyance to Destruction? And indeed some Songs express so lively ill Practice, that it's not easy to distinguish the very Fact from the Representation. And so the Minstrel infills all the Diseases of Rage and Love he counterfeits. It's true, the Tongue presents the Poison, but the Ear drinks it, and both are guilty; for the Difference of the Organ makes a small Alteration in the Action. In fine, Ladies, such Madrigals are only fit to be sung by the Devils, and to be heard by the Damned.

VII.

The other Obstacles that stand between us, and the Compliance with our Duty, are the deluding Pageants of worldly Felicity; fine Sight, a glorious Retinue, and swelling Titles. Now what is all this Appearance but a Scene of Vanity? That Philosopher was not mistaken, who said, That the just Value of Things are known by their End, as Men by their Faces. And if we take the Dimensions of all human Happiness by this unerring Scale, how thin, how little, how contemptible will it appear, even to purblind Reason?

Though we suppose it constant to our Interest, that it waits upon us to the Grave, we then must take leave of it, and bid adieu to all those Objects that dazzled our Eyes, and led our Hearts captive. Nothing will be permitted to pass with us into Eternity, but our Virtues and our Vices: Those to refresh, these to torment us. God pronounced the Sentence of Death against the whole Race of *Adam*; and tho' upon Occasions he has dispensed with other Laws, this has and will remain inviolable. The most evident Principles have been questioned by some, and denied by others; all Errors have found Abettors, but I never read of any Man so extravagantly foolish as to doubt of Mortality.

The

The Church-yards proclaim this Truth, the Marble *Mausolea's* of Princes divulge it, and our dead Parents in a Mute, but emphatic Language tell us, we must follow. In fine, *it is decreed that all Men must die.* Seeing therefore all worldly Happiness will once expire, and perchance even when we expect no Alteration; what can it deserve but Scorn and Contempt? How can that be called a Happiness, that ends in Misery, and will be followed by Repentance?

Nay, the Manner of leaving it is oftentimes far more miserable than the End itself. The great *Antiochus*, when Prosperity ran high, forgot he was a Man: Victory waited on his Standards, and Success crowned his Enterprizes. But if his Felicity was stupendious, the End of it was no less amazing. This glorious Prince fell first into a mortal Melancholy, then a loathsome Disease; his Bowels glowed with a raging Fire, and every Member that had contributed to his Pleasure, increased his Torment. He called upon Death as the sole Remedy of his Disaster, and doted on that fatal Moment he once trembled at. All the Treasures heap'd up by Rapine, were unable to purchase the Slumber of an Hour. His corrupted Carcass exhaled so insupportable an Infection, that he was a Burden to his Friends, and a Hell to himself. Thus he breathed out his wretched Soul in a Tempest of Rage and Despair, and died rather the Object of Compassion than Envy.

What shall I say of *Nero*, *Vitellius*, and *Andronicus*? They saw the World at their Feet, and sparkling Diadems on their Heads; they were rather worshipped as Gods, than served as Men; yet all this Glory ended in Outrage and Infamy: The first fell by his own Hand; the others by the Cruelty of the enraged Mob, that rather studied to torment those unfortunate Princes, than to butcher them.

Could Women mount higher than *Jezabel*, or *Cleopatra*? The one gave Laws to an opulent Kingdom, the other to an Empire; both swam in Pleasure, and were almost over-set with Prosperity. But alas! their Grandeur, like the Ice of one Night, melted away in a Moment: The *Babel* of their Greatness sunk

under its own Weight, and buried them under the Ruins. The first was preyed upon by Dogs, and the second fell by the Sting of a Viper. What reasonable Creature would take these Peoples Felicity, together with their Misery? Who would lead their Lives, and undergo the Cruelty of their Deaths? Can any thing more clearly evidence the Baseness of human Greatness, than these sudden Turns of Fortune. So that the *Carthaginian* Captain now mortally wounded, when he saw the World behind him, and Death before him, had reason to read his surviving Brother this seasonable Lesson. To pride, dear Brother, in Greatness, is a pompous Folly; high Commands stand exposed to mighty Chances. The best built Fortune must yield to Hazard, or submit to Time: Nothing is certain in this Life, but Death. What am I the better for having subdued Provinces by my Valour, and butchered Armies in my Fury? I feel at present that Violence others have felt from me. What vast Designs you rowl in your Brains? What Sieges? What Victories? But, alas! all this is glorious only in Idea, great in Fancy, and nothing in itself but Vanity: Read your Destiny in mine; and remember, that though you escape the Stroke of Violence, Nature will put a Stop to your Achievements. Here is Spirit and Heat, *Pathos*, and *Emphasis*; and, what is more, Truth upon Experiment: And yet this Man was no *St. Paul* in a Pulpit, but a Pagan General in the Camp: He had but an imperfect View of the future Punishments that tread on the Heels of great Felicity.

VIII.

If you will not stand to the Judgment of a Pagan, I will put the Issue of the Cause upon your own. But I must first seat you in a Region above those Mists that darken Reason, and bias the Understanding; and what Place more proper than the Death-bed? Let us therefore contemplate your Ladyship in this Posture, struggling with a burning Fever, without Strength, without Vigour, ready to leave all Things, and to be abandoned by all. Your Head burns, your Heart pants, and the Violence of the Distemper hurries Pain into every

every Artery. You turn yourself into a thousand Postures ; but though you change Place, your Torment follows. Your Bed of Down gives no Ease, nor can your whole Estate buy it. We will suppose Madam *Lucia* runs through all the Arguments of the Stoics, and marshals up all her Eloquence to raise your drooping Spirits : It's in vain, dear *Emilia*, to struggle against Mortality, there is no Recipe in the Dispensatory of Physicians against Death ; it's a Debt we owe to Nature, and it must be paid. But at least you will leave behind an honourable Memory ; you have acted a topping Part, and you go off the Stage with Applause. Every one does Justice to your Merit, and even those who envy your Fortune, confess you deserve a greater. The Ladies admire your Wit, the Gentlemen your Beauty, and All your Breeding. *Dryden* has eternized your rare Perfections in Verse, and your Name, together with your Titles, stand at the *Epistle Dedicatory* in *Folio* ; so that when you die, you will live by Proxy, and your Fame will survive the Coffin. Will such an atheistical Homily put an irregular Pulse in Order ? Will it heal a wounded Conscience ? Alas ! Madam, the Elogiums of the Living make weak Impressions on the Souls of the Dead. Though I praise *Cleopatra's* Beauty in all Company, will she be less miserable ? Because I admire the Power of *Semiramis*, will my Wonder extinguish the Fire and Brimstone that eternally consumes her ? Will *Cræsus* be Rich, because I magnify his past Treasures ? Will *Alexander* be at Ease, because I commend his Courage ? Or *Sardanapalus* in Pleasures, because he was once happy ? Poor Creatures ! They understand themselves and their sad Condition too well to receive Flattery, and are too emphatically miserable to be refreshed with the Remembrance of past Follies. Those that are laughed at by the Saints, and tormented by the Omnipotent, find small Satisfaction in the vain Huzza's of Fools or Sycophants, *They are praised where they are not, and are tortured where they are.*

And to come home to your Ladyship, give me the Freedom to put you this Question. When you find yourself upon the Brink of Eternity, will the Remem-

brance of your *quondam* Pleasures open a Prospect of Joy, or of Repentance? Will you ratify your past Conduct, or deplore it with Tears, or perchance with all the Pangs of Rage and Despair? Will not worldly Happiness, you once rated so high, fall low in your Opinion? And will you not wish rather to have condemned the glittering Vanities of the World, than to have enjoy'd 'em? For, in fine, Madam, you will then acknowledge a Truth you have now no Inclination to learn; that your Business is not to be great, but good; not to make a Figure here, but hereafter. Let me therefore conclude with the wisest of Men; *Beauty and Complexion are vain, but a Woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised.*

And now, methinks, I have said enough to persuade a reasonable Creature, that the dazzling Presents of the World are painted Nothings, varnished Impostures, and gilt Delusions: That tho' they smooth the Brow, they are too superficial to fill the Heart, and rather fascinate than delight; and yet these Toys are the only Barriers that stand between us and Heaven: Could we but once heartily fall out with 'em, and regard 'em as Snares rather than Favours, Virtue would be planted without Labour in our Souls; it would grow up almost without Pain. But whilst our Hearts cling to Earth, our Desires cannot fly higher. They relish nothing but Colour and Surface, and study to oblige Sense, and to gratify Passion. Hence flow those Sins that stab the Soul, and lead it to Perdition; that cut off our Right to Christ's Promises, and give us over to his Menaces. If therefore you intend to live up to the Gospel, you must break off with the World. This is the first Step to Virtue, a necessary Pre-requisite to a holy Life; for Sin and Virtue can't lodge together.

Emil. You have held forth upon *Love not the World* to the Purpose, and have lashed Grandeur, Wealth, and Pleasure, like a Galley-slave. But, methinks, you have carried Invektive too far, and flourished upon *Vanitas Vanitatum* beyond Measure and Justice. For if what you say be true, Christianity pens up our Liberty in a narrow Compass, and our Pleasure in less; and then
how

how shall we reconcile that Freedom Christ purchased by his Death, to that Slavery you impose? Did God create the World to tantalize us? And shew the Beauties of the Universe merely to throw us into a Fit of Longing?

Luc. Let him talk, Madam; Christ's Religion is Catholic, our Creed is positive; it is not cut out only for *Job's* and *Lazarus's*, but for Kings and Empreſſes. Why therefore must we dismiss our Equipage, or commence Apostates? Will you have Ladies turn off their Coaches to walk in Pattins, like Milk-maids and Oyster-women? Must they melt down their Plate, and make over their *Jointures* to the *Blue-boys* of *Christ-church*? Under favour, Sir, Christ is neither Leveller nor Tyrant. Not one Text in Scripture ties Sin to Silks, nor Damnation to Sattin; we may glitter in Silver here, and shine in Glory hereafter.

Enfeb. I have indeed enlarged upon the Text, *Love not the World*; but when the Enemy is upon the Coast, it's time to fire the Beacon. Is not a *Caveat* seasonable, when you are within an Inch of a Precipice? Our Saviour has thundered a thousand *Woes* against the World, and its besotted Lovers; he cautions us against its Charms, both in Parable and Precept; and yet, in spite of his Command, we run into its Embracements, and pawn Heaven for Trifles. Methinks Warmth and Severity too are very warrantable, on an Occasion so pressing and extraordinary. If a Merchant put upon your Ladyship *Bristol* Stones for Emeralds, or *Venice* Glass for Diamonds, would you frown upon a Friend for discovering the Cheat? The World imposes upon you counterfeit Coin for Sterling, Tinsel for Gold; and imaginary Happiness for real Satisfaction. I have laid open the Imposture, and you complain I am too hard upon the Deceiver. Is it so obliging a Civility to protect your Purse, and so clownish a Service to save your Soul? Are Guineas so precious, and Souls so contemptible? so cheap?

You stand upon Christian Freedom, but you stretch the Prerogative too far. For tho' Christ has knock'd off your Chains, and freed you from the Slavery of the Devil, he has not exempted you from the Subjection of

his Laws: No, Madam, you live within his Jurisdiction; though you take a Ramble to the *Indies*; and you must obey his Command, or pay for the Transgression. Your Liberty, therefore, though great, is restrained by Christ's Grant, and your Freedom is incumbered with Provisoos.

Nor did God create the World to tempt our Virtue, but to polish it for Use, not for our Vanity; and furnish'd this noble Apartment for our Passage, not for our Dwelling. Use then the World, and love it also; but, as Men do Physic, merely for Health. I would not counsel Ladies nor Lords to ease themselves of their Money, as old *Crates* did; but then they must not overlook all the Laws of Nature, to swell their Stock; they must not circumvent and counterfeit, nor dash Things out of one Nature, and brew 'em in another. They must not use light Weights, and false Measures, and haggle away Conscience for a Penny, and Heaven for Sixpence: They must not rack Tenants to feed Lust; nor pay their Lacquey's Service with Bastinadoes, nor their Chamber-maids with ill Language.

If you remember, Madam, I told you at our last Interview, you might also eat wholesome Food; that you might sleep on an easy Bed, and wear good Linen; that you might sometimes grace the Boxes with your Presence, and air your Body either in Coach, or on Foot. But then Christ forbids you to run stark mad after these Amusements, to devote all your Time to Diversion, and not a Moment to your Duty. He forbids you to sleep out the Day, and to dance out the Night; to lead the Lives of Bats, or Screech-owls. In fine, Madam, you may allow the Taste Sweet-meats, and the Eye fine Sights, provided you truck not your Soul for the Satisfaction. Let Sense sometimes play; but then be sure Reason stands upon the Guard, and keeps it within the Bounds of Moderation. For these animal Faculties are wanton and craving, and if left to themselves, they'll vault over the Pale of Law and Duty, and wheedle in the Heart to follow their Ramble. This is *St. Paul's* Caution, in 2 *Cor.* Chap. vii. *Let those who have Wives, be as if they had none: Those that weep, as if they did not weep:*

weep: Those that rejoice, as if they did not rejoice: Those that buy, as if they possess nothing; and those that use the Goods of this World, as if they used them not. That is, though these worldly Objects affect the Senses, they must not touch the Heart; this must stand above their Reach, and be Proof to all their Solicitation. It must, like the Sun, that gilds the very Mire without being sullied, pass through these killing Vanities without catching the Infection. Now this being so, we are not so confined as you imagine; we have Liberty to be merry, though not to be mad; and I suppose this Abridgment is no Breach of our *Magna Charta*.

Nean. Methinks, Ladies, *Eusebius* is orthodox. He seems neither to tie up our Senses too short, nor to give 'em too much Line. He keeps within a just Mean betwixt Severity and Indulgence, and neither sets Appetite at large, nor the Gospel upon the Rack. It's the Abuse of worldly Pleasures he blames, not a moderate Use: This stands with Christ's Law, and is practicable too. If we keep a heavy Hand over Sense, and upon Occasions refuse it those Diversions that are lawful, we may easily withdraw it from those that are forbid: But if we leave it to itself, and lay the Reins on its Neck, we shall find ourselves in a Precipice. For whoever turns Nature loose, makes the pleasing Sensations of Sense her End, and so becomes a Lady of Pleasure. Now this Epithet, in the Sense of our modish Dialect, sounds harsh and scandalous; and indeed, in the more vulgar Acceptation, it grates upon the Ear, for they are often incident; for that Lady who makes Pleasure her Business, will catch at any; and if an innocent one comes not in her Way, Passion will suggest those that are innocent: And then how can we persuade ourselves, that she who lives for Diversion will refuse the Occasion?

Emil. You have removed the Obstacles to a Christian Life, pray inform us now in what this consists; for I perceive we live under Positive Precepts, as well as Negative; and as Christ forbids some Things, so he commands others.

DIALOGUE V.

They must practise Humility and Modesty.

I.

Euseb. *E*Ternitati Pingo, said once a famous Painter. Let our Design in every Action look as far. Why shall the Expectation of a vain Applause work more powerfully on a deluded Pagan, than the glorious Promises of our Almighty Saviour upon Christians? Every virtuous Action, as *St. Bernard* notes, passes, but does not perish; it's a heavy Seed, that dies for a Time, to revive in Eternity.

II.

Regard each Day as the last, and behave yourself as if you should not see To-morrow. The Reason why we manage so much Time ill, is, because we always suppose we have too much on our Hands to husband well. We build upon the future that lies out of our Reach, and by consequence is not at our Disposal; nay, and perchance never will: And thus we leave our Souls to Chance, and trust Hazard with our Salvation. Whereas, did we persuade ourselves we were upon a Removal, we should lay up some Treasure for our Journey, and send Virtue before to prepare our Lodgings. For our Reception in the next World will answer our Behaviour in this. *What we sow in our Lives, we shall reap after our Deaths.* If Vice, Torments; if Virtue, Pleasure.

III.

The Piety of a Christian consists in Works, not Words: And therefore we fall short of our Duty, though we speak well, if we live ill. *Celia* was continually upon the Topic of Virtue; she forced its Panegyric upon all Company, and poured out it's Encomiums at random in all Conversations. One would have thought she had *Curam Animarum*, and that half the Ladies of the Court were her Parishioners, in spite of the Curate of *St. Martin's*, or *St. James's*. I confess her Devotion appeared

appeared to me more affected than real. I thought it had more Flame than Fire; and that she harangued in jest, because she seemed so much in earnest. But Authors were divided upon the Question; for some, without Appeal to the *Rota*, were for canonizing her; and a pious Sister would needs remove St. *Ambrose*, to find her a Place in the Calendar. What a precious Soul is this, cried she? Good God! her Tongue trots so fast *heavenwards*, her Heart must needs gallop after! In fine, she speaks the Language of *Sion*, and therefore must not be of the Seed of *Canaan*.

But after all, this Lady's Devotion was mere Sound, with a Dash of *Mein* and *Grimace*. Her Anger was violent, and her Vanity extreme. She never baulked one Passion, without gratifying another; and if she practised a Virtue, 'twas to make room for a darling Vice. Had she spoke less, and done more, she had come nearer the Mark of her Profession: For, as *Nazianzen* observes, *A virtuous Action, though mute, is worth a Folio of Rhetoric without Effect*. Run not into this Folly: The Tongue of an Angel, without the Heart of a Seraphin, is insignificant; it may indeed procure some Repute in a Female Congregation, but will not gain one Grain of Glory in Heaven.

IV.

In all our Actions seek God alone, and never make yourself a Slave to the Applause of Men; Hypocrisy and Dissimulation are always incredible, but in Matters of Religion monstrous to a Sacrilege: To sweat in this World, and be tormented in the next; to labour with the Saints, and burn with the Devils, is Frenzy. Yet, alas! how many are found Saint without, and Fiend within? Who clothe Vice with the Robes of Virtue, and so walk in a Road to Hell, whilst they pretend to march for Heaven. *Cynthia* set up for a Saint of the first Magnitude; but she built all her Piety upon Hypocrisy. She took her *Plan* from the *Pharisees*, and modelled her Conduct by their Practice. She was a most rigid *Genevian*; first framed by *Baxter*, and then polished on *Bridges's* Anvil. She had the Turn of the
Eye

Eye in Perfection, and topp'd the Twang of the Predestinate. Nay, some say she could wind a Church of *England* Lady Seventy, and a Papist a Mile at least. She prayed in *de la Sol Re*, and groan'd the Family into a Quartan Ague: And what is strange, this holy Impulse seldom came upon her in Company. She constantly read Scripture at the Window, and at last became a Nuisance to the Neighbourhood. I never heard her, but I fancied myself in *Bethlem*, at a Lecture of *Oliver's* Porter. She continually harped upon the Baptist's Exhortation to the *Jews*, and sigh'd out, *Repent! Repent!* with an Emphasis. Good God! said I to myself, what Farce, what Illusion is here? To correct Sin with Pride, and preach Repentance with Hypocrisy, is amazing. Now all this Grimace run upon Interest. The Lady had a Month's Mind to hear Mr. *B.* prone upon her heavenly Gifts in the Congregation. And indeed he spent his Lungs, and laid out a World of *Cant*, and mystical Jargon upon the Subject. But this was not all, a well-meaning Brother of the Godly Party had an Impulse to pair *only in the Lord*. He was brimful of the Spirit, and well stock'd with a Creature Men call Gold. He was more inquisitive for a godly Yoke-fellow, than a beautiful one; and prized the Wealth of the Soul above all the vile Tinkets of Fortune. *Cynthia* put in for the Bigot. The good Man bit at the Hook; and her Grimaces gained her twenty thousand Pounds, and in time cost him as many Curses. Her Voice was *Jacob's*, but she had the Hands of *Esau*. Her Piety carried a fair Appearance, but under the Mask lurked Dissimulation and Interest. Though she stole the good Man's Purse, she pawn'd Consciences; and consequently the Gain did not balance the Loss; and what is wonderful, she pretended by the same *Legerdemain* to lay in as good a Stock for Heaven as she had for the World, and to over-reach God, as she had wheedled the good Man. Well, said I, Conscience I see is pliable, and Interest can force it, like *Proteus*, into all Shapes. Thus we make Partiality the Scale of Virtue, and every interested Sister has *Midas's* Faculty of touching every thing into Gold. Pray, Madam, espouse not this Lady's

dy's Morals, her Casuistry is too indulging, and obliges our vicious Inclinations too much to come up to the Standard of Christ's. He will have the Heart as well as the Action, and will not go halves with Interest: if you drudge for temporal Profit, you defeat all Pretensions to eternal. Nay, if you observe Christ's Law upon such base Views, you will be cast out of Heaven with Hypocrites that transgress it. Our Saviour commands us to keep our Piety to ourselves, and to confine it to Darkness and Secrecy. Nay, when we fast, we must perfume our Head, powder our Hair, vamp up our Complexion, and upon so extraordinary Occasions, Ladies may be permitted perchance the Use of Washes, to conceal from the Eyes of Men this Mortification. Virtue, like Glass, is easily sullied; a Word oftentimes tarnishes its Lustre, and a Look, like the Eye of a Basilisk, murders it.

However, omit not a good Deed out of an Apprehension of being discovered. This would be to stretch Caution too far, and to keep up to one Precept by the Breach of another. For though our Saviour in one Place recommends Privacy, in another he orders us to be virtuous in public for Education: *Let 'em see your good Works, and let 'em glorify your Father which is in Heaven.* Gregory the Great, in *Matth. xiii.* handsomely reconciles these Texts, that seem to jar: Let our Actions be public, but let our Intention be secret; that at once we may edify our Neighbour by our Example, and by our Intention to please God alone, wish it were private.

Let therefore your Devotion have no Tincture of earthly Views; let it aim at God's Honour, and your Soul's Salvation; and if you purchase Heaven, you have crowned your Labour. But in the mean time, fear not to stand up for Virtue, and shew you are in earnest by your Practice: So many go over to Vice, and so heartily carry on its Interest, it's necessary for the Friends of Godliness to make some Provision against the Assaults of so prevailing a Party, and so convince the World Virtue is not quite forsaken. Now who are more proper to raise Virtue, and humble Vice, than Ladies

Ladies of Quality? They are exposed to the View of the Vulgar, and receive Homage and Incense, like the old Female Deities, from their Inferiors; they are aped by the Sex of a lower Rate; their Fashions, Mien, Gesture, and Carriage, are copied by Citizens Wives and Daughters, and these Pretenders to Politeness glory in the very Follies of a Lady. Now seeing you have such an Ascendant over them, why may you not lure 'em to Godliness, as well as to Vice? Why may they not fall in love with your christian, as well as your worldly Deportment; and fashion their Conduct by yours, as well as their Commodities? Virtue in Embroidery is more amiable than Vanity in its most dazzling Equipage; its Charms are attractive; and when once People are convinced they may be fine without, and rich within; that they may live great and innocent too; it's odds, they'll rather choose to live genteely and pleasantly with a good Conscience, than like Reprobates with a bad one. And if once Virtue be fashionable among the Ladies, it may in time be *alamode* among the Gentlemen also. For, with these, their Approbation is a kind of Law almost as inviolable as those of the *Medes* and *Persians*: And Men will rather suffer a Restraint, and clap Nature under Hatches, than purchase a petty Satisfaction at the Rate of a Lady's Displeasure. Thus, because Women have an Aversion to a tempestuous Conversation, and start almost as much at a Hector's Oath, as at the Report of his Pistol, no Man of Breeding will any more swear, than duel in their Presence. Now if a Principle of Civility can bridle one Vice, why can't it silence another? And thus, Madam, you may become an Apostle, without the Labour of Preaching; for Example moves more than Homily; tho' it be less clamorous.

V.

Humility is the Foundation of all Virtues, it's the Gate of Religion, *Primus Religionis introitus*, says *Cyprian*; and he deserves the Name of Infidel, who is unfaithful to this favourite Virtue of, God made Man. To say that Ladies have no need of Humility, is to say the

the Sick have no need of Health, nor the Indigent of Support. It's necessary for all, but Ladies cannot be saved without it. For besides the common Infection of Pride they inherit from their first Parent, what additional Increase do they receive from other Quarters? Quality and Equipage warm the Passion; Flattery and Courtship quicken it; and the innate Propension of the Sex itself sets it afloat. And when such a multitude of Channels feed the Humour, what wonder if it swells over the Banks, and bears down Virtue together with Reason?

Indeed to stand on Tiptoe upon such trifling Advantages, is an evident Mark of a strong Passion, or a weak Judgment; and I easily persuade myself, that Ladies would stoop lower, did they but take the Pains to consider upon how groundless Pretensions they fly so high.

Your Father bore Title and Escutcheon, but was not your Mother a Chamber-maid? If so, I would desire you not to screw up your Quality too high; for, like the *Dutch Coin*, it's only half Sterling. You are a kind of *Mulattoe*, European on the one side, and Savage on the other; *i. e.* a Compound of Gentlewoman and Spinster. What is here that deserves an over-weening Conceit?

But though your Blood has run from *Hector* and *Andromache*, through an undefiled Channel into your Veins, manage the Advantage with Modesty, and do not magnify it beyond Proportion. For after all, this refined Blood, if tried in the Laboratory, will prove tainted upon Experiment; and an Alchymist will draw as fine Spirits from that of a Dairy-maid, as from that of a Duchess. Could our Ancestors make over their Virtues by Will; could they settle upon their Descendants Sense and Merit, together with their Titles and Lordships, brave Progenitors would be a great Privilege. But alas! these towering, these ennobling Prerogatives, are merely personal; they are incommunicable Perfections, and neither descend to Heirs Male or Female by Right of Gift. Believe me, Madam, noble Minds, and mighty Dignities, go not always together. I have
often

often seen Wit in the Coach-box, and Folly in the Coach; Beauty in Linsey-woolsey; and Deformity in Sattin; Merit in the Maid, and none in my Lady. Now, methinks, Quality waited on by the whole Retinue of Title and Equipage, being neither the Purchase of our Industry, nor the Reward of our Merit, should not work upon our Vanity, nor swell our Presumption. We should rather thank Providence for the Favour, than pride in the Gift; for, in fine, we have no more Reason to look big upon the Matter, than a Genet in embroidered Harness.

But if your Parts and Quality are not of a piece, if this raises you above the common Level, and those throw you below it, you are only indebted to Nobility for the Post of a *Scaramouch*, to divert your Inferiors, and to be scorned by your Equals.

And as for Equipage and Attendance, though it makes a gaudy Shew, at bottom it's rather trivial than significant, and has more of Appearance than Reality; for it only argues either some Credit, much Money, or more Vanity. Now these Advantages are of a base Alloy, and they must be gazed on through strange Glasses to appear considerable. Madam P's Credit run her in every Merchant's Book, from the *Exchange* in the *Strand*, to that in the City. She waded Chin-deep, but by Misfortune, though Credit entered her Name in so many, it was unable to cross it out of one; so that it had been greater, had it been less. For, in fine, she run on Tick, till she sunk her Purse with her Credit, and then she cursed her Merchant's Credulity, and her own Folly.

Money indeed has some Charms, it feeds Vanity, and casts a sparkling Varnish over Peasantry and Meanness; but alas! this Lustre is borrowed, it's a mere Glow-worm Light, that dazzles more than it warms; it comes from Fortune, not from Nature or Complexion; it gilds the Outside, and sports upon the Superficies, but leaves the Inside as naked as it found it. In fine, it makes People often worse, but seldom better, and gives them the Opportunity of playing the *Prodigal* or the *Miser*.

But

But nothing enlivens Womens Pride more than Flattery and Courtship; and yet what can be imagined more silly? They are so over-charged with Presumption and Self-love, that they believe themselves Mistresses of all those Perfections, brain-sick Lovers, or fawning Sycophants, are pleased to assign them; and sometimes mistake a plain Satire for a Panegyric, and grow big of Conceit for being lampooned. The Queen *Stratonica* had not one Hair on her Head, and yet she gave a Poet six-hundred Crowns for comparing it to a *Violet*. The Comparison was new indeed, and the Analogy so far fetched, that it comes not within Sight of Sense. But however, the Lady admired the Discovery, and became so excessive proud upon the Compliment, that her Violet-hair rendered her more ridiculous than none at all: For by a Vanity so ill-grounded, and so unreasonable, she gave the World a Demonstration her Skull was as bare within as without, and that her Brains did not out-weigh her Locks one Grain. But though a Lady should be graced with the Hair of *Aurora*, with the Eyes of *Venus*, the Majesty of *Juno*, and the Feet of *Thetis* (to speak in the poetic Jargon) alas! what is all this but Vanity and Imposture, but Mire glazed over with Snow, but an Idol of Fools, or a Flower that opens and fades, that exhales Perfumes and Stench the same Day? What Language can reach the Extravagance of those who rate themselves upon so inconsiderable Advantages? They are distempered beyond all Lunacy of the Mad-house, and should be tied up to Diet, and confined to Darkness and Discipline.

But to take down these Ladies Stomachs, and to bring their soaring Thoughts a Point lower, I would desire them to take a Turn in the Church-yard, and to try whether they can distinguish the Soul of a Princess from that of a Kitchen-wench; whether the Ashes of *Dives* are better qualified than those of *Lazarus*; or the Bones of *Cæsar* are made of more noble Ingredients than those of Peasants? Or (lest such a melancholy Sight should work too much upon your Complexion, and fright you into Convulsions) fling away a Visit upon Madam S. She was once the Town Beauty, the Life

of Meetings, and the Lady of *May*. She rated herself, not by the Pound, but, like Diamonds, by the Caract, and was so extravagantly fond of her little Self, that she fancied her Body a Compound of the fifth Element, all Celestial, without Dross or Matter. But a Consumption has tamed her Pride, and fetched down her towering Conceit. She is in Extremity; she runs, poor Creature! through a Course of Pain; she consumes by Inches, and loses her Blood by Drops. She read me, I assure you, a more emphatical Lesson of Vanity than *Solomon*, and convinced me, Women must be mad to be proud. This death-bed Figure is certainly an humbling, though a most instructive Sight; and would Curiosity lead Ladies sometimes within Prospect of such Scenes, I conceive the Price of Female Perfections might fall. For, in fine, to set in so black a Cloud, to withdraw with Convulsions, to go off with Deformity, and, like a Candle, to vanish in Stench, is a mortifying Rebuke to the Dignity of human Nature. Look therefore upon all the Goods of Fortune and Nature, as the mere Effects of God's Liberality, not of Merit: That they are only lent, not given; and, by consequence, call rather for Gratitude than Pride.

Keep your Rank among the Great Ones, and disdain not to stoop to the Peasant, when Charity commands. Hate Flattery as a Plague, Hypocrisy as Poison, and a base Complaisance as mere Apery. Speak ill of Nobody, praise seldom; but never yourself.

Lose not Sight of your Faults, nor depend upon your Virtue. This is God's Work, those solely your own. Endeavour to be pious, but never think you are so. And though you live up to the Height of Christian Perfection, suppose you are only at the Bottom. We may sin by esteeming ourselves too much, but cannot by valuing ourselves too little. And to put Nature to the Blush, practise upon occasion some public Actions of Humility. For Example; you may feed the Poor with your Alms, and serve them with your own Hands. Though such Acts are low, they are not mean: And they rather ennoble Dignity, than degrade it. The great Empress *Helen* appeared taller on her Knees, when she

she washed the Feet of poor Women, than when she sat on her Throne; more glorious when she wiped them with a Towel, than when she rode in a triumphant Chariot; and more great when she served at Table the devout Virgins at *Jerusalem*, than when she commanded in *Rome* or *Constantinople*.

Why may not Ladies also sometimes favour an Hospital with a Visit, as well as the Play-house? An Hour would be better spent in this Theatre of Misery, than in that of Diversion. Here you learn Humility, and practise it; and although you leave an Alms behind, you carry away the Merit. At *Paris* I have seen the topping Ladies of the Court, in *l'Hotel Dieu*, help and comfort the Sick with great Charity. They refreshed those poor Creatures, not only with Words, but with Cordials and Ju-leps. I could wish the Mode would sail into *England*. It edifies, I am sure, and would become Quality, and sit as genteely on Ladies, as *French Fontanges*. For, in fine, a christian Submission is the Top of Gallantry, and gives a greater Lustre than Equipage or Escutcheon. To stand above the Vulgar in Rank, and below them in Affection; to be esteemed by others, and contemn'd by ourselves, is to abandon the Sentiments of Nature, for the most refined Morals of the Gospel:

VI.

As Humility regulates the Interior, so Modesty disciplines the Exterior. This is the Index that marks the Motion of our Soul: It discovers the Situation of our Passions, and tells us whether they obey the Empire of Sense, or of Reason. For Providence seems to have designed the Face not only for Ornament, but for Information. Nay, the Soul flies into our Behaviour, and we can read its Inclination and Disgust as legibly in our Actions, as Physicians the State of the Body by the beating of the Pulse.

Thus *Gregory of Nazianzen* saw the Disorders of *Julian's* Soul in the Irregularity of his Carriage, and pronounced him a Renegade before he had apostatized from Christianity.

I shall not consider Modesty in opposition to Wantonness, this would lead me too far; but as it is defined by *Zeno*, the *Science of decent Motion*, i. e. as it polishes the Exterior, and cuts off all these Exorbitances that render our Conversation offensive, or less christian. I know indeed *St. Paul* commends it in this Acceptation to all; but though it reaches the masculine Part of our Species, it concerns more properly the Feminine: And it's no more esteemed a bare Ornament, but a Propriety of the Sex. So that a Woman discarded of Modesty, ought to be gazed upon as a Monster. Let her be set off with all the other Embellishments of Art and Nature, so long as Boldness is read in her Face, this Vice alone will eclipse her other Perfections, and like a Cloud over-cast all the glittering Beams of Beauty, Wit, and Dignity.

Nor indeed is it any wonder that Modesty is so much the Right and Interest of the Sex: For this is the *Argus* that guards their Treasure against all the Attacks of Surprise or Imprudence. When *Brennus* with his victorious Army entered *Rome*, the Gravity and Majesty of the Senators awed the licentious Soldiers into such a Respect and Reverence, that not one, for a long time, durst approach them. And I believe a Lady well stocked with Modesty, may look upon the loose Desires, and keep at a Distance the Attempts of the most impudent Assailant: For certainly true Virtue has more Authority than Affectation, and a Christian Reservedness than a Stoical Severity. When a Town is well provided within, and strongly fenced with Out-works, a victorious General has seldom the Courage to attempt the Siege. The Expence, the Length of Time, the Losses, and in fine, the Uncertainty of Success, scare him from the Enterprize; so that he wheels off to the less fortified, as of more easy Conquest. Our Gallants seem to follow the same Method; they are so far from tempting a modest Woman, that they can scarce dare look her in the Face; her Countenance and Air rather fright Passion than excite it. They conjure down impure Love, and raise Respect and Esteem. In fine, she is so encompassed with Modesty, there is no making

ing an Approach, and by consequence no Prospect of Success; and this Difficulty cools the most fiery Lust, and discourages the most violent Sensuality. Nobody but *Asmodeus* himself will attempt to violate such a Sanctuary.

But when they espy a Lady without Reservedness, who is endued with many attractive Qualities, and has nothing that awes, no Out-works that guard her Virtue, they are tempted to storm her Constancy; and if she lends a patient Ear to the Encomiums of her Wit and Beauty, if she stays to receive the Attack, she is in Danger of being at Discretion. For, in short, this Remissness is a kind of Capitulation; it is a Mark the Defendant is pressed, and then follows a Surrender: So that the Necessity of this Virtue ought to awake the Care of Ladies, and quicken their Endeavours to purchase it.

Now if you ask me what it is, I have answered with *Zeno*, it's *The Science of decent Motion*, i. e. it's a Mixture of Gravity and Sweetness, that stamp Piety on the Behaviour, and make the divine Transports of the Soul sparkle in the very Eyes; it reaches every Part of the Exterior, and guides our whole Comportment Abroad and at Home, in our Closet, and in Conversation; in fine, it plants Virtue upon the Forehead, and draws *Decorum* upon the Exterior.

But by Gravity, I understand not a morose Sourness, nor a starched Behaviour. The first marks Ill-nature, the second Pride and Affectation. I would neither counsel Ladies to make wry Faces, as if they were taking a Dose of *Coloquintida*, nor walk as if, like *Bartholomew Poppets*, they moved by Wire. This is not Modesty, but downright Grimace, and has more of the Mimic than Virtue. The one frights, the other raises Laughter. Keep within a Mean; Extreams are vicious; extraordinary Gestures are as unbecoming as antiquated Dresses.

But be sure to take care of the Tongue. This is an insolent Member, and needs all the Precepts and Instructions of Modesty, to be kept within the Compass of Decency.

Pretend not in Company to Wit; you will certainly betray your Judgment: Women seldom appear more foolish, than when they aspire to the Glory of being thought wise. Good God! how was I plagued t'other Day with the Impertinences of Madam H. She commented upon *Aristotle*, and lectured us upon the *Summe of Thomas Aquinas*. She scorned the Female Topic of Modes and Dresses, and was for dancing on the high Ropes of *Physics* and *Divinity*. We were first regaled with *Materia Prima*; then came up a Dish of *Occult Qualities*; and at last a whole Plate of Theological Terms were flung among the Company. It was as impossible to stop her in this learned Career, as a Ship under full Sail; and you might have sooner silenced a Hurricane, than have fettered her Ladyship's Tongue. The Sex admired her Wisdom, and the Men smiled at her Folly. She has made a Provision of School Jargon, and laid it out with much Prodigality, and more Assurance. But all her Knowledge stuck upon the Superficies of Words, she entered not into the Sense. So that the Fame of her Parts shrunk under Experience, and this Phoenix of Women proved only a well-taught Parrot.

Beware of too great Talkativeness, a Fault incident to the Sex, and extremely offensive in Conversation. It favours of Boldness, and is a great Intrenchment upon the Liberty of Company. She who monopolizes the Discourse, silences the rest, and assumes the Quality of Mistress, and so keeps School without Licence, in plain Contradiction to our *Statute-book*: Nay, and what is more, a *Pythagorean* School; in which other Ladies, like Pupils, undergo the Penance of Silence, whilst she enjoys the Satisfaction of Speaking. This is, I think, a little imposing; and she who offers her Company upon so hard Conditions, deserves to lead the Life of a Recluse; for few Ladies will go to the Price of the Purchase. Freedom of Speech is as undoubted a Privilege of a Female Meeting, as of the House of Commons.

In Conversation you must suppose all are not of the same Opinion; bear therefore a Contradiction with
Calm.

Calmness and Moderation; and be not too kind to your own Errors. Infallibility is neither an Appendix of Nature, nor of Grace: Women may fall into those Mistakes by Surprise or Ignorance, without any Abatement of their Parts, they cannot vindicate without Dishonour. So that it's more prudent, as well as more modest, to confess a Fault, than to defend it with Eagerness and Passion. Over-rate not therefore your own Sufficiency; for though some Diamonds are said to be above Price, Merits are not. Fanny not your Understanding moves in a higher Region than other Peoples; or that you must necessarily be wiser, because more beautiful or noble. Believe me, Madam, these Qualities are not the true Standard of Knowledge: A fair Frontispiece is no infallible Sign of well-furnished Rooms; the Inside may be poor, though the Outside be rich: And I suppose the Walls are not stronger for being ancient.

Little Love-intrigues oftentimes are the Subject of Womens Discourse; and generally People are paired by my Lady, before they are joined by the Parson. It is a great Breach of Modesty almost to know such Things, and Boldness to throw them into Conversation. For the Laws of *Decorum* are so severe in regard of Women, that it is almost a Fault to pronounce the Word *Love*. They can scarce discover a Dislike of an ill Thing without Blemish, nor even blush without disobliging their Modesty. For, in fine, those Discourses argue a vicious Inclination, or a Memory ill-furnished, or Curiosity misapplied; or rather all three. For certainly, without Pains, it's hard to glean so great a Provision of *Amouretts*; and without some Inclination, as hard to run such Lengths in the History of Intrigues.

In a word, let Modesty not only chuse the Subject of your Conversation, and regulate the Management of it, but tune the Voice, and order the Accent. The Tongue must not break out into Noise and Tumult; like the *Platonic* Harmony of the moving Spheres, it should charm, but not be perceived at a Distance. Would Ladies make the Purchase of those Virtues their Business, as they are their real Concern, they would
bid

bid fair for that Perfection, their Profession, Sex, and Station require. There are others indeed necessary, but because they reach the whole Species, and concern Men no less than Women, I shall refer you to the Catechism for Instruction. Besides, too many Precepts rather fright than instruct, and are more apt to cast us into Despair, than to raise a Resolution of observing them.

Emil. I thank you for your Charity, Sir, and wish myself so happy as to comply with your Instruction: But they seem too vague; favour me therefore with a Summary of those Actions I must perform each Day; draw up a Scheme, and set me a Journal.

Euseb. Alas! Madam, you may as well ask me to cut out a Manteau for the Moon. Circumstances vary, and cannot be brought to the same Rule. However, I will lay a Plan before you, and hope your Prudence will fit it to your Occasions.

DIALOGUE VI.

A Regulation of their daily Actions.

I.

AN effeminate *Sabarite* thanked the Gods that he had never seen the Sun rise in his Life. I would not have Ladies imitate this Pagan Copy, much less must they value themselves upon so superlative a Laziness. Live not as if you were our *Antipodes*. Curiosity is supposed to bear a great Sway over Female Inclinations. Let it therefore lead you to this great Planet's *Levee*, at least in *December* and *January*. I assure, you, Madam, it rises with more Majesty than the greatest Monarch; and this Morning-scene out-shines the Glow-worm Pageantry of the Play-house. It gilds the Heaven with its dazzling Beams. It turns every Drop of Dew into sparkling Diamonds, and commands Nature to change her Nightrail into Cloth of Gold and Embroidery. Besides, it wakes almost every Part of the

the drowsy Creation : Birds and Beasts begin *Mattins*, and proclaim the Glory of their omnipotent Maker. Why should Man be less acknowledged than Beast ? Or Instinct work more forcibly than Reason ?

II.

So soon as you are up, fall upon your Knees, and adore that mighty Being that made you. His Greatness calls for Homage, and your Dependance stands obliged for the Payment. Offer up every Action of the Day to his Glory ; such an Intention sanctifies the meanest, and stamps a new Value upon the most holy. Ask Pardon for past Offences, and rather resolve to die, than to transgress God's Commands for the future. Sue for the Support of his Grace ; without this you are impotent, and with it invincible.

III.

Reflect what Occasion of Sin may present itself, and prevent the Danger by Prudence and Forecast. A Temptation foreseen is almost overcome. But he lies at the Mercy of an Enemy, who is assaulted by Surprise and Stratagem. When you discover an Ambuscade, keep at a Distance ; to tempt Temptation is an unseasonable Bravery : I would as soon rouse a sleeping Lion, as come within its Reach ; for, in fine, the Victory is not sure, but the Peril is certain.

IV.

Stand not upon mere defensive War, for though you struggle handsomely for a Time, and keep your Ground, you will at length be over-powered with Number ; if you intend to come off with Conquest, carry War into the Enemy's Dominions. The Advantage for the most part lies on the Assailant's Side. Single out therefore every Day some Virtue, and make sure of it by Practice. The Duty of a Christian is not only to suffer, but to do ; by resisting the Allurement of Flesh and Blood you lose no Ground ; by exercising Virtue you gain upon the Devil, and so increase your Forces, and weaken his.

V.

When you have discharged your Duty to God, spend some Time upon the Government of your Family; the Business within Doors lies upon your Hands, and is Part of your Province; and you must not do all by Deputy. Indeed I would not have you enter upon too minute a Detail, nor register the Hen-roost in your Table-book. It's below your Station to hunt every Day after Hen's Nests, as Madam *L.* did; or to calculate the Number of Ducklings; nor should you survey the Hog-sty, to mark the worst of the Litter for the Tythe-pig; these Actions favour of Meanness; they argue Avarice to Excess, and sit unhand somely on Quality.

VI.

When you sit at your Toilet, keep Vanity at a Distance, and remember you trim a Body that once will sink into Corruption. Look upon your Robes as Badges of Infamy; and reflect, Ladies had never been fine, had they remained innocent. I know, indeed, as the World goes, Nobility must make a Figure: Quality and Title without Appearance, will never draw Respect; they require a Support. The Senses of the Mob must be struck, and their Imagination affected; for they seldom dive beyond the Surface, and measure Quality by gaudy Trappings and Equipage. However, though you use these Toys, your Affection must soar above them; and you must never esteem the worst Parts of Beasts to be the greatest Perfection of your Sex.

The brave *Esber* was raised from Subjection to Command, and from Servitude to the Throne. She walked on Silks, and spit in Silver: Nature had made her a complete Beauty, and Providence a mighty Empress; and yet she protested in the Sight of God, that her Greatness was a Burden, and her Finery a Torment. Thou knowest, my God, said she, that mere Necessity obliges me to live in Pomp and Glory, not Choice; and that I scorn this glittering Diadem, the Envy of a thousand Ladies, and the Desire of more. I wear it with Regret, and only when I must appear in public,
and

and lay it down when I retire to my Apartment. The Turn of Fortune has wrought no Change in me: I am a Slave on the Throne, a poor Caitiff in Embroidery, and a Beggar in the Face of Plenty. Though I possess the Scepter, together with the Wealth of *Asia*, I enjoy nothing but the Satisfaction of prostrating myself and my Grandeur at the Foot of thy Altars. For, in fine, the Contempt of my Greatness flies higher than my Fortune, and the Excess of Pleasures is the Object of my Aversion. Here is a seraphic Transport for ye! it's all Light, all Fire. A Heart that can thus scorn an Empire is larger than the World, and more capacious than the *Empyreum*. She was a Queen without, all Angel and Seraphin within. Did Ladies bring such noble Sentiments to the Toilet, they would charm Heaven; and whilst Men admire their Bravery, the very Angels would fall in love with their Virtue: For then they would measure the Gaudry of their Mantuas precisely by the Length of Quality, not by the Extent of Pride or Vanity: they would keep up to the Exigency of their Rank, without deviating from the Duty of their Religion.

VII.

After Dinner you may employ some Time at your Needle, or other Works suitable to your Condition. *Augustus Cæsar* thought not such Occupations below the Dignity of his Wife and Daughters: Yet he was a great Man, and those Ladies mighty Princesses: And I suppose our Lords would not dispute the Wall with him, nor the Wives the Precedence with his Children. The *Romans* kept the Distaff of Queen *Tanaquil* with more Care than the Lance of *Romulus*, to teach Posterity that it was no less necessary for the Good of the State, to propose to Ladies Examples of Labour, than to Men Patterns of Bravery. And *Solomon*, in the Character he has drawn of a Heroine, flourishes upon her Oeconomy and Labour: *She put, says he, her Hands to work, and then open'd them to the Necessities of the Indigent; she spun both Linen and Woollen*: Yet she is not represented as a Country Dame, but as a Peeress; for her Husband sat *cum Senatoribus Terræ*, i. e. in the House of Lords, or at

least of *Commons*. Wheels indeed are at present more out of Fashion, and Ladies will no more spin, than make Bone-lace. Seeing Custom has degraded the Employment, I will not counsel you to reinstate it in its prestine Dignity. But however, Needle-work is reputable, and the most qualified Ladies may embroider without descending from their Station. Believe me, Madam, Idleness is an ill Employment; and she who has nothing to do, will be tempted to do more than will stand with Conscience, and perchance with Honour: For when we have no good Thoughts, we are generally pestered with bad ones; and when Ill is in our Fancy, it slides with Ease into the Will.

VIII.

You may season Work with Reading; for though Women should not pretend to commence Doctors, yet I would not have them forswear Knowledge, nor make a Vow of Stupidity: God has favoured you with a reasonable Soul, enriched it with the Science of those Things that give Life to a civil Conversation, and instructed you in the Duty of your Profession. For your Court-assurance, your Addresses in the Modes and Gestures of Salutation, your graceful Entrance into a Room, and all the other pretty Accomplishments of the Sex, are dead, unless enlivened by a handsome Discourse. Is it a mute Scene, a *Bartholomew* Puppet-show, that surprises some, and furnishes Matter of Laughter to others? Is it not ridiculous to see a Lady with a great deal of Formality drive to a *Rendezvous*, and at the End of a short Compliment fall immediately upon *Fentanges* and *Foretops*? So much Pomp, so much Ceremony, out-do the Occasion; the Entertainment is too trivial for the Solemnity. Those that will not learn to speak *a propos*, should learn methinks to hold their Peace; for it's much better to speak nothing, than to bolt out Follies.

Indeed, it's not necessary to rival the Knowledge of the Sibyls, nor the Science of the Muses; she should not wade too deep into Controversy, nor soar so high as Divinity. These Studies lie out of a Lady's way: They fly

fly up to the Head, and not only intoxicate weak Brains, but turn them : They engender Pride, and blow us up with Self-conceitedness ; and when all these meet, we shall be apt to measure Faith by our private Judgment, and to set up our ill-shaped Notions against the received Tenets of our Religion.

Read therefore those Books that lead to Piety : They enlighten the Understanding, and warm the Will ; they lay open the Cause of our Miscarriages, and at the same Time prescribe the Remedy. They neither flatter Quality, nor insult Peasantry ; but, like Pictures made to Sight, they look equally upon all. In fine, they refresh the Memory, enlarge the Understanding, and inflame the Will ; and so, through Pleasure, instil both Wisdom and Virtue.

IX.

You may afterwards either return Visits, or receive them ; but perform both with as much Expedition as Civility and Ceremony will permit. Long Conversations flag, they languish at an Hour's End, and fall into mere Chat or Impertinencies. For Women have seldom Materials to furnish a long Discourse, unless they comment upon their Neighbour's Failures, and turn their Misfortune into the Subject of Diversion. Now to laugh at another's Expence, is not only dissingenuous, but unchristian. Rather take a Turn sometimes to the Play-house ; but be sure first the Piece be cleanly, clear-complexioned, neither larded with Smut nor Blasphemy ; that it neither arraigns Virtue, nor buffoons Religion ; that it has nothing offensive to the Eye, nothing to the Ear : In fine, that it be either instructive or innocent. For if it makes bold with God, or lashes his Ministers ; if it encourages Vice, and hoots at Virtue, you must no more appear there, than in a Pest-house. Diversions, bought at the Expence of Conscience, are too dearly purchased.

X.

Before you go to Bed, withdraw into your Closet, and take an impartial View of your Conscience. If it

upbraids you with no crying Sin, give Glory to God, and with bended Knees, and an humble Heart, thank him for the Favour: For not your Virtue, but his Grace, has kept you upon your Legs, and either removed or vanquished the Temptation. But if you have stray'd from your Duty, sue for Pardon; and lay not your Body to rest, till you have obtained Quiet for your Soul. When the Conscience is disordered, Sleep can scarce be found; a wounded Soul keeps the Body awake, in spite of *Opium*. And though it does not, you shall no more shut your Eyes in a State of Sin, than sleep on the Brink of a Precipice. For alas! how many does Death assail in their Beds, at unawares? And what is worse, unprovided? Poor Creatures! they awake in Hell, and only recover their Senses to feel the Extremity of Torments. But when, by a hearty Repentance, you have calmed Conscience, you may sleep securely. Though Death steal upon you by Surprise, it will not find you unprepared; it can only convey you from a transitory Repose into eternal Rest. Here is a short Journal of a Christian Life; and, methinks, it may easily be brought to Practice. A Lady that can't suffer so small a Constraint, must be strangely fond of Liberty.

Emil. Well, the Scheme seems practicable; and if nothing else be required to live like a Lady, and a Christian, Virtue encroaches not so much upon Freedom as I imagined. Pray, Sir, go on to oblige me with a short Comment upon the Duty of a Mother.

DIALOGUE VII.

The Duty of a Mother.

Euseb. **T**HIS Command, *Honour thy Father and thy Mother*, is reciprocal, and not only obliges Children to respect and revere their Parents, but also enjoins Parents to love their Children; and this Obligation comes not only from the Decalogue, but immediately from Nature. Nor does she discharge the Duty

Duty of a Mother who fawns on, and caresses her Offspring; who pampers their Bodies, and wraps them up in Silk and Cotton: No, no; her Care must reach their most sublime Part, the Soul. This must be cultivated and manur'd with Principles and Precepts, that it may answer the great End of its Creation. Now because the Males, so soon as they are capable of Instruction, are taken from the Mother, I shall only touch upon the Education that fits the Females.

I.

Teach them betimes the End of their Creation, their Duty towards God, and the Obligations of Religion. Explain the Creed, and the Decalogue; the first instructs them in Faith, the second in Manners: And omit not the Pains of the Wicked, and the Joys of the Just; the one will fright from Sin, the other will allure 'em to Virtue; nor suffer 'em only to rest in the Knowledge, but inure them to the Practice, by all the little Arguments of Kindness and Authority, and secure the Observance by the Tenures of Love and Obedience. Seldom apply Severity till mild Methods prove ineffectual; for Children must not be taught Piety (like Dogs to fet) with Stripes and ill Usage: They never do a Thing heartily, when compelled by Force; and oftentimes hate those Exercises at Thirty, for which they were chastised at Ten. Some Years ago I fell into the Company of my Lady N. She ply'd me with such a long-winded Panegyric of her little Daughter, that I began to wish the Child less accomplished, or the Mother less fond: She was Beauty in Life, and Wit in Perfection: Nay, and so skilful in the Ways of the Lord, that I suspected she had made at least two Voyages to Heaven, or had hit upon an Invention to travel to Paradise by Scale and Compass.

Well, Madam, said I, such a Wit, such a divine Infant, I presume, knows the Catechism?

The Catechism! replied she, I hope so: And the first Chapter of *Genesis* also. And then immediately was I regaled with a Scene of Question and Answer. *Moth.* Who was the first Man? *Ch. Adam.* *Moth.* Who

was the oldest Man? *Ch. Methusalem.* *Moth.* Who was the wisest Man? *Ch. Solomon.* Nay, cries Mamma, she can tell you the Wives of *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.*

You have led her, I suppose, said I, to *Joseph-Ben-Israel*, the *Jewish* Herald, and intend to enter her in the Synagogue. Is this all?

All! answered the Lady, and a great All too. Nay, replied I, it's nothing at all to the Purpose: Indeed she has learnt the Nurse's Catechism, but not the Church's. Why the *Jews* know this, and believe it too, and yet are not Christians. Come, Madam, leave these odd Methods of Instruction, and come up to the Grounds of Christianity. Plant the Principles of Faith and Godliness so deep, that neither the Impulse of Flesh can shake them, nor the battering Engines of the Devil move them. A Bead-roll of cramp Names may polish and refine the Memory, but what is this to the capital Point, Salvation?

II.

Instruction, unless armed with Example, will prove insignificant. Young Creatures sooner yield to that than Rhetoric, and give more Credit to the Eyes than to Reason. If therefore the Mother's Conduct preaches Vice, though her Mouth dilates upon the Necessity of Virtue, the Child will suppose her in jest, and rather steer by her Practice than her Precept. Wo be to those Mothers, who make Daughters Witnesses of their Disorders, and thus immortalize their Transgressions by recommending them to their Descendants.

III.

Let no Romances come within Reach of a young Lady: They are the Poison of Youth, and murder Souls, as sure as Arsenic or Ratbane kills Bodies. Their Stile, Matter, Language, and Design, are pointed against the Defence of Virtue. They fully the Fancy, over-heat Passion, and awake Folly; and, like lewd Pictures, are the worse for being excellent. They kindle those Flames that cannot be extinguished without Trouble, nor entertained without a Crime. Nay, like the Fire of Hell, they are almost eternal, and what is worse,

worse, the very Torment pleases: And so, as *Nero* did *Rome*, we behold ourselves in Flames with Pleasure and Transport. In a Word, Madam, a Romance is a bewitching Imposture, it fascinates the Imagination with a Fool's Paradise; it communicates the Charms to the Intellect, and then hurries the Will God knows whither. Like sweet Morfels, it fawns upon the Palate to captivate the Heart, and plays with the Organ to cut our Throats: In fine, they give the Passion they represent, and so by an unhappy Inversion, the very Copy produces an Original.

Alas! when a young Creature reads over flourished Descriptions of enchanted Castles, of glorious Carousels, of sumptuous Banquets, of conquering Beauties, and captive Knights, what a fine Landscape will they draw in her Head? How powerfully will they work upon her tender Heart? What a Tumult will they raise in her Breast? Those Scenes, though merely romantic, solicit in good earnest; they reinforce Passion, and are mighty Recruits to Folly; they set the Sex into a Fit of Longing: (For though Women were made of Bone, they retain all the Pliableness of Flesh). How often will she envy a *Philoclea* for having a *Pyrocles* at her Feet, and how seriously will she wish herself in the Place of *Pamelia*? Nay, it's odds, when the Fancy is warm'd, and the Imagination charm'd with the advantageous Characters of those Platonic Knights, she may fall in love with the bare Product of *Sidney's* Brain, and become a real Slave to Fable and Fiction. Or though she arrives not to such a Pitch of Frenzy, it's very probable she will attempt some Conquest, and spread Nets to ensnare a Gallant, that will as fatally entangle her. Nor can she fail of Expedients to delude her Guards: The Author that kindles the Passion, shews the Way to carry on the Intrigue; he provides her the Methods and Stratagem, and warrants Success, and so a Fable is turned into a real Story: But with this Difference, that instead of a Prince, *Mademoiselle* goes off with a *Valet de Chambre*.

IV.

Lead 'em not into Company, till a strong Virtue arms 'em against the Danger of Temptation; their Senses must be guarded, and ill Objects be kept at a great Distance. Flesh and Blood have a natural Tendency to Extravagance, and will scarce stand unconcerned under the Allurements of Example and Invitation. It's dangerous, says St. *Jussin*, for a Man to admire the very Virtues of a Woman; and, I believe, it's not more secure for a Woman to stand the Flattery and Courtship of Men. Now when both Sexes meet, Gallantry always manages the Conversation. Would you thrust a Child into a Pest-house without Necessity, and without an *Amuletto*? Why then will you lead her to confused Meetings? In those *Rendezvous*, as well as at *Constantinople*, some body always carries the Plaguesores, and gives the Infection.

Enil. You are, I perceive, an Enemy to Breeding; will you have Ladies as unpolished as Shepherdesses? Where can they learn Behaviour, but in Conversation and Company?

Euseb. Madam, you mistake me; I am not against Breeding, but I am for Virtue. And, I must tell you, this will turn to better Account than that: For by Breeding, I suppose you mean a Gracefulness of Conversation, a decent Assurance, together with some pretty Postures *alamode*. These Qualifications, I confess, are commendable, because they introduce us into Company with Advantage; but then they must not be magnified beyond Proportion. I would not have Mothers so fantastically fond of them, as to place 'em among the top Perfections of the Sex; nor to expose a Child's Innocence for a Brace of Grimaces: For, in fine, they are easily gain'd; and Ladies, by the Assistance of Virtue, may be acceptable without them. And I am apt to believe that a native Beauty, without these acquired Embellishments, if it be waited on by Modesty, Meekness, and Devotion, will sooner find a Match, than Beauty without Piety, though set off with the most ornamental Graces of Education. But why must she con-

verse

verse with Men for Education? Would you have her pass through a Course of Debauchery? Or do you think she cannot be genteel, unless she be tainted? Would you have her blaspheme like a Sea Captain, or curse like a Dray-man? I grant, she may learn this hellish Dialect of Men, and may be courted out of all Sense of Honour and Probity. But these, I suppose, are no Female Qualifications; and therefore, till they receive the Stamp of public Approbation, pray let tender Virgins forbear such dangerous Haunts.

Luc. Under Favour, this Caution goes too far; you will bar *English* Ladies the Liberty of the Church, as the *Turks* do the *Asiatics* that of the *Mosques*; for there is a mixed Conflux, and I have seen as fine Gentlemen at the Sermon, as at a Ball.

Euseb. Really, Madam, I am so far from debarring Ladies the Freedom of the Church, that I counsel 'em to appear oftener there. But then I am for introducing a *Jewish* Custom, *i. e.* for separating the Women from the Men, and for drawing a Curtain between them. Thoughts, I am sure, would be more recollected, and Piety would go on more evenly. But as Things are carried, these very Meetings are not secure, and Virtue is exposed to Temptations. Bad Designs are often laid in this Sanctuary, and the Intrigue is completed in more lewd Places. For, in truth, People appear before the Lord, not in Sackcloth, but in Gold and Silver; and one would think they came rather to commit new Sins, than to cancel the past. The Ladies sit on Cock-horse upon Scaffolds in open view, as if they were at the Theatre, and perch about the Croud to be gazed at. And as they are seated advantageously to be seen, so their Elevation gives them a fair Opportunity to see; and thus the Danger is reciprocal. Notwithstanding, it's a Christian's Duty to go to Church, and this is his Warrant; and if we take a little Care, God will not let us miscarry for Obedience. Besides, though People bring ill Designs, the Majesty of the Place, the Solemnity of the Action, or at least the Zeal of the Preacher, may stifle 'em, and keep in Awe and Respect the most wild

wild Nature, and so they who came Sinners, may return Penitent.

But this concerns not those Meetings where both Sexes convene to dance and sport. Neither carry Modesty nor Restraint to those *Rendezvous*: These Virtues are too supercilious and censorious for the Occasion; Seriousness and Thinking are left at home, or dismissed at the Door, and Piety never obtains a Ticket; so that People come here unguarded, and Virtue without Defence. Besides, the Parade, the Gaudry and Gaiety of the Company solicit hard, and plead for Disorder: The one bewitches the Eye, the other the Heart; and then Mirth emboldens Passion, and invites it to Action. Soft Music doubles the Charm, and wanton Airs reinforce it. They disarm Caution, and enervate Courage; and then, when the Collation has boiled up the Blood, and put the Humours in a Ferment, without doubt Virtue is in Danger; the Ground is slippery, the Tide runs high against Flesh and Blood, and will certainly carry down a tender Virgin, with a young Virtue, into Indecencies.

Emil. You are, I perceive, for clapping up Ladies into Convents, like Vestals; or at least for confining them to back Apartments, as in *Spain* and *Italy*. But Solitude will not agree with our Complexion; we are of a more sociable Temper: And besides, I am of an Opinion, that Restraint is no sure Guard to Virtue. A Woman of Piety will keep up to the Duties of Religion in Company, but Retirement will scarce secure the Honour of a Prostitute. The *Italians* and *Spanish Donna's* are not more regular than ours; though there is much Caution in those Kingdoms, there is more Miscarriage: Nay, I have read in *Lery*, that the *Brasilian Ladies*, where Mantua's are out of Fashion, live within the Bounds of Honour and Decency.

Euseb. God forbid I should think of cloystering up Ladies; those Retreats are fashionable indeed beyond Seas, but they are heterodox and illegal in *England*. They have been voted down by both Houses as useless and superstitious, and who dares oppose his single Opinion

nion against the joint Judgment of those grave Senators? Liberty is the darling Privilege of *Englishmen*, and the Fondness reaches the Sex. Keep it in God's Name, but strain not the Prerogative; for Liberty, in its full Latitude, is a greater Nuisance than Slavery; and to be at Freedom to do any thing, is no less prejudicial to Society and Manners, than a Power to do nothing. Virtue consists in a Mean; Ladies must not be mewed up like Nuns on the one side, nor must they wander about like Vagabonds on the other. I would not have them kept Prisoners in their Mother's House, nor yet be Strangers to it. But then, like Prisoners of State, they should not walk abroad without a Keeper, and should be debarred those Haunts that may surprize their Vigilance, and assail their Virtue. Madam *Dinah* would needs give the Ladies of *Salem* a Visit, she had a Curiosity to view their Modes, and to try their Breeding; but alas! she lost her Honour in the Voyage, and returned with less Credit than she went. I fear our *English* Damsels meet with the same Adventure, and buy their Breeding by the Forfeiture of their Innocence: For alas! we have *Sichems* as well as *Canaan*, and young Gentlewomen perchance not better prepared for Defence, than the Daughter of *Jacob*.

I have no Talent at Parallels, nor am able to determine whether the *Spanish Donna's* Virtue falls short of that of our *English* Ladies. But if they are bad under Restraint, Liberty will never mend them. Opportunity makes the Thief, Temptation presses harder near, than at a distance: It rises upon Sight; for Sense is stronger than Memory, and Life than Painting. Now those who rack their Wits to find a Temptation, will scarce dispute against it, if it falls in their Way: Besides, free Commerce meets more Occasions in a Week, than *Italians*, or *Spanish*, under Confinement, are able to procure in a Year.

I can give no Account of the *Brasilian* Modesty, nor intend to argue *Pro* or *Con*, whether fine Cloaths, or none at all, are more dangerous; however, I would not have young Ladies brought up by the Standard of the Line. I am not in Love with your Equinoctial Casuistry,

suistry, not admire the *Topinbeian* Modesty half so much as old *Lery*. Your Behaviour *del Cabo* will not relish in *Europe*, nor your *Adamitical* Garments fence Virtue in *London*. Nothing can check Nature but good Principles, and great Caution. Nay, Virtue, though solid, must not be trusted too far; for if it be pressed too home, 'twill march off, and give us the Slip.

Wherefore, to conclude, lead not your Daughters unto Balls, without Necessity or Civility require their Presence; and even seldom in those Circumstances; Such Nourishment is too strong for weak Stomachs; and I shall not wonder they lose their Health, if they feed so foul. To guard Chastity without Spot or Stain, is no easy Task; it moves upon a steep Ascent. Now those who talk and laugh, can scarce strain up a Hill. If Care and Pains will hardly do, what will become of those that are rocked in Pleasure, and lie under all the Instructions of Debauchery? But I forbear to enlarge upon the Subject, the Practice won't bear a Defence. When the Cause is naught, we should not strain for Pretences. In a word, it is certain such Conversations are dangerous; they rouse bad Humours, they vitiate the Fancy, and prepare the Will for Rebellion.

Emil. Too free Conversation is not without some Inconveniencies; but then consider that Retirement is not exempt; for the Fancy will break Inclosure, though the Body be cooped up; nay, and bring into the Chamber all the Species of exterior Objects; and, it's odds, ill Objects will crowd in with the innocent, and may probably meet with a kinder Reception; for they glide smoothly upon the Sense, and then a Girl not much employed, may divert Melancholy with the Prospect.

Euseb. You are in the Right, and you prove that the most strict Recluse is always within the Reach of Danger, but then she stands more out of the Way; and if the Copy of unlawful Things make such a deep Impression, the Original would sink deeper.

But first, I have provided against Idleness, by counselling you to bring your Daughters up in the Practice of those Works that become their Age and Quality; by
inuring

inuring them to the Lecture of those Books that feed Devotion, and delight without Danger.

Secondly, I only speak against the Company of Men; they may visit their own Sex, and pass away the Time in those Recreations, that neither clash with Decency, nor endanger Virtue; and if they grow uneasy upon so small a Restraint, and fall into Fits of Melancholy, you may conclude the Cause of the Distemper lurks in the Soul, not in the Body, and that the Heart should rather be purged than the Spleen. Indeed, you should not trust your Child, without good Caution, even with her own Sex, for all are not staunch: Some are unbal-
last, and too light; and if they are infected by Pride or Vanity, if they languish after the fading Pleasures of the World with Prejudice to Virtue, they may scatter the Contagion both by Words and Example.

V.

But let not your Care out-run Prudence. Importune not a Daughter at Fifteen with Precepts and Instruction, you may exceed by Severity, as well as by Indulgence; and by forcing her to be too Good, tempt her to do Evil. Allow some Grains to Youth, and rather wink at light Faults, than chastise them. You cannot expect at Twelve the Maturity of Forty; nor the Stayedness and Prudence at Fifteen, as of a Lady of Fifty. Youth is unfurnished with Reflection, and sometimes acts rather by Impulse than Reason. Now Time will sooner heal such Failings than Reproof, and Age is a better Doctor for this Distemper than Expostulation; for when Correction comes often, it loses its Force, it makes no Impression, and sometimes works the wrong way; *i. e.* it's received with a Pet, and perchance with a Raillery too: And thus what was intended for a Remedy becomes Poison, and rather kills than cures. You forfeit your Authority first, and then the Daughter withdraws her Respect and Kindness to make way for Aversion; and when this unlucky Passion steps in, what can be expected but Noise and Clamour? And God send it ends there. Young People are headstrong, and oftner follow the Advice of Resentment than of Prudence.

dence. A young Lady of my Acquaintance, a great Fortune, and handsomely qualified with all the Accomplishments of Art and Nature, flung herself away upon a Man unworthy to be her Page. I expostulated the Matter with her, and shewed her the Unbecomingness of the Fact : She easily condescended so far, as to confess she had done ill, but laid the Fault at her Mother's Door. She tired my Patience, said she, with imperious Reprimands, as if she intended rather to torment than correct me. I was either too gay, or too reserved, and no more able to please her in Solitude than in Company. When I prayed, Bigotry was coming upon me ; when I read, Madness ; a Smile was constituted Lightness ; a Frown, Ill-nature ; fine Cloaths, Vanity ; and a common Dress, Sluttishness : So that my Mother played either the *Momus*, or the *Fury*. In fine, I hung continually upon the Rack, and the Torment was too sensible to be endured with Patience. I found no way to break my Chains, but by beating out new ones ; and cast myself away, not to languish in Slavery. I confess the Speech touched me no less than her Misfortune ; and if I compassionated the Daughter, I detested the Conduct of the Mother. Take care, lest you push Severity too far ; and mistake not Frowardness for Correction. I have seen the most cowardly Creatures, when pressed, turn upon those that chased them, and sometimes vault from a Tower to save themselves. Great Pressures cause desperate Attempts, when they meet with a violent Passion ; and whosoever supposes a Sense of Duty will always over-rule a strong Resentment, is ill acquainted with Human Nature. Behave yourself to your Daughter, not like a Jailor, but as a Companion : Lay down the Authority of a Mistress, and take up all the Kindness of a Mother. When you have a Child's Heart, you may mould her into any Shape ; but when you have her Aversion, you may undo her by Reproof, but will never mend her.

VI.

When you have brought up a Child in Piety to an Age of Maturity, nothing remains for the Discharge of
of

of your Duty, but a Settlement suitable to her Education and Quality. This is a Matter of the highest Concern; and therefore requires much Caution, and long Deliberation: For what can't be undone, must not be done without Thought and Reflection. Cross not the lawful Inclinations of a Child, out of a View of Interest; nor tie her to a Man for whom she has no other Passion but that of Aversion. When Marriages are made without Love, Love often follows without Marriage: And thus you force her to be miserable, and tempt her to resign her Virtue and Honour.

Here is a short Sum of your Duty, and I could wish you would spend some cool Thoughts upon the Subject; it is of Importance, and deserves Reflection. What is here laid down, has nothing hard, nothing of Bigotry; it neither encroaches upon Quality, nor entrenches upon a decent Freedom; and tho' it did, you must remember God will not give Heaven *gratis*; it's a Reward, not a free Gift, and something must be done to deserve it. Glory is not purchased without Labour, nor Wealth without Pains; and yet Death cannot withhold the Soldier from the Pursuit of the one, nor the Death of Tempest and Quicksands deter the Merchant from the Chace of the other: And yet what are those, if compared to the Treasures God has prepared for the Godly in Heaven? If then Men drudge for Things so fading and transitory, how can you refuse to labour for those that are eternal? And if a bare Hope of Success persuades Men to run upon certain Perils, methinks the infallible Promises of our Saviour deserve as great a Compliance. Heaven, Madam, is a brave Purchase. What a charming State is it, that places us above Pain, and seats us out of the Reach of Death? That supplies all we can desire, and removes all we can fear? That puts an End to Wishes, and a Beginning to the Enjoyment of God?

Emil. Sir, I thank you for the Pains you have taken, and doubt not but God will reward your Charity. I shall return wiser, and, I hope, better. But to complete the Favour, be pleased to oblige me with your Instructions in writing. Memory is treacherous, and

we often forget those Things that should always be remembered: Besides, the Benefit is too important, to be confined to a private Person. My Disease is epidemical, and you will find few Ladies in Court untainted: Pray let the Remedy be public. I will send it to the Press with your Leave, and present it to our Sex, with a Dedication.

Euseb. You may command me, I will leave the Papers at your Disposal, upon Condition you conceal my Name, for I have no Inclination to new Engagements. Some may complain the Physic is too strong, and then the Doctor is in danger to be greeted with the Title of *Ignoramus*, or *Mountebank*. Now such a Sentence pronounced by one Lady, will certainly prejudice my Practice, and ruin my Fortune: For a Physician's Skill rises and falls by the Opinion of Ladies. *Emilia* and *Lucia* after some Compliments took leave of *Eusebius*, and drove home. They were as calm as a Spring Morning, and of Enemies became *Eusebius's* Admirers.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Eusebius instructs Leander in the Duty of a Soldier.

WHEN the Ladies were gone, *Eusebius* sat down to Dinner with *Neander*, and invited him to spend some Part of the Evening in the Park. We have been, said he, with a Smile, upon hard Service this Morning, I have almost talked myself down; let us breathe a little fresh Air in the Park, and reinforce our Spirits; methinks mine begin to droop, and call for Relaxation.

Nea. I'll wait upon you. Age and Labour work upon the Body; I wonder not your Spirits run low, Discourse with Life and Vigour drains the Arteries: However, you are not exhausted, and I believe you have sufficient Fund of Vitals behind, to furnish another Conversation; Zeal buoys up Nature, and repairs the Decays of Age. And now they were taking Coach, when

when in comes a Gentleman called *Leander*. This was he who undertook the Combat against *Eusebius*, and was deputed by the Club of Debauchees to ask Satisfaction. He was a Man of Quality and Title; he bore a considerable Command in the Army, and made no contemptible Figure at Court. He had a Sense of Religion, but his Morals answered not the Purity of his Faith. However, his youthful Sallies sprung rather from Frailty than Malice; and he was carried down the Stream of Sensuality rather by the Persuasion of ill Company, than by the Inclination of Nature. When he had rioted away his Innocence, he still kept good Principles, and could not applaud those Crimes he had the Weakness to commit. Nay, his Conscience never permitted him to sin without a Reproach: So that he was sure to pay dearly in his Chamber for the Liberties he took in the Tavern. He always sinned with a Check, and one might read Concern in his Forehead, and Guilt in his Face. *Eleutherius* would needs play the Exorcist, and lay the Devil of Conscience, as he termed it. Come *Leander*, said he, *cast off these Qualms, and leave puking; we live by Meat and Drink, as they say, and Flesh and Blood will never thrive upon School Subtleties and Notions. When thou canst bring all Men to be of one Mind, all Judgments to meet upon the same Point, and all Consciences to the same Gage, then thou mayest begin to think of Futurities: But till this be done, lay hold of the present, and turn Conscience upon the Common; keep it low, and it will leave wincing.* This Flight of Libertinism grated upon *Leander's* Hearing; he could not bear the Impiety without a Blush, and though he smothered the Resentment, his Concern was no less: For Shame always accompanied his Transgressions; and he could not endure to hear People defend one Crime with another, or authorise Transgressions by ridiculing Religion.

But the last Night's Expedition quite turned his Stomach; he could by no means digest such a Mefs of Curses, and those Vollies of Blasphemies rung so dismal a Peal in his Ears, that he thought himself in Hell among the wretched Crew of the Damned; and from this Moment he resolved to take up, and to bid farewell

wel to those unlawful Pleasures, that first lead to Atheism, and then plunge the Sinner into eternal Torments. He had heard of *Eusebius*, and concluded him to be a Man of Merit and Piety, because *Eleutherius* lampooned him. For what, said he, can such finished Rakes applaud but Vice, or buffoon but Virtue? When therefore the Cabal determined to attack *Eusebius*, he embraced the Occasion, and offered his Person for the Encounter: But his Intention was not to argue, but to learn; to receive Instruction, not to hector.

At his Arrival, he informed *Eusebius* of his Errand; he declared his Name, Quality, Circumstance, and Resolution.

Eusebius declined the Task as much as Civility would permit; he told him he was better provided to receive, than to give Instruction: But *Leander* pressed upon him too hard to receive a Denial. At last, Importunity overcame the old Gentleman, and he began thus. You are a Soldier, and a Courtier, so that your Business lies in the Field, or at St. James's: In Summer, you lodge under a Tent; in Winter, at Court: We will first cut you out Employment for the Campaign.

I.

Euseb. Courage is the *Diana* of Soldiers, it's a kind of Camp-divinity, and all, from the General to the private Centinel, pay it Homage, and almost Adoration: It is therefore your Interest not to be led away by Notions flushed by Error, and framed by Caprice. Remember one Virtue is never at Variance with another, they live in Amity, and entertain a good Correspondence: But you may as soon strike Fire out of Ice, as Valour out of Crimes. Sin alone arms Death with Terror, Innocence dares provoke it, and even charge through Hell: For Death can only take from pious Christians a Life they must surrender to Nature; its Power only reaches the Body, and its Dominion expires with our last Breath. If you ambition the Repute of a valiant Man, make sure of Virtue; put no Stress on a fiery Constitution, that rises and falls with the *Barometer*; a Courage that depends on Seasons, is precarious, and can be no more trusted than

than the Winds ; it oftner flows in the Tavern than in the Field, and looks more sternly on an Enemy's Back, than on his Face.

II.

Provide, *Leander*, for the Christian : If you miscarry under this Character, that of the Soldier will scarce rescue you : The Colonel will be uneasy if the Christian be damned, nor will all the *Bravo's* of his Regiment retrieve his Misfortune ; stand therefore on your own Guard, and be as ready to meet Death, as to encounter the Enemy. Death, dear Sir, makes its Approaches by Surprize, and attacks by Mine and Stratagem ; it works out of Sight, and often assaults without Signal. I must tell you too, it hates Capitulation, it takes in the Vanquished at Discretion, and will not hear of a *Cartel* : Nay, it distinguishes not the General from a common Trooper, and has no Regard to Dignity or Commission. So that neither the *Duke* nor the *Marshal* will be permitted to trip back to *London*, or *Paris*, upon their *Parole*. When once Death has arrested you, nothing remains but Hell or Heaven, and both eternal. This Uncertainty of Death, made our Saviour so often preach Care and Caution. He bids us stand continually upon our Guard, and counsels us as a Friend, to prepare against an Enemy, so audacious, and at the same Time so undermining. And certainly, if this Advice be seasonable for all Mankind, it must be very proper for Soldiers ; for they not only run the common Hazards of Men, but also those that wait upon their Profession. They carry about them the Principles of a thousand Distempers, and at every Step stumble upon foreign Dangers, never foreseen, and seldom avoided. Sometimes you beat up the Enemy's Quarters, sometimes he returns to the Charge. If you give him a *Camisade*, he comes upon you with a *Reveil Matin* : Yet whether you assail, or are assailed, you are equally within the Reach of Danger, and nothing but Hazard can protect you ; for whoever comes in the Ways of Bombs and Bullets, leaves Security behind him. Keep therefore yourself clear of Sin, you will fight with a good Heart, if a good Conscience follows you

you to the Engagement, and will either come off a Conqueror, or fall a Hero. But if Crimes draw upon the Soul, whilst Muskets and Artillery play upon the Body, Fortitude will not long stand by you: Courage, without a good Conscience, trembles at Hell, and leaves a Man dispirited when he most needs Support. For who will charge an Enemy through Smoak and Fire, that fears the next Moment to plunge into everlasting Sulphur? If therefore you have a mind to fight well, resolve to live well; and whilst you have Time, think of a Provision beyond the Grave.

III.

Live not in the Camp, like a *Spahi* or *Janisary* at the *Ottoman* Porte, merely for Interest or Glory; such Pagan Motives are below the Dignity of a Christian *Cavalier*. Level your Pretensions above such base Views, and make Advantage of Labour and Merit. Can't you serve your Prince, benefit your Country, oblige Posterity, deserve the Applause of Men, and a Reward in Heaven? Can you not be as brave out of a Sense of Duty, as of Vanity or Interest? Will your Pay be less, because you expect a Gratification hereafter? Will your Actions be less glorious, because they receive a Lustre from Virtue? Raise up then your Ambition to this noble Height; strike at this charming Mark, it's worth the while, and fits the Character of a Christian. But it's a Madness beyond Frenzy to drudge like Slaves in the Quarries, or Metal Mines, or espouse continual Dangers; to resign the Satisfaction of Life, for Noise and Ceremony, for a few Crowns, or a Place in the *Gazette*, or an airy Huzza of insignificant Mortals, who praise by Chance, and blame at Random; who side with Temerity against true Courage, and always pronounce in favour of successful Rashness against unfortunate Prudence and Bravery.

Notwithstanding this bewitching Phantom fascinates Soldiers, it heats their Brain, and anvils out a thousand Contrivances. Neither Rhetoric is able to harangue 'em, nor Logic to reason 'em out of this unchristian Humour: It's the least reasonable, and most childish

childish of all our Follies. To court Death in earnest, for a Life purely in Fancy; to sing up all the Advantages of this World, and run headlong upon all the Terrors of the other for a Panegyric, is to bottom our *Summum Bonum* on Opinion, and to be happy at others Courtesy. Applause is a very indigent, or a very ill-natured Thing; it leaves us where it finds us, and cannot, or will not retrieve the most insignificant Misfortune. Pray in what King's Reign did it fill an empty Pocket? When did it set a disjointed Estate? When did it command a disordered Pulse to beat even? Or recal a Man from his Grave? Alas! the Expectation of this Life at second-hand can only draw fine Landscapes in the Imagination, and crown the Brain with diverting Thoughts. Now a moderate Dose of *Opium* will do the Business with less Hazard than a Stab, and at less Expence than the Forfeiture of Life and Limb.

You intend not, I suppose, to carry Bravery beyond that of the Duke of *Luxembourg*, nor dispute Conduct with the matchless *Turenne*: No, believe me, Sir, you will fall short a Bar's Length at least of the first, and will scarce come within Cannon-shot of the second; and yet these mighty Heroes sleep in their Graves. The admired Panegyric of *de la Rue* could not awake the Duke, nor the swimming Periods of *Flecbier* revive the Viscount. Their brave Actions, that filled the *Gazettes* of the last Age, may perchance appear in the Theatre towards the End of this, and if it please the Poet, not for Triumph, but Condemnation. But alas! the Dead are not greater for the Esteem of the Living, nor less for their Censure. If a virtuous Motive animated the Enterprizes of these famous Generals, they have received a Reward; if a vicious one, they feel the Punishment. Fight therefore in a good Cause, with a clear Conscience, and a holy Motive, like a Christian, not like a *Mamaluke*, or Pagan: Provide for your Soul, and God will provide for your Honour; if your Name be forgot in the Annals of Time, it will make a noble Figure in those of Eternity. Those invincible Squadrons of Martyrs, who in the Eye of the World lived in Contempt, and died in Dishonour, who were lashed

like

like Slaves, and executed as Criminals, are crowned with immortal Glory in Heaven, and their very Memory breathes Perfumes on Earth, whilst their Persecutors groan in Flame; and God seems to have conveyed down their Names to Posterity only for their Punishment, and our Instruction.

Lean. You advise me to stand for a good Cause: Is it the Subject's Business to enter into the Secrets of the Cabinet, to examine the Results of the Privy-Council, and to set up a single Opinion against a Royal Declaration? With Submission, I always thought it the Duty of Subjects to obey, not to dispute with Superiors; they must be supposed to command what is just, till their Injunctions appear evidently unjust. For, in doubtful Cases, Presumption stands for the Government; and this Defence we indispensably owe to Authority, otherwise I see not how the chief Magistrate can maintain Peace and Tranquility. I confess, it's my Opinion, and has always been my Practice.

Euseb. Had all Men kept up to your Principles, less Blood had run from *English* Veins the last Age, and less Coin from their Purses. But when the Prince's Privileges are clipped, his Orders questioned by the Multitude; when *Jack* and *Tom* erect Tribunals of Right and Wrong in every Tavern, and an *Amsterdam* Coffee-house Club usurps the Power of reviewing the Proclamations of *Whitehall*, what can be expected but Tumult and Destruction? When therefore the Government declares War, a Subject must suppose it lawful; unless he can oppose strict Evidence, and he may fight with a safe Conscience under his lawful Prince's Standard in this Conjunction. But this is not the present Case; I hinted at a Practice unjust in my Opinion, though ordinary. Young Gentlemen without Employment at home, try Conclusions abroad: They pursue Commissions in *Holland*, *France*, and *Germany*, and sell their Service, as Jockies do Horses, to him that bids most; their Swords distinguish not Right from Interest, they stand not upon the Niceties of Casuistry, nor trouble themselves with the Notions of Justice; their Business is to secure Money without formalizing

upon

upon the Means, and suppose their Cause good, if their Commission be creditable, and lucrative.

Lean. Permit me, Sir, to interpose; methinks you bind up unprovided Gentlemen to hard Circumstances, and screw up the Morals of the Gospel some Points too high. Suppose I plead hard for a Regiment under *Philip* the Fifth, but falling short of my Expectation, I address myself to *Charles* the Third, and obtain a Commission; is this Conduct sinful?

Euseb. Had you been pleased to have suffered me to proceed, you had received an Answer to this *Quere.* I therefore explain my Mind thus. An *Englishman* has no Dependance on foreign States, and therefore cannot enter into their Quarrels at random; he must be convinced, before he draws his Sword, the Party's Right stands upon fair Reasons, and plausible Grounds; for an Officer thus in Commission is a kind of Lawyer, with this only Difference, that the one pleads his Client's Cause at the Bar, the other in the Field; the one with his Tongue, the other with his Sword: And as no Lawyer can undertake the Defence of a Cause destitute of Proof, that found a rational Probability; so no Gentleman can enter into an extern Service without a previous Information of the Justice of the Quarrel he engages to defend. Now though it be certain that if *Philip* has Right to the *Spanish* Monarchy, *Charles* has none; and that if this Prince has, *Philip* is an Usurper (for two can have no Right at the same Time to the same Thing) yet because Jurists are divided upon the Question, and both support their Title by probable Arguments, a Stranger may side with either, but then he cannot sheer off from one to the other: For then he is sure to espouse the Wrong against the Right, because Justice stands not for both. I cautioned you against this Game of Fast and Loose, Under-officers often play at; it's neither genteel nor christian: Choose your Side, in God's Name, but then let not a fairer Prospect of Advantage draw you over to the Enemy. Indeed the shifting of Colours is rather the Practice of Soldiers than Commanders. But these sometimes are guilty;

and as the Consequences in these are more dangerous, so their Crime is less pardonable.

Lean. I take your Meaning. A Subject must stand up for the Defence of his lawful Prince and Country, against the Attempt of a foreign Enemy, without entering upon a Disquisition of the Justice of the War. But whoever enters into the Service of a foreign State, actually engaged in War, must be persuaded upon rational Grounds the War is just. And when he has struck in with one Side, he cannot retreat to the other during the same War, unless he receives new Information.

Euseb. You comprehend me.

Lean. I am of your Opinion, and subscribe to your Reason; for by so doing, we run headlong into a fatal Necessity of upholding Wrong against Right: For tho' the Titles of both the Pretendants may carry a fair Outside, yet it's certain, at the Bottom, one is defective. Pray now go on.

IV.

Euseb. Wage not War like *Canibals* or *Tartars*, Commission reaches the Guilty, but gives no Power over the Innocent; Soldiers may come within the Statute of Murder, as well as Pads on the Highway, and may be as guilty of Thefts as *Eve-droppers*, or *Cut-purses*. *Thou shalt not murder, Thou shalt not steal*, are comprehensive Precepts; they take in the Camp as well as the City, and are no less binding in the Field than in Winter-Quarters. Keep therefore your Men up to Order and Discipline, and as you reward their Valour, so punish their Crimes. Look upon *Marauders* as a Nuisance to the Camp, as a Shame to the Profession, and a Plague to Mankind. They must not be countenanced as Soldiers, but executed as Felons. They should receive no better Quarter from their Officers, than they give their Peasants; nor find more Mercy, when taken, than they shew when they rife Villages. *Who hinders not a Crime, says Seneca, commits it.* The Rapes and Violences of a Soldier rebound on the indulgent Commanders, and by Connivance they adopt them.

The great *Belisarius* has left Generals a noble Model, and points out a short, but sure Way to Victory. Know, Companions, said he, I am come to fight, not so much with Weapons of Steel, as with the Arms of Justice and Religion: Without these, how can we expect Victory, or hope for Success? My Camp shall not be polluted with Rapine, nor your Swords with Cruelty. Without Justice, Courage is weak, and a wicked Hero will turn his Back to an innocent Coward. This short Harangue awed the Soldier, and frighted him into Respect and Modesty. Nay, it raised the General so high in the Esteem of all the *Italians*, that it's hard to determine, whether they admired more his Conduct and Bravery, or his Discipline. The very Clowns loved the *Legionaries* as their Brethren, and almost adored the General as a tutelar Divinity. Never Man undertook greater Things with a less Army, nor came off with more Glory. With scarce twelve thousand Soldiers he clear'd *Africa* of Tyrants, and *Italy* almost of the *Goths*; he not only retook *Rome*, but subdued *Vitiges* at the Head of a hundred thousand Men, and led him captive to *Constantinople*. Thus we see Success oftener follows Order and Discipline, than Numbers; and that Virtue, with a small Retinue, over-matches Vice with a greater.

Lean. I confess it were to be wished that our Generals had more Authority, and our Soldiers better Discipline. But alas! these Qualities are out of Fashion; and Obedience, that once made the Glory of Soldiers, is now become their Shame.

Euseb. If you are unable to bridle the *Militia's* Insolence, quit your Post; it's better to resign your Commission than your Innocence, and more safe to lay down your Command, than to forfeit your Soul. He is unfit for Rule, that cannot command Obedience.

I have seen Armies licentious beyond Measure, and insolent to Excess; one would have thought *Attila* with his *Huns* was once more returned to plague *Christendom*: Terror marched before the Camp, Desolation accompanied it, and a thousand Imprecations of undone Peasants followed it. *Mahomet* could not have acted more bloody Tragedies in *Europe*, nor the most irritated *Chri-*

stian Prince in *Asia*. They storm'd more Purfes than Towns, and wheel'd off from Counterscarps, to assault Hen-roofs and Sheep-cotes. They seem'd to take the Field; not to fight, but to plunder; and whilst the lawless Soldiers scatter'd Ruin with Fire and Sword, the Generals spread Defolation with Safe-guards: So that the Protection of these was more expensive than the Avarice of those, and Kindness was no less cruel than Fury. The Disorder was evident, though the Cause of it was disputed; some arraign'd the Weakness, others the Avarice of the Officers, and some the Insolence of the Soldiers. But whilst every one complain'd, the Mischief ran on without Limit, and only then a Remedy was applied, when the Disease was past Cure, *i. e.* when the Country could lose no more, nor the Army gain any more: And yet these fine Pranks were play'd among Friends and Allies. But if Friendship be so chargeable, it's not worth the Purchase; and I had rather lay my All at the Mercy of a Foe, than to give it to the Avarice of a Friend; for I believe he is no richer that is beggar'd by his Protector, than he that is ruined by his Enemy: And, methinks, to be hugg'd or pistol'd to death, is an equal Misfortune. You know, Sir, how many *Israelites* fell for the Sacrilege of one Man, and nothing could appease God's Anger, but the Execution of the Offender. How many Armies have melted away into nothing, for the same Cause? Mortality swept away whole Companies without Remedy, and buried Regiments without Honour. Though Soldiers and Officers smile at these Exorbitances, they will hereafter change their Mirth into a more doleful Key, unless they detest with Horror those Injustices they now applaud with Insolence. You must never draw your Sword but to defend Justice; and a General's commanding Staff, like the Club of *Hercules*, must always be heaved up to quell Monsters.

V.

Though a Soldier's Life be honourable, yet we must grant, that of all Professions it's the most miserable. The Prerogative of a private Centinel above a Slave lies

lies only in the Name ; and the Advantage, if any, stands for the *Gallerian* : For the Soldier is tied to continual Duty, and, like a Vagabond, is without House, and often without Cover. He is unprovided of Necessaries to supply his Wants, and of Patience to support 'em without Murmur. Yet he abandons his Friends, bids his Country farewell, to range about the World (like the wild *Tartars* in Tents) he throws himself upon Poverty, under a foreign Climate, and affronts Death for a Groat a Day. What an inconsiderable Salary is here for a Toil so slavish, crowded with such a Multitude of Dangers, and so far removed from the very Hope of Preferment ? Yet some Officers, in spite of Laws both human and divine, divide this Nothing, and so starve the Soldier to feed their Pride and Debauchery. They live high at others Expence, and carry on the Camp Diversion (Gaming) by Extortion. This *Pandora's Box* pours out a hundred Plagues upon the Army, for the Soldier must live ; if therefore the Captain purloins the Pay, and sets it aside to retrieve an unlucky Cast, or to stop a Camp-lady's Mouth, must he not draw Bills of Exchange upon the Country, *i. e.* give the Signal to plunder at Discretion, and upon his Honour promise Impunity ? I once took the Liberty to check a Captain for a Conduct so unchristian, and unnatural. Faith, Sir, said he, the Cards ran unkindly the other Day, my Guineas deserted to the Enemy, and I must recruit. This the only Way, and Custom has prevailed. So have, answered I, a great many ill Things besides. The highest Extravagances can plead a Precedent ; and if this sufficed to authorize an Action, Whores and Rogues would have a fine Time, and these scandalous Professions would become not only reputable, but innocent. But, Sir, Custom without Reason, is no better than Vice triumphant.

Besides, it cherishes Desertions, and so injures the Prince as well as the Subject. Who will drudge merely for Bastinadoes and Beggary ? This is uneasy, and those are neither creditable nor pleasing. Nay, Pain and Misery are insupportable, unless corrected by some sweetening Ingredients ; like Pills, they must be gilt, to

go down: For, believe me, Pain with Soldiers overrules Duty, and Sense of Indigence works stronger than that of Honour; their Reason is in the Ore, unpolished, and almost unfit for Service. Discourse and Reflection run very low with them, and Conscience lower. What then can keep these poor Wretches to their Colours, if their Subsistence be withdrawn? Nothing in Hand, with nothing in Reversion, is Beggary for Life. Such a State is miserable beyond Parallel; it's a kind of Dampnation that discards a Man not only of all Comfort, but even of Hope and Expectation, that buoy up the Spirits of Slaves. Their Fortune being so low, they know it cannot sink lower, and then its natural, by shifting Sides, to endeavour to be better: And thus we see Regiments grow thin without Battle, without Diseases, and Companies broken by mere Desertion. Severity will never heal this Evil. Despair forces People upon strange Courses. He who receives daily Unkindness from his Officer, and Injustice too, will rather for once venture the Gallows, than continually groan under the Tyranny.

Lean. Why don't the Soldiers complain? They are free-born Subjects, and under the Protection of the Law.

Euseb. Complain when the Plaintiff stands at the Bar, and the Defendant sits on the Bench, on which Side will the Balance turn? The Informer is immediately clapp'd up for Mutiny; and thus, at the same time, he forfeits his Pay, and lays his Life at the Mercy of a *Court-Marshal*. This Camp-Justice is ill-natured, and quick too; a Man is sent into the other World in a Moment, not for his own, but others Crimes. Good God! to take a Man's Purse, and then to bar him the Liberty to complain; to stretch him on the Rack, and then to torment him because he groans, has more of the Tyrant than of the Judge, and favours more of the Officer's Prerogative, than of the Liberty and Property of the Soldiers. It's the Duty of the high Officers to look into the Comportment of the lower, to stop these Grievances by Punishment or Casheering; if they wink at such Offenders, God will not connive at their criminal

nal Indulgence. *Lewis* the Fourteenth, in my Presence, did an Action worthy of his Greatness: Two Soldiers were led to Execution, as he enter'd into the Town; the poor Wretches cried out Mercy, and the King stopt; he inquired the Cause of their Punishment, and when he was told they had left their Colours, turning to the Prisoners, Friends, said he, what moved you to leave my Service? Were you paid? They replied, No: He sent for the Officers upon the Spot, examined the Accusation, and finding them guilty, he tore their Commissions, broke their Swords, and pardon'd the Prisoners. This Piece of Justice should stand upon Record for a Precedent, for an Example to Generals, and for a Terror to under Officers; and were it sometimes practised, I believe Desertion might be less frequent, and by consequence Camp-Executions.

VI.

Treat your Soldiers like Men, with Civility, not like Asses, with Clubs; Cruelty may break Bones, but will never heal Faults. I have seen the Cane raise Indignation often, but never Sorrow; it fetches out Thoughts of Revenge, but instils no Purpose of Amendment. People may be persuaded by Reason, not beaten by Blows out of their Errors. I was acquainted with a Captain; he was a Man of Punctilio and Ceremony, better at his Tongue than at his Weapon; he swore better than he fought, and was more famous for caning his Company, than for storming Half-moons. This young Huff commanded a Sergeant to pay him Respect, and followed the Command with this Rodomontade, *B. G. if you don't, I'll make a Devil of you.* But under his Worship's Favour, his Power answer'd not his Will; in spite of Menace, the Serjeant remain'd a Man, and a Christian. whilst my young Commander put on the Fiend: He was indeed unfurnish'd of Horns and cloven Feet, but under the Shape of a Man he possess'd all the Malice of *Satan*. He affected Respect, and by exacting it with Haughtiness and Empire, he fell into Contempt; for the Company huzza'd the Expression, and burlesqued my Gentleman by turning it to Ridicule. Nay, the

Drollery went so far, that the Spark was forced to throw up his Commission: And thus, instead of metamorphosing the other into a Devil, he made a Fool of himself. *David* with his Harp cured *Saul*, and played down the evil Genius that haunted him; but certainly Curses and Imprecations have not that healing Quality. A Man may swear himself into Hell, but he'll scarce blaspheme another into his Duty; this horrid Custom must be banish'd without Reserve, without Limitation; it's too foul to be screen'd by any Pretext of Affront or Insolence; it grates upon Hearing; it's dishonourable to our Almighty Creator, and dangerous in Example. Can't an Officer right himself, without affronting God? Can't he exact Obedience, without disobeying the Laws of Heaven? Or has he a mind to correct a Soldier's Offence at the Expence of his own Innocence, and to purchase Respect at the Price of Damnation?

There are other Means to let People know their Distance, without being ill natured, or impious: Put on a handsome Behaviour, let the Soldier have his Due, hear his Grievances with Patience, and redress 'em with Expedition. When he offends, use Reproof oftener than the Cane, and correct not one Fault by committing another. Let not *damn'd Dog*, *Devil*, or *Son of a Whore*, pass your Lips; the Dialect is unbecoming a Gentleman, and below a Christian. Though there be a Difference between a private Centinel and an Officer, yet such Language magnifies the Inequality beyond Proportion; they are of the same Species, and inherit equally the common Prerogatives of the Kind; they have the same Relation to God, to Reason, and Immortality. The Centinel has five Senses, the General has no more; and if the private Soldier be virtuous, and the Officer vicious, the whole Advantage lies on his Side. Indeed one has a Commission, but this is often the Effect of Chance or Money, not of Merit; and though it may set you upon the higher Ground, it adds nothing to your real Worth. The Equality therefore being so even, let not the Treatment be disproportioned; reflect you speak to Men, not to Beasts; to free-born Subjects, not to Slaves.

Be generous and free, give not too much to Familiarity, nor stand off in Reserve. Be courageous in the Field, moderate in Conversation; and if you model your Conduct by these Rules, Men will esteem your Parts, and respect your Person; but if you intend to baltinado Soldiers into Respect, or to hector 'em into Love, you will miss of your Aim. These are the Effects of Kindness, not of Violence; you may perchance have their Hats, but not their Hearts; they will fear, but never love you. Now fear is commonly the Parent of Hatred, and when this Passion has once seized on the Soldiers, I would counsel the Officer to withdraw; he is less secure among his Guards, than in the Battalions of the Enemy: For Hatred is daring, and seldom fails of doing Mischief when it has the Advantage.

VII.

Leander, punish Faults; in God's Name; but with the Mercy of a Judge, not with the Cruelty of a Tyrant. Convince the Regiment of your Behaviour, Justice pronounced the Sentence, not Passion; and remember Compassion in the Height of Severity. Leave some Time between the Sentence and the Execution; who is brought in guilty To-day, may be found not guilty To-morrow; it's never too late to execute a Criminal, but always too soon to murder an Innocent. Besides, Death is a Moment on which an Eternity depends. Is it not therefore a Cruelty beyond the Barbarity of Tyrants, to throw a poor Creature off the Ladder in a Hurry, before he reflects where he is going? Did not Christ redeem a private Centinel, as well as a General? Because he has forfeited his Claim to Life, has he no Pretension to Heaven? Give him therefore Time to provide for the future, that he may be happy in the next World, though he goes out of this on a Scaffold. Let him have Leisure to survey the present State of his Soul, to prepare for a Removal, and to arm himself with Sorrow for the fatal Blow. Furnish him a Divine for Comfort and Instruction; a Man under the Apprehension and Terror of Death wants some Support, Courage alone will not keep him in

an equal Situation, nothing but an atheistical Bravery or Christian Sanctity can sweeten the Passage, and abate its Horror; *i. e.* to receive the Stroke without Concern, we must have led such virtuous Lives as give us a firm Hope of future Bliss, or believe we end in nothing, and so shall neither be capable of Happiness or Misery.

I believe few Soldiers, at this Pinch, receive much Relief from the Prospect of their past Lives: For tho' Virtue be their Business, it seldom finds a Place in their Thoughts, much less in their Practice. In the Summer their Minds run upon Sieges, Battles, or Plunder, and are continually on the Catch for Booty or Slaughter. In Winter they plunge into Debauchery, and try, by indulging Sense, to blot out the Memory of past Fatigues: So that their Lives are a Tissue of Robbery or Riot; they live in a State of Sin, and by consequence march on thro' daily Transgressions to Damnation.

A poor Creature, who has not sinned away the Belief of another World, nor steeled his Conscience, must be stunned when he sees Death before him, a thousand unnatural Crimes within him, a Judge upon the Bench ready to pronounce the Sentence, and Devils to execute it; this dismal Prospect will pall his Spirits, and may sooner cast him into Fits of Despair, than into Transports of Sorrow. The Devil will easily persuade him God is as inexorable as the Court-marshal, and that he will fall from the Gibbet into unquenchable Flames.

Now a charitable Divine may remove these Terrors, by opening the Mercies of God, and the boundless Treasures of his Goodness; he may bring him to Repentance by an expressive Representation of the Torments below, and of the Joys above; and will an Officer that professes Christianity, that knows God will treat him in the next World, as he deals with his Brother in this, refuse so small a Condescension?

But if the Criminal be tainted with atheistical Principles, he may, indeed, die without Concern or Apprehension of the Future; but alas! will the Disbelief of God exempt him from Judgment, or of Hell from Fire and Brimstone? Tho' an Atheist places God among the Chimera's, he is a very real Thing; and tho' he ral-

lies

lies upon Hell, he will scarce laugh out his Flames : No, he will certainly know there is a God by the Sentence of Damnation ; and tho' his Reason disowned a Hell, Sense will confute the Error. Now a little Time and good Counsel may reclaim such a Creature, and a precipitated Execution will certainly damn him. Is it not worth the while to make a Tentative at least ? If he refuse Advice, his Miscarriage will lie at his own Door ; if you deny him Time and an Instructor, God will cast it at yours.

Let him also, if possible, receive the Holy Sacrament ; the Means instituted by our Saviour for Salvation are his Right ; and whosoever invades this, stands guilty at God's Tribunal of something more hideous than Murder. God revenged the innocent Blood of *Abel* on guilty *Cain*, and will he wink at the Damnation of a Soul ? No, no ; those who shut the Gate of Mercy against their Brethren, mure it up against themselves ; they provoke God to retaliate their Cruelty in the next World, and oftentimes in this ; and if he suffers such Monsters to flourish, we may be sure he is angry, for present Impunity is the deepest Revenge, because it forebodes a future Misery. Plead not the Severity of military Laws ; no Court of human Justice has Power over Souls, these come not within the Verge of their Jurisdiction : God alone is their lawful Judge ; to dispense Rewards, and ordain Punishments, is his Prerogative.

VIII.

Procure a Chaplain, that your Regiment may be trained up in the Discipline of Christ, as well as of *Mars* : But be circumspect in the Choice, receive not those who seek a Sanctuary in the Camp against the Pursuit of their Bishops ; such Men are more fit for a Jail than for the Pulpit, and rather deserve Penance than Preferment. Those who cast off all Care of their own Souls, will scarce take to Heart the Salvation of their Neighbour ; and those who run down Virtue in Practice, will not heartily preach it up at the Head of the Regiment. It is more probable, they will improve those Vices in the Army they took up in Town, and finish the Debaucheries

baucheries in *Flanders*, they only began in *England*. I saw the Chaplain of an *Hanoverian* Regiment run twice the Gauntlet in a public Street, and then turned out of his Regiment for his Behaviour. Indeed the Punishment was extraordinary, but his Manners deserved it; and the Officers concluded nothing but a public Animadversion was able to atone for the Heinousness of the Scandal. How are Men that want Reformation likely to reform Soldiers? They may open the Gate to Disorders, and scatter the Plague they carry about them, but will never stop the Current of one Vice, either by Counsel or Instruction.

You must have a Man of an approved Virtue, whose Example edifies as well as his Tongue; and who, tho' he preaches well, lives better. A Man that neither flatters the Pride of some, nor keeps pace with the unwarrantable Ambition of others; who neither courts Greatness, nor fawns on Dignity, but is above all the little Views of Interest and Pleasure. A Man who hopes for nothing, will fear nothing; he will no more pardon Vice in Commission than in the Centry-box, and will no more suffer the Excesses of a Colonel, than of a private Soldier. A Man that matches Zeal with Prudence, and knows how to time Reproof, and nick Exhortation, will do Wonders, though he works no Miracle; he will neither stretch his Patent out of Arrogance, nor shrink it out of Baseness and Servility; but will keep up to his Character, and maintain the Dignity of his Post, and the Prerogative of his Profession: And indeed, who does otherwise, exposes himself to Contempt, renders his Instructions insignificant, and makes himself despicable and cheap.

What a Reformation would a Chaplain thus equipped make in a Regiment? No Vice would withstand his Zeal, no Sin appear in his Presence; his Words would be received like Oracles by the Soldiers, and the whole Regiment would fear him as a Censor, and love him as a Father; and when once a Soldier is taught to live well, he is fit for any Enterprize: For whoever dares look the other World in the Face, will charge thro' all the Terrors of this.

IX.

When the General commands you upon Service, receive his Orders with Submission, and execute 'em with Valour; regard less the Difficulty of the Enterprize than your Duty; and when you have done your Part, leave the Event to Providence. Success oftentimes lies out of our Reach, and forsakes Prudence and Valour to wait on Temerity. Lay your Designs with Wisdom, carry them on with Resolution, and you have discharged your Duty.

Expose not your Person out of a mere Punctilio, nor refuse a Post out of a Prospect of Danger; Life is more valuable than Grimace, and less than Reputation. It is worth coming into the World to make a handsome and honourable *Exit*, and more creditable for a Cavalier to fall in the Field, than to come off with Infamy.

I laugh at those fiery Hot-spurs, who (like *Salamanders*) can only breathe in Smoak and Flames; they are never well but when they stand within an Inch of Ruin; they are for trying a Rubber at Loggerheads with Cannon-bullets, and for knocking out their Brains against Half-moons and Bastions; nay, they cannot live out of the Reach of the Enemy's Batteries, and are ready to expire out of fear of living too long; they dun the General to be sent upon every Attack, when neither Duty nor Prudence require their Service, and, like the *Indian Women*, who rave to cast themselves upon their Husband's Funeral-pile, bear a Repulse with Indignation. Now in my Judgment this is to mistake Courage for Temerity, and to place Bravery in Folly.

J. W. was of this Temper; he bore a Command in the Cavalry, yet in spite of Dissuasion would leave his Horse to court Honour on Foot; he stormed a *Counter-scarp*, and was the first Man that fell in the Action; he run on without Reason, and was brought off without Life, without Reputation; all pitied his Misfortune, tho' Nobody excused his Conduct; some stiled him brave, but not one durst venture to call him prudent. Bullets distinguish rash Volunteers in the Crowd, and Providence seems to withdraw its Protection from Stragglers, and to leave them to the Government of another Influence.

I know indeed we throw this Heat on a Pretence of Preferment. We must, cry they, distinguish ourselves from the Crowd, and do more than our Fellows to plead Merit. A Soldier indeed must look above his own Station; he who confines his Desires to a moderate Post, deserves none; to be content with a mean Commission, marks a narrow Soul, and ungenerous Inclination; it's a Symptom of more Phlegm than Heat, and that he is rather cut out for a Shop, than for the Camp. Distinguish therefore yourself, in God's Name, but affect not to be remarkable for Folly: Though *Bethlem* be in the Way to *Hoxton*, certainly it lies out of the Road to *Promotion*. Life was given by our Almighty Creator for a noble End, and therefore we must not expose it foolishly; I would no more throw it up out of a Bravado, than out of a Pet, nor sacrifice it rashly in a Fight, more than in a Duel.

But when a noble Occasion presents; an Occasion that will stand the *Ordeal* of Reason, and can be pleaded to Advantage, though it be not followed by Success, let it not slip by, but lay hold of it with Joy and Transport, and thank the General for the Honour of the Opportunity. Exert a Resolution equal to the Difficulty, and do to the Height of the Enterprize. Discover nothing that is low, nothing that is boisterous, nothing that argues Fear, or betrays Presumption; be more solicitous how to go on, than how to come off, and take a greater Care of your Carriage, than of your Life. These Occasions are not rare in our modern Camps; they open a fair Prospect to Preferment, by giving Matter to Courage, and Merit to work upon, and though we fall, it is in the Discharge of our Duty; and such a Man may look this World in the Face, and, what is more, the other too, if nothing else hinders. To die in the Defence of our Post is honourable in the Sight of Men, and of God also, if we refine our Motive, and dispute our Ground out of a Point of Duty: Nay, it's an easy Passage, though violent; for a Bullet or a Rapier does our Business more gently than a Fever.

X.

If your Merit raises you to the noble Degree of General, let your Zeal for your Prince fly as high as your Station; Favours call for Gratitude, and a Subject can only return this natural Duty by Service. Remember in the first Place you are to act as a public Person, and therefore no private Design must regulate your Conduct. The Honour of a brave Action may carry you off, but your Master must go away with the Profit.

High Posts are intoxicating, they often fly up to the Brain, and turn our Heads; they take away the Memory of our former State, and persuade us we are not Men so soon as we become great. Though we are never so big, such a Conceit makes us little, and gives a convincing Proof that our Judgment falls short of our Dignity. Alas! these ornamental Privileges are but a decent Varnish that lies on the Superficies; they are a Royal Impression stamped upon us; but this changes not the Metal, this gives no intrinsic Value, but either supposes Merit or Favour: Besides, such an over-weening Conceit of yourself is a Mark of Pride. Now this, tho' practised by all, is hated by every one; it tempts even those who made you great, to make you less, and draws your Friends to be Enemies; it will alienate your Officers, and if you have not their Hearts, you will want their Hands upon Occasion: For whosoever wishes another lower, will endeavour to bring him down.

Beware of Rashness; this is the Bane of Generals, yet they easily slip into it, because it often carries the Appearance, and borrows the very Name of Courage; however, it is of another Race, and nothing allied to that Virtue; the one descends in a direct Line from Prudence, the other from Folly and Presumption. Success seldom waits on Temerity; twice I find it prosperous and triumphant, in *Asia* under *Alexander the Great*, and in *G.* under *Aurelius*; the First (as *Curtius* notes) by his Rashness won an Empire, and the Second almost lost one. But these Examples are rare, and the Captain that frames his Conduct by theirs, steers by Hazard, and will not likely find Fortune so favourable.

Go

Go upon the surest Method Prudence and Thought can suggest; leave nothing, if possible, to Chance: It's true, indeed, you will not engage so often, but then you will seldom be overcome. Now methinks it is wiser to keep one's Ground, than out of Presumption and Eagerness to lose it. Take therefore as sure Measures as if you put no Confidence in Valour; but when you come to Action, fight as if you trusted in your Sword alone. Courage may be trepanned, but seconded by Caution and Conduct, it is invincible. But if Numbers over-top you, if Chance out-wits Prudence, and Multitude bears down Virtue; in fine, if you are forced to abandon the Field, and to leave Victory behind, you may carry off your Honour untouched, and may stand the Stroke of Satire and Calumny without a Blush.

Fortune is unstable, neither constant to her Friends, nor implacable to her Enemies, never long in the same Situation, never true to the same Interest; now on this Side, now on that, but faithful to neither, and suspected by all. You must therefore expect a Mixture of bad and good Success; now Victory will perch on your Standards, now 'twill fly over to your Enemies; sometimes you will conquer, and sometimes you will be overcome. Generals always march in a Circle of Prosperity and Misfortune; let not one swell your Confidence too big, nor the other shrink your Courage; neither presume, nor despond; in the one State fear a Check, in the other hope for an Advantage.

A Victory that intoxicates the Conqueror is more dangerous than a Defeat; it disarms Caution, instils Negligence, and lulls us asleep with a traitorous Security: Now whosoever lies under these Disadvantages, stands at the Mercy of an Enemy; and tho' he leads an Army of Lions, 'twill be routed by another of Stags.

What lost *U. M.* at *To.* but this haughty Humour? Success had turned his Brain, and dismounted his Reason; he fought a Battle, and won Applause; but tho' he brought off *U. M.* he left the General behind. He was no more the same Man, his usual Prudence abandoned him, the Vapours of Pride smoaked and smothered

thered him out of Counsel and Caution; so that at *To.* he lost the Day, before the Fight began. Never any Man ranged his Men with less Judgment, nor took more disadvantageous Ground; one Wing, was unable to succour the other, the Foot was of no Support to the Horse; one would have thought he played Booty, and resolved to try the Chagrin of a Defeat.

On the other side, a Captain must not sink under a Misfortune: To suppose all lost, is a short way to lose all in earnest. When Fortune is at a low Ebb, expect it will soon flow, and when it frowns, hope it will soon smile. The brave Duke *Weymar* received a dismal Check from the Imperialists, but tho' his Troops were overthrown, his Heart was not overcome; nay, his Courage rose with his Fall, his Pulse beat higher, and he resolved the next Day to wash out the Disgrace of the former with the Blood of his Conquerors: He kept his Word, and gained an intire Victory, and *Brisac*, as the Price of Resolution: So that the News of his Victory overtook that of his Loss, and his Glory posted through *Europe* as swift as his Misfortune. Had he not lain under a Cloud, his Merits had shined less; the Disgrace of the first Day redoubled the Glory of the second.

I hate those Generals who drill on Wars out of Pride and Interest; they may be good Soldiers, but cannot be good Christians; they make the Interest of the Prince truckle to their own, and sacrifice the public Tranquillity to their private Ends. Provinces must welter in Blood, and Cities flame, to crowd your Anti-chamber with Visitants that fawn on your Dignity, not on your Person; and are as ready to bow to your Lacquey, had he a Commander's Staff, as to yourself. Must People groan under all the Pangs of Poverty, to pay your Safe-guards? And agonize under Hunger, to furnish your Table? That you may be necessary to the State, the Subject must be fleeced by Taxes, and Commerce sink to raise your Fortune. Perchance such a Conduct may nick with Policy, but it bids Defiance to the Gospel. The Marshal *de Byron* was of this Humour; for when his Son prosecuted a Victory

Victory, *Halt*, cries he, *have you a mind to plant Cabbages at Byron*: This Man had much of your petty Surgeons, who never close a Patient's Wound till they have drained his Purse. He had drawn much Christian Blood, and in the End spilt his own in a Skirmish. Believe me, *Leander*, it is more glorious to end a War with Advantage, than to continue it with Bravery; and I would more respect a General without Attendance in a Hackney, that has obliged a Nation with a Peace, than him who rides at the Head of an Army in Triumph, and plunges it into an expensive War.

This is a Summary of your Duty, and I could wish our Soldiers would spend some cool and serious Thoughts upon the Subject; they would not, I am confident, fight worse, and might die better. How often have I pitied the Blindness of our Men? They encountered Danger like Lions, they fought like Heroes, and expired like Beasts; they had no Concern for this Life, and no Thought of the other; Ignorance had so powerfully seized on their Understanding, they quite forgot the Interest of Eternity. Ah, *Leander*, if you value not Life, be tender at least of your Soul; it was made for Glory, why will you give it over to Torments?

Lean. These Precepts, if obligatory, are very seasonable; but our Officers will not easily own they concern the Camp: I am sure they are not in Use, and am apt to think they have been repealed by a Court-marshal, or are fallen by Prescription. Nay, the Camp, as well as *Black-friars*, is a privileged Ground, and as Mr. *Hobbs* maintained the Gospel did not bind any Commonwealth till received by the Magistrate, so some are of Opinion it must not come within a League of the Army, without a Pass-port from the General. Indeed, a red Coat seems to exempt us from the Incumbrance of Divine Precepts, for we govern our Conduct not by the Civil, but wholly by the Canon Law. Our Business is to make the most of his Life, without any Thought of the future; we feed high, till our Purse runs low; we pamper Nature, and drink down Reason, dice away our Pay, and send a File of Curses after

after it; and thus we level away one Part of our Time, and blaspheme away the other, till a Bullet or a Stab packs us away into the other World without Warning, and, what is worse, without Preparation.

Euseb. Without Preparation do you say? That is a Mistake; for you must know our Men of War have voted a *Turkish* Principle free Denison of the Gospel, viz. *That whoever dies for his Prince, suffers for Religion*: This Persuasion I assure you gets Ground, and may in time be improved to a fundamental Point of the Soldier's Religion. When I was in the Army, an Officer, the very Scandal of the Camp, was wounded; he had no Sense of God, no Tincture of Religion, and his Life squared exactly with his Belief. Well, *Tom*, said I to his Man, How does thy Master?

He is in Rest, replied he.

In Rest, said I, did he make his Peace with God?

No, answered *Tom*, he breathed out his Soul with a Curse. *But he died in the King's Service.*

In the King's Service, said I, is that sufficient?

Sufficient, replied *Tom*! ay, my Life for yours: Why, Sir, he died in the Bed of Honour. The Simplicity of the Fellow forced me to smile, and his Ignorance to weep. He had heard his Betters preach this Doctrine, and he espoused it without Examen; and indeed it is the Officer's Interest to send it round, for if once it be well established, Recruits will come in Shoals without Beat of Drum, or the Trouble of Kidnapping: For, I assure you, good Pay, Pleasure, and Impunity, and Heaven in the Rear, are powerful Attractives. Who would not venture a Stab, or charge up to a Cannon's Mouth for such a Crowd of Advantages?

But, alas! Sir, when People sport with Religion, and burlesque those Things they should revere, it is a sign they have discarded Principles, and are resolved to die like the *Beasts that perish*.

Lean. Do you think Religion is banished the Camp? Why, Sir, I fear we have rather too much than too little.

Euseb. The Camp is divided into two Bodies, yet tho' they run different Ways, they meet in the End. Some
are

are for all Religions, and then how can they be in the wrong? Those Gentlemens Church, like a *Cheeder-cheese*, is made of the Milk of one-and-twenty Parishes. Others deny all Religion, and those can hardly be in the Right; yet after all, at the Bottom they are all Brethren, and of the same Communion: For Soldiers, in *Tom's* Divinity, whoever they are, and whatever they are, provided they serve the King, are God's People, and the Wolves and Sheep make up the same Fold.

But, in good Earnest, Sir, setting Raillery apart, those Notions of Religion are hideous; in a poor *Brazilian* they move Pity and Compassion, but I cannot hear an *Englishtman* vent such Stuff without Indignation. Example and Immorality have spread the Contagion, why may not the virtuous and regular Behaviour of Officers stop the Infection; Virtue, I believe, is catching, as well as Vice, and as capable of being dilated by Example; the Matter is of Concern, and deserves a Trial, and I know no Man more qualified to begin the Experiment than yourself: Your Post gives you Authority and Respect, and as it raises you above the Crowd, so it exposes your Actions to the View of the Public; and if they breathe Piety, the Perfume may reach and charm your Inferiors; and if once they gain so far as to be approved, Imitation follows; for the Passage from one to the other is short and easy.

Lean. I will endeavour to live up to the Principles of Religion, and to wash out the Stains of my former Life by a thorow Reformation. I will countenance Virtue, and keep under Discipline the public Professors of Impiety, and proclaim Regularity the Way to Promotion in my Regiment.

Euseb. If you can draw over to your Resolution the Great Officers of the Army, the Method will take. Condemn Debauchery once or twice to the Gauntlet, and 'twill sculk in the Dark, and withdraw to Privacy; for who will dare to abet it in Public, when he knows he shall be marked with Infamy, and feel the just Indignation of his Officer? And then if Goodness be rewarded in this World, as well as in the other; if there be no way to rise but by Virtue, and he be the highest

highest in the General's Favour, who is most in God's, Men will carry on their Pretensions, not by Bluster or Blasphemy, but by the more warrantable Methods of Piety. They will make Goodness the Step to Greatness, and deserve a Commission before they have it. Nay, I dare promise Success to all your Enterprizes, if once the Army be modelled by Virtue; for besides that, God watches over his Friends, and takes them under his Protection. Vice is a Coward, and no Man dares look Death in the Face, that fears to be damned: But Virtue, that dreads nothing in the next World, fears nothing in this but Sin.

I wish you Success, and although your Design miscarries, the Undertaking is heroical; for it is more noble to storm Impiety, than to carry a Town; and I had rather bring a Regiment to the Service of God, than force a Province to the Obedience of a Prince. You must expect Opposition, for Vice is stubborn, and loses Ground by Inches: Nothing but Force and Constancy can gain upon it, Flesh and Blood will strike in with it, Custom and Example will go over to the same Interest; but if you bear up with Resolution, if you carry on the Attack with Courage, and flag not in the Execution, the Advantage will lie on your Side; and tho' the Victory be not complete, the Glory of the Action will. Well, Sir, continued *Eusebius* with a Smile, we have taken a sufficient View of the Camp, it is time now to return to the Court.

Lean. I wait upon you, and shall be glad of your Company; for tho' the Queen has been pleased to favour me lately with an Office, yet I am unacquainted with the Ground, and a mere *Ignoramus* in the Ceremonial of Behaviour. I fear sometimes to be too much for Ceremony, sometimes too little; and that I drop Smiles, when I should let fall a Frown.

D I A L O G U E IX.

Eusebius instructs Leander in the Duties of a Courtier.

Euseb. **T**HE Court has been the Subject of a thousand Satires, and the Theme of as many Panegyrics; and if Invective has misrepresented it on the one Hand, Flattery has over-flourished it on the other. If we believe those, like the Sea, it's in a perpetual Motion, and as infamous for Ship-wrecks as *Sylla* and *Charybdis*; it's a kind of a *Turkish Marmora*, inhabited by Slaves who have lost their Wits with their Liberty, and hug their Chains because they glitter: In fine, it's the Palace of Vice, the Seat of Misery; and if by chance Virtue shews its Face, it's only saluted with Sarcasim and Raillery.

But if we credit its Admirers, Lord how the Character varies! One would think Men could not draw so different Features in the same Face. Those Gentlemen represent it with another Air; every Stroke marks Greatness, every Dash of the Pensil Majesty and Charm; it's a Commonwealth (like that of the *Romans*) composed of Grandeur and Merit. The first-rate Officers are Princes, and the lowest Knights at least. The Air, like that of *Ireland*, is mortal to Toads and Spiders. Nothing that disoblige the Eye, or grates upon the Ear, or ruffles the Senses, can pass the Porter's Lodge. Care, Solicitude, and Melancholy, have no Access, and those Misfortunes that wait on other People fly from Courtiers: so that they only know Miseries by other's Ruin. In fine, in one Man's Fancy the Court is a Hell, in another's a Heaven. We are miserable in it if we believe some, and cannot be happy out of it, if we credit others.

But with Submission, all are mistaken; some throw too much Dirt upon the Court, others too much Lustre; some paint it too black, others too white; and they are no less guilty who magnify its Faults, than those who enlarge beyond Measure upon its Perfections. For, in a Word, the Court is not all Guilt, nor all Innocence:

it's

it's stain'd with great Vices, and adorn'd with great Virtues; it teaches to live well, and tempts us to do ill. Some make in it great Fortunes, and others ruin greater. There is Pleasure, and there is Pain, Glory and Reproach; Hope lodges in one Apartment, and Despair in another; in fine, it's a Soil over-run with Poisons, and fertile in Antidotes: So that a Man must stand upon his Guard, and walk with Reserve and Caution. He must beware of a treacherous Confidence, and arm himself against a cowardly Pusillanimity. I doubt not, Sir, but you have examined the Map of this new World, and made a Provision of Necessaries for your Voyage; you are embark'd for the Temple of Honour, the Road is intricate, and beset with Dangers, the Journey long.

Lean. I have, God be thank'd, the Education of the University and Academy; I handle my Sword not ill; *Corelli* has taught me to play, and *Abel* to sing; and besides, I am a Gentleman: These Advantages suit with my Circumstances, and I presume they will in Time improve my Fortune, and raise me to the Post of Honour.

Euseb. Nay, Sir, your Equipage is glorious, you have laid in with Profusion for your Journey, and if you miscarry, Fortune alone must bear the Blame of the Disappointment. A Man that pleads for Preferment with Escutcheon and Title, with the Sword in one Hand, and such Accomplishments in the other, must undoubtedly carry the Suit: For here are Arguments of all Complexions; some are tipt with Authority, others flash Terror, and some again shoot Charms. Now unless her Majesty's Breast be faced with Steel, she will yield to such battering Engines, and never dispute the conferring of a Dignity courted with so much Bravery, and woo'd with so much Harmony and Sweetness.

But for all that, Sir, I would counsel you to procure more proper Instruments to work with, for I fear these will not do. I have known Gentlemen well-born wait at Court the moving of the Waters seven long Winters, and yet they fared no better than the lame Man in the Gospel, somebody always stept before 'em;

'em; so that they were forced to retreat into the Country with a light Purse, and a heavy Heart, and to rig out their leaky Vessel for a new Voyage; and though you are a Master at your Rapier, you must not build too much upon this Advantage: for though it may be of use in the Field, it's of none in the Court: Men do not tilt themselves into Posts in our Age, nor hew and hack out Fortunes like Knights-errant in Romances. Your Scourers look well in Taverns, and have some Repute at the Play-house, but none in Court; here People are for sleeping in a whole Skin, and for spinning out the Thread of Life to the last Extent of Nature: They'll not hazard a single Pulse, but upon good Caution, and extraordinary Payment; in fine, Sir, they are of Opinion that a Sword hangs more conveniently by the Side, than in the Lungs.

Musick indeed is a pretty Accomplishment, and had you the Touch of old *Timotheus*, I would be bound for your Advancement; for this Artist tied *Alexander's* Passions to his Finger's End, he could play the Conqueror into the Transports of *Hercules furens*, and then take him down in a Moment. Now had you such a commanding Stroke, I conceive you might play, or sing yourself into her Majesty's Favour; but the Secret is lost, or few improve to this Pitch of Perfection; for though we have a List of those who have risen by the Law, I cannot find one who owes his Title to the Fiddle or the Voice. Sometimes indeed a Man may play his Way to an Heiress's Heart, but these Adventures are rare, and it's hard to chop upon the *Dorion* that will find the Way from the *Tympanum* to the Soul; for though the Cut be short, it's intricate, and the Harmony faints in the Passage.

Lean. Pray, Sir, appoint me Tools to work with.

Euseb. Lay in a good Provision of Humility, furnish yourself with Patience for seven Years at least, and forget not a competent Stock of Assurance.

Lean. You are upon a Vein of Banter, or have a mind to divert me. Why, Sir, I would as soon appear at Court in my Grandfather's Ruff, or trunk Hose, as in that outlandish Equipage. Indeed Assurance is the
proper

proper Growth of the Court Soil, it thrives there to Admiration; but Humility and Patience require another Climate.

Euseb. There is no Banter, no Pleasantry in the Case. I am upon a serious Pin, and counsel you again to provide yourself with Humility and Patience; nay, an ordinary Pittance, let me tell you, will not carry you through; you must bid fair for the Humility of *Paul*, and aim at the Patience of *Job*; without these Instruments you will never beat out a Fortune, you will sink in the Enterprize, and after a seven Years Jaunt find yourself in the Place you set out.

Lean. A Reason, if you please. My Lord *L.* stands in a high Post, and makes a fluttering Figure, yet I never heard he was a great Pretender to Humility; nay, I am informed he is Pride in Life, and Vanity in Person; he keeps no Correspondence with his Friends, and, as if he had taken a Morning's Draught of *Lethe*, remembers the past no more than he foresees the future: To conclude, he is within an Ace of forgetting his Family; and if he steps a Peg higher, he will certainly forget himself.

And then why should Patience be so necessary for me? Has not *K.* bore all before him without it? This little Mustard-seed is grown up into a Tree, and gives Cover and Protection to twenty small Insects, that in good Time may return Ingratitude for the Favour. Now this Gentleman is not only void of Patience, but even of all Pretensions to it; a mere Weather-cock, that looks East and West in a Moment, and turns tail to all the Points in the Compass: He is so far from executing a noble Design, that he has not the Patience to lay one; and this fickle Distemper has got so surprising an Ascendant over him, that he will not even take the Pains to think. But if you take Patience for a Virtue, that enables a Man to suffer Contrarieties with Calmness and Equality of Temper, he is a mere Stranger to it, and as unacquainted as with the *Great Mogul*, or *Prestor John*. A Gnat by chance tickled his Cheek, the Man flew out into all the Extravagancies of Passion, he fell upon the poor Insect's Family with all the Heat of Rage

and Anger; he rogu'd and rascal'd the innocent Animal, and then son-of-a-whor'd it like a Scavenger; and though I endeavour'd to discourse down the Fogue, and to philosophize the Gentleman into Terms of Moderation, his Choler was too hard for Arguments, till he seized on the Criminal, and condemned it for a Mute to the Presb. Nor was he more bearing with his own Species; I have seen him swagger at a Footman for saying *he was at home*, and brow-beat his Porter for saying *he was not*: He acted always by Contraries, so that some thought his Pleasure was to be displeased, and that he never was in *humour* but when he was *out of it*. Now such a Behaviour looks as if he was conscious of his own Demerits, and that he had nothing but Out-side, and Clamour, and Bad-nature, to make him considerable. Yet this Man has out-stript his Neighbours, and left 'em out of Sight; he tumbles no more on the low Ropes, but vaults on the high; and though he was once below Contempt, he may shortly soar above Envy.

Euseb. One Swallow makes no Summer, and one Instance will not bear an universal Inference. Such Conclusions are not to be trusted, we are in an Age of Discoveries on Land as well as by Sea, and if a few have steer'd through a North-East Passage, *i. e.* a shorter Cut to Preferment, others must double the *Cape of Good Hope*; this is the beaten Road, and though it be longest, it's the most secure Way to Honour. Once more, therefore, let me advise you to lay in a good Fund of Humility and Patience.

Lean. I cannot yet be convinced of the Necessity of this Provision; nay, methinks I may jog fairly on without it.

Euseb. Not convinced? Pray attend: Must you not fawn on this Favourite, and bow to the other? Must not you fly to his *Levee*, and make as many apish Cringes as a *French Dancing-master* to this Rising-sun? Nay, with the old *Persians*, you must commence Idolaters, and incense this glaring Planet with all the Perfumes of Flattery and Affectation. You must place his Courage above *Alexander's*, his Conduct above *Cæsar's*, and

and his Policy above the greatest Ministers of State. You must espouse his Sentiments, humour his Inclinations, excuse his Vices, magnify his Virtues, and turn all his Follies into Apothegms; for you must wind yourself into his Favour before you can enter into his Service, and become his Slave to pretend to be his Creature. Nay, you must creep to *Valet de Chambres*, see *Pages*, and bend to *Commis*, who have nothing considerable but an Office, nothing great but Pride and Brutality.

In a certain Court I had the Fortune to be acquainted with a Duke; he desired my Company to a Minister of State upon Business, but the *Bashaw* was indisposed, *i. e.* not to be accosted; however, out comes a petty Scrivener with a Pen in his Ear (or to speak in the Court Dialect) an Under Secretary; the Gentleman was so starch'd, so formal, and so supercilious, that I mistook him for the Master. His Grace saluted him to the Ground, and in a Moment ran through all the Discipline of a Dancing-school; he plied the *Commis* with Volleys of Compliments, out comes first *tres humble*, *tres obeissant* treads upon the Heels of the former, and *Valet* leads up the Rear. *Office*, I assure you, over-topt *Grace*; and the Pen had the Advantage of the Sword. This Mushroom stood on Tipto, and returned *Monsieur le Duc* this short Oracle, *On songera à votre Affaire*. The Promise called for an Acknowledgment, and the noble Peer paid it with Profusion and Interest. He stooped so low, that at last I apprehended he was laying down his *Cordon Blue* for a Livery. At our Return, Well, Monsieur, said I, Audiences run high in this Country, and Promises are taxed at unconscionable Rates: Pretendants are put under excessive Contribution, and you must regard Interest above Honour, why else do you prostitute Quality to so vile a Wretch? For my Part, I think you have purchased his Favour; and were I in your Circumstances, I would never descend so low to soar higher. No, Sir, I scorn to trample on a Peasant, and as much to sneak to a Sultan. My Duke lash'd at an extravagant Rate the Pride of that Vermin, and swore he would sit on his Skirts; he

alleged for his Excuse Custom, and palliated his Submission with the Necessity of his Affairs. This put me in mind of what Cyprian says to *Donatus*, *Behold that Courtier; how he sits in Scarlet! Did you but know how many Submissions, unworthy of his Rank, it has cost him; How many Affronts; How often he has besieged the Gates of Favourites, and run before the Coaches of disdainful Princes; you would rather pity his Person, than envy his Fortune.* In fine, *Leander*, you must take it as a *Postulatum*, that honourable Posts are not entail'd on Merit; that many Persons well furnish'd for Employment, go out of the World as obscurely as they came in, merely because they will not make themselves less to become greater, nor descend below the Level of a Gentleman to obtain a Patent of Peerage. You may learn by this, that Courtiers are *Gens servituti nata*, as well as the Romans in *Tiberius's* Time. Though they maintain their Dignity with Haughtiness and Empire, they purchase it with Condescension and Submission; and that though they are proud to Excess, when their *Babel* is built, they are humble beyond Measure, when they provide Materials to rear in.

It's a superfluous Piece of Labour to prove the Necessity of Patience, the Matter is beyond Dispute, and as clear as Experience and Fact can make it. You remember the Answer an old *French* Courtier returned a Youngster, who was very inquisitive to know how he should behave himself at *Versailles*. *Receive*, said he, *daily Injuries with Indifference, and pay Affronts with Thanks.* You must practise this Lesson, if you intend to thrive; for, as I have told you, Merit and Reward go not always together: One would think some blind Deity influenced the Court, and that all things were managed by Hazard, or Partiality; you will see a Man of Parts turn'd over to the *Kitchen*, and a Fop sneak into the *Bed-chamber*; a Man of Brains shall be dubb'd a Fool, and my Lord *Littlewit* call'd to the Council; one kick'd out of Play because he is loyal, and another taken into Favour because he is a Traitor; in fine, one shall make his Fortune at his first Appearance, and another shall ruin his by continual waiting. Now will

will not such Proceedings put the most masculine Patience to the Trial? And must not his Humour be very passive or insensible, that has thus passed by without Regard? This may be your Case, Sir; for although you plead Nobility, Breeding, and Deserts, you will founder, unless Recommendation, Favour, and Caprice also, help you forward. I omit personal Affronts without End, and Incivilities without Number; these Ragouts lie hard on a Gentleman's Stomach, and nothing can carry 'em off but a tried Patience.

Lean. Seeing Promotion goes so much upon these Virtues, what if I should make a Turn into *Flanders*, and take up my Winter-Quarters with the *Capuchins*? I fancy their coarse Habit and Fare would tame Nature, and drudge all my Passions into Discipline and Obedience.

Euseb. You need not pass the Sea for Abasements, nor expose your Person to be conveyed to *Dunkirk* Prisons, to find Materials for Patience to work upon; Occasions lodge under your own Roof, and you meet them daily at *St. James's* in the Anti-chamber: The Court reads Lessons of Humility and Patience, as well as the *Convent*, and provides more frequent Opportunities for Practice: Opportunities, I say, able to make Saints, nay, Martyrs, did you but take the Pains to suffer like Christians, and not like the Damn'd, with all the Pangs of Blasphemy and Despair; but by Misapplication you undergo all the Toil of Virtue, without tasting the Pleasure; you grasp at Shadows, and hold nothing but Wind and Vapour. The Cross of the bad Thief is your Lot in this World, and God send the Brimstone of the rich Man be not your Inheritance in the next.

Lean. I am but a Stranger to the Court, and have not made a full Discovery of the Country; however, I perceive Men paint, as well as Ladies, that the Outside has no Resemblance with the Inside, that when Joys flow on the Face, Grief, Rage, and Despair often prey on the Heart, and that the Soul hangs on Racks, though the Body lies stretch'd on Down; when many Pretensions meet in the same Point, Affections vary, and because one carries off the Prize, twenty go away

with Disappointment and Mortification ; and such Occasions offer themselves so frequently, and they imprint so lively a Sensation, that Nature must sink under the Torment, unless an unusual Indolence, or an extraordinary Patience support it. So that I am of your Opinion, that Virtue is the best Qualification for a Courtier; this alone sweetens the Vicissitudes of bad Fortune, and allays the intoxicating Vapours of Good ; it keeps us in an equal Temper, and teaches us to gain by our Losses ; and though it permits us to be unhappy, it hinders us from being miserable. But if you please, Sir, stand off no longer in Generals : Favour me with some particular Maxims, that immediately regard my Conduct.

Euseb. Let your Pretensions be Christian, and your Measures just; leave not Conscience for a genteel Employment, nor charge through thick and thin for the sake of Money or Honour. To resign Innocence for an Office, is to set too great a Value upon the one, and to under-rate the other. Start fair, and carry on the Contest with Generosity ; and never way-lay a Rival in the dark, nor trepan him by the unmanly Methods of Treachery, Calumny, or Detraction : Such a Conduct is as base as it's sinful, and favours more of the *Turk* than of the Christian; it's a Mark you fear more his Merit than you rely on your own, and that you despair to carry the Post, if you put the Success to the Issue of Worth. *Alexander* scorn'd to steal a Victory by Surprize or Stratagem ; he disputed it with the Sword at Mid-day, and chose rather to hazard an Empire in the Sight of the Sun, than to subdue twenty in the dark : In fine, he would have Valour wear the Crown, not Cowardice ; and refused to be greater than *Darius*, unless he were also more deserving. This was a noble Emulation, hazardous indeed, but handsome : Here was nothing mean, nothing insidious, but all Gallantry and Good-nature. Follow this Model, strive to raise yourself by those Means Honesty dares own ; take not one Step that looks like Undermining or Circumvention, and apply no Instrument that shines not true upon the Touchstone of Honour and Conscience.

II.

Keep your Pretensions within Compass, suffer 'em not to mount too high; if you give Ambition the Reign, 'twill carry you too far, and may let you down in a Precipice: Too much Sail oversets a Ship, the Canvas must be proportioned to the Vessel: Some People's Parts are drawn less than others, they are not cast in the same Mould, their Capacities are not large enough to hold a great Preferment, and the very Attempt lays open their Inabilities, and demonstrates their Temerity out-shoots their Prudence, and that their Strength bears no Proportion with their Presumption; and when a young Gentleman sets out under such a Disadvantage, it's odds he'll founder before he comes to his Journey's End. The Boldness of the Enterprize will awake the Jealousy of a hundred Pretendants; and when this Fury takes the Campaign, waited on by Power and Numbers, who can expect to go on with Success, or even to retreat with Safety? One rallies your Wit, another your Judgment; this Man falls upon your Courage, that upon your Honesty: Now when so many draw such a disadvantageous Character of a Gentleman, the Draught will raise in a Prince ill-favour'd Impressions, and rather prompt to discard than to promote him; for Princes have all the specific Weaknesses of their Subjects, they are made up of the same Matter, and follow the same Bias of Nature; they believe Evil of a Man rather than Good, and when they are well settled in their Opinion, there is no removing 'em. In a Word, who courts Preferment walks on slippery Ground: it's his Business to fence against Rubs, and not to tempt People to cross his Way, or to trip him up in the Career.

Aim first at a lower Station, and let it suit with your Genius. I would not have a Man that can't count Twenty lay in for a Place in the *Exchequer*, nor an *Ignoramus* at his Pen for a Station in the Secretary's Office. Mr. T. in *Yorkshire*, who never look'd over the Limits of the County, nor rode more Southward than *Pomfret*, should not sue for Credentials to the *French Court*; nor

Mr. L. who could never master *As in presenti*, for a Place in the Bench at *Westminster-hall*. A Man that puts in for an Office so disproportion'd to his Capacity is unfit for any, and I would rather condemn him to withdraw twenty Miles from *London*, than persuade him to shew his Face in Court. Consult your Abilities; and when you are got into a fit Post, exert your Spirits, and try to make the most of yourself; apply Care and Diligence, and study more your Master's Interest than your own. If you discharge your Duty with Satisfaction and Applause, you may look higher without Envy, for in such Cases People rather commend the Merit, than repine at the Success; especially if the Advantage be managed with Civility and Moderation; but if you launch out into Conceit and Arrogance, if you fly into Ostentation, and spurn at those you leave behind, all is spoiled; for all the Worth of Sir *Thomas Moore*, or of a *Boetius*, will never protect Pride, nor fence Ill-nature; but when you make use of your Exaltation to oblige, when you look no bigger in the highest Station than in the lowest, you stand secure, and will have, if not the Hand, at least the good Wishes of Hundreds to support you.

III.

A middle Station is the best, because the most secure; it distinguishes enough from the Crowd, it intitles to Respect, and allows Necessaries for Decency and Pleasure. Now methinks nothing is wanting to complete a Man's Happiness thus furnished, but a Sense of his Circumstances, *i. e.* that he shines in his own Orb, though it be not the highest; that he is so far considerable, as to secure Repute; that he is easy at home, and fears no Storm from abroad; in fine, that he has enough, and cannot possibly enjoy all.

But the Mischief is, we are of a soaring Humour, and in spite of Dissuasives will climb so high till our Heads turn, and we leave our Brains on the Pavement. A Soldier is upon the Strain to be General, a Seaman to ride Admiral, a Lawyer and Parson to sit at the Head of *Justice and Religion*, and a *Courtier* to be a Favourite. *Aut Caesar, aut nullus*, is our Motto, *all or nothing*. Each Man

Man looks upon his single self as a Detachment from the main Body of Mankind, and the Proprietor of all that is Great and Pleasing; we are upon the Spur till we come to the *Land's End*, i. e. the last Point of Promotion. Now what is all this but Covetousness on the one hand, and Pride on the other? Two Passions never to be satisfied, and yet always obeyed.

It's certain the Quality of *Privado* is very considerable, and though it does not always command Esteem, it calls for Respect; few Courtiers dare pretend for the Place, yet all wish for the Honour; and we are so kind to ourselves, as to think a Prince's Affection as reasonably placed on us as on our Neighbour; and we fail not to blame his Choice, if it falls not upon our Person.

Yet though the Title be in the general Esteem so valuable, I advise you to quit all Pretensions to the Favour; level your Expectation at a lower Mark, unless you intend to stand on Record a sad Instance of the Instability of human Greatness; turn over the Transactions of past Ages, and you will find not one Favourite of a thousand, whose End was not more amazing than his Greatness; the same Princes that set them up, took Pleasure in pulling them down, and were no less extravagant in their Cruelty, than in their Kindness. *Amon* looked down from the Top of his Glory upon his Fellow-subjects with Disdain and Contempt; but this bright Sun set in a Cloud of Infamy, and turned his Rival's Envy into Compassion. *Tiberius* bore the Title of Emperor, *Sejanus* all the Power; the proud Senate bowed to his Statues, swore by his Fortune, and his Commands were as sacred as the *twelve Tables*: Yet when the Prince's Affections chopt into another Corner, this *Colossus* fell to the Ground, and buried all his Creatures under the Ruins of his Catastrophe. Our *Garvejons*, *Spencers*, *Wolseys*, &c. teach us by their Disasters, that the Favour of Princes is not Proof against Misfortune; that it can arrest a Favourite within the Precinct of the Court, and draw him from the Bed-chamber to the Scaffold. I could single out forty more Instances of a fresher Date, and some domestic too; but these suffice to caution against too great Intimacy

with Sovereigns, which is seldom purchased without the Sale of Liberty, and never continued without Danger of Body or Soul, and too often of both.

The Reason is clear : For First, as Princes often love without Cause, so they hate without Provocation ; they are led by Caprice, and swayed by Fancy, and by consequence are only constant in Change. Fancy is never long-lived ; a Word, a Look, a Surmise nips off the most favourable Impression, and turns the most charming Objects into a Monster : Hences it comes that Men run from Dotage to Disgust in an Instant, and are as unable to give a tolerable Account of their Love as of their Aversion ; a mere *je ne scay quoy* kindles Kindness, and a *je ne scay quoy* congeals it ; to Day Freedom pleases, to Morrow you must stand off in Respect and Reservedness. In fine, an *Ephæstion* will have Employment enough to carry an even Hand between the Emperor and *Alexander*, and to discharge the Duties of Familiarity without making too bold with Majesty, for the same Man is both Friend and Prince. Now one must have a very metaphysical Genius to separate these two Relations so as to be free with the Friend, without coming too near the Monarch ; and yet too much on the one side, or too little on the other, ruins all.

Secondly, not one of ten thousand are qualified for such a Post ; he must have the Prudence of a *Solomon*, the Craft of an *Achitophel*, the Courage of a *Cæsar*, the Moderation of a *Fabricius*, and besides, the Felicity of *Sylla* ; he must oblige all Men no less when he denies than when he confers a Favour, and take care to make no Enemies on the one side, whilst he makes Friends on the other ; for Enmity is more clamorous and active than Friendship, and a supposed Injury sinks deeper than a real Benefit. Am not I of the same Mass with *T. L.* cries one ? Why then should he lord it over me ? Where Natures are the same, Distinction of Privilege is unjust. Why is one Individual of the same kind stamped with Honour, and the other with Infamy ? This Complaint first started in a Corner is banded from one to another, till it breaks Inclosure, and appears in public, and you may be sure it receives some exasperat-
ing

ing Strokes in the Journey; and when People are warmed, Cabals and Contrivances follow, all the Mis-carriages in Church and State are put on the Favourite's Account. The very Tempests, Plagues, and Famines, are clapped at his Door, and like the primitive Christians, he is marked out as the public Nuisance of Mankind. *He sets the Prince at variance with his People; he obstructs the Sitzings of Parliaments; abets Popery and arbitrary Government;* and then his Majesty is desired to remove *T. L.* from his Person and Counsel, to strip him of his Titles, and to deliver him up to the Justice of the Rabble. My Gentleman knocks off, and like the Serpent, exposes his Tail to save the Head; *i. e.* drops his Titles, Offices, and Greatness, and gives up his Favouritiship with all its Appurtenances to save his Skin; away packs he into the Country, leaving behind a thousand Curses upon the Court. The Anguish of his Misfortunes puts him in the Wheel, and he always works upon his own Disquiet; pitied by some, and scorned by others, like Vipers, he lives on his own Poison; and though he wants Power to execute Mischief, he has Malice enough to contrive it: So that he is made up of Impotence and Malice; and where those disconsolate Qualities are well blended, all other Ingredients of Misery are superfluous. This is the End of Favourites, and the most favourable they can expect, though not the most unfortunate they may fear; for alas! they are not always so happy as to receive Quarter: No, no, they quit the Court to take up in a Dungeon, and act the last Scene of their Lives upon a Scaffold; nay, and it is a Favour too to change the Halter into a Hatchet.

Check therefore Ambition, and give it not too much Line; court rather what is handsome than great, and study more Convenience than Grandeur. Deserve the first Place in your Prince's Esteem, but let others run away with his Affection; though you sparkle less, your Value will be greater; to rise to a moderate Station by mere Merit, is more noble than to possess the highest by Favour and Partiality.

IV.

Great Men need Supporters, and prudent Men will provide them; Substantives are out of Fashion in Court, most walk there on Crutches, and few can even stand on their own Legs. Lay therefore in for Countenance: without Stays the best built Fortune will tumble. However, sell not Favours by Inch of Candle; there is no depending on bought Friendship; when a Man has paid for his Preferment, he is not in your Debt, but owns the Obligation to his Attendance, Importunity, or Purse; and though (to get a good Pennyworth) he may swear Fidelity, and offer his Service, be assured he will follow the Impulse of Interest, and leave you in the Lurch upon Danger and Distress.

Beware of a Court Maxim: *Provide for your Enemies, Friends will never finch.* The Principle is neither conformable to the Rules of Policy, nor Justice; it cuts upon Good-nature and Gratitude, and has no Support but Practice. Shall a Man thrive by Roguery, and be the better for Villainy? He has noosed me into a Plot by Forgery and Subornation, and shall I stretch my Credit to swell his Fortune? Perchance he has met his King in the Field, and promised to make him a glorious Prince by seizing his Towns, and fettering his Person, and shall I persuade his Majesty to give him a White Staff for the Service? In fine, he is dipped in Treason, and over Head in Mischiefe, and now must be bought off, and incensed by his Sovereign, as the Devil is by the *Indians*, that he may do no more Harm. Such a Conduct is an Invitation to Disloyalty and Treason; it encourages Vice, and plunges Virtue into Despair. Who will stand up for his Prince's just Prerogative at the Expence of his Fortune, when he may draw upon it with Safety and Profit? If Honesty be required with Poverty, and Knavery with Wealth; if Loyalty go out at Elbows, and Treason glitters in Gold-lace, I fear Knights of the Post will multiply upon the Nation, and Round-heads may once more vie Numbers with Cavaliers. I would not outrage where I should reward, nor reward where I should punish.

Lean. Spare me a Word, lest I lose the Opportunity of a Question. *Why may I not win an Enemy?*

Euseb. You mean, I suppose, buy a Friend? Because whosoever deserts his Party for Gain, will certainly return when Interest calls upon him. If the Sense of Duty and Conscience are not able to reclaim a Delinquent, will Title work a real Conversion? No, no, Sir, those Cattle fly in the Face of a Benefit, their Organs are so ill-shaped they cannot feel any thing that's generous and noble; they always follow the loudest Cry, and tack about with the Wind of Interest: So long as you are too powerful to need Help, he shall stand by you; but if you begin to retreat, he will fall upon the Rear, and charge your straggling Forces through a thousand Favours. It is a *Postulatum* among those Infidels, that it is worse to sink with a Friend, than to swim with an Enemy; and therefore, like Rats before a Storm, they abandon a leaky Vessel, and swim for Safety to the Shoar. To be short, those Men will ply down the Stream, and side with Success in Defiance of Justice; they will never cross upon a prevailing Crime, nor oppose Mischiefs carried on by Numbers; their Business is to stand, tho' their Friend or Prince falls, and to make a Fortune out of the Ruins of their Neighbours or Country. Keep therefore your Enemies low; they will do no harm, when they are too weak to attempt it; their Impotence is your best Guard; Power in the Hands of a Mercenary is ill-placed. I had rather see an Enemy unable to do me a bad Turn, than in a Condition to do me a good one.

Lean. At least a Rebel or private Enemy may possibly be obliged by Preferment, and it is certain a Friend will venture a broken Head to rescue his Honesty, and rather resign his Estate than his Fidelity.

Euseb. Conclusions drawn out of Possibilities are not to be relied on, they plead for both sides, and by consequence neither advantage nor prejudice either. An ill Man may be see'd into your Interest, as well as Lawyers; but then as those Gentlemen upon a fairer Prospect of Gain shift Sides, he may relapse at the Approach of Temptation, and fall into the old Disease

of

of Ingratitude and Infidelity: Face therefore one Possibility with the other, and perchance you may conclude with me, it is safer trusting a Rogue in the Gaol, than on the Queen's Highway; indeed he may possibly expect a Gentleman to escort his Person, but I believe it is more probable his Business is to secure a Purse.

Besides, I am persuaded it is not so very certain, that a Man who has fought away for his Prince, or his Friend, both Limbs and Estate, will keep up to his former Principles of Loyalty and Generosity, unless he receive a more comfortable Return of Acknowledgment than a cold *God be with you, or I am sorry to see you in so drooping a Condition*: For such a Payment bears no Proportion with a lost Leg, or a forfeited Estate. He may very well expect you will be at the Expence of an oaken Supporter at least, and that you will not condemn him to the Basket for his Honesty; and if Ill-nature baulks his Expectation, and he cannot make a Penny of his Service, he may think of changing Masters, and may resolve to try if Vice be not better-natured than Virtue, and if Treason will not piece up an Estate Loyalty has disjointed. For, Sir, give me leave to tell you, Necessity pinches, and often puts Men upon unwarrantable Courses; Indigence works more upon People than Duty, and Generosity seldom bears up against Neglect and Contempt: You must sometimes be at the Expence of a Cordial to keep up the Spirits, and enliven Resolution; for Stoicism is out of Fashion. Men are not so conceited of Virtue, as to think it is its own Recompence, and that it is worth taking the Field for the Service of his Prince, tho' he take up in *Chelsea-Hospital* at his Return.

Indeed, tho' a good Man be turned off here by his Prince without Regard, he will have Station and Happiness hereafter. But some Provision should be made even in this World, both to reward and refresh suffering Virtue, otherwise it may give us the slip: For present Service, People expect present Payment; and a small Gratification in Hand, wins more than Millions in Reversion. Endeavour therefore to raise those that deserve Promotion, and whose past Behaviour will answer

swer for their future. But to grace those with Title and Dignity, who deserve not the Benefit of an Amnesty, is neither safe, generous, nor just.

V.

Let your Actions keep touch with your Promises, and your Heart and Tongue speak the same Language; to proffer a Gentleman Assistance, and not intend it, is bale; and to design a Favour that lies out of your Reach, is foolish. O. P. had Credit at Court, and an honourable Post to support it; some gave him a world of Good-nature, others as much Vanity; and indeed the Question lies yet undecided, whether he steer'd by the one or the other. However, his Antichamber was the Rendezvous of Pretendants, and his House was term'd the Sanctuary of younger Brothers. *Leave your Business to me* (says he to one) *it shall be done to your Satisfaction.* *Your Pretensions* (cries he to a Second) *are most just, his Majesty has too much Regard for Merit, to refuse so reasonable a Petition.* My Gentlemen returned to their Lodgings on Cock-horse, and began to think of a Fund for a glorious Equipage; some were already Knights in Imagination, and others *Barons* or *Viscounts*. All were more happy with the very Expectation, than Fruition could have made 'em; for Fancy paints beyond Life, and over-flourishes Objects; those Scenes it represents in the Brain, out-shine those of Creation: In fine, Reality scarce ever patterns Imagination, and worldly Greatness charms more upon Report than Sight, *Minuit presentia famam.*

But after all, their Expectation ended in Disappointment, and their Hope sunk into Despair; for after they had run through a long Course of Submission and Attendance, they were dismissed with a *Gentlemen, I am sorry my Labour has been unsuccessful, unlook'd-for Accidents have crossed my Designs, and your Fortunes.* Those poor Pretendants were forced to retire, and cursed their Patron's Impotence or Imposture; they lashed him severely in the Coffee-house, and convinced the World he wanted either Sincerity, Credit, or Prudence. A Man should keep his Promises within the Compass of his Power, and rather promise too little than too much. There is Goodness, Greatness, and Pleasure in forwarding a Gen-

Gentleman on his way to Preferment; but it's base to feed him with visionary Hopes, and then to turn him off with a Compliment. He might have placed his Addresses more successfully, and managed both Time and Money more to Advantage; but being thus disappointed, he remains without Friends, without Money, without Patience; he has waited away the very Materials of his design'd Fabric, and has nothing to trust to but a Mulket. Believe me, Sir, it's mortifying to fall short of that which a Man affects with Eagerness; the Misfortune puts his Fancy into a Fever, it preys upon his Blood, boils up his Spirits, and flings him into Impatience; it baulks his Hopes, crows his Courage, and makes the remaining Satisfaction of Life a Burden. I am apt to believe the Gentleman meant well; but certainly he did ill, in tantalizing so long his Clients: For the same Instant their Hopes ebbed, their Anger began to flow, and not one but thought himself to have just Provocation given him to impair his Credit, and to make him the Subject of their Choler and Scorn; and indeed Men generally receive as little Kindness as they do, and find as few Friends as they deserve.

If you have Power, employ it to the Benefit of Merit and Quality; but be not too magnificent in your Promises, nor over-confident of Success; pretend not to insure a Preferment, nor talk of Uncertainty till the Thing be done. I would rather give a Gentleman too little Hope, than too much, and dispose him to fear the worst, than to expect the best of the Enterprize: For thus he will receive a Baulk with less Surprise; and if he succeeds, an Expectation will enhance the Value of the Favour. Tire not his Patience with tedious Put-offs, nor torture him between Hope and Fear; put him out of Pain so soon as you can, and let him know what he has to trust to: When Fortune is unkind, it's a Satisfaction to know how far she can affront us; and a Man is in some measure happy, who sees the last Extent of his Misery.

VI.

Some People over-rate their Merit to such a monstrous Height, that they press forward upon every Appearance of Profit, and fancy they are rarely equipp'd
far

for every Place of Advantage of Honour that falls in the Court; and upon this Persuasion they beg hard for the Employment. Nothing is able to discourage them from the Pursuit, neither the Greatness of the Competitors, nor the Number of their Rivals. Are they baulked, the next Day they return to the Charge; they rally after the Defeat, and grow imperious and menacing upon a Denial; they will hector and storm their Prince out of the Privilege of placing his Favours where he thinks fit, and plague him into a Compliance: But if he yields not to their Importunity, they leave the Court in a Pet, and strike in with a Faction.

First, he sets up for a mighty Patriot, and pretends a great Concern for his Country; then he descants upon the Advantages of Liberty, and runs through all the Branches of Property; in his way he has a Fling at the Prerogative; and sets the Subject above the Sovereign. These Discoveries work upon the Rabble, who constitute him Guardian of their Privileges; they give themselves up to his Conduct, and for a Pledge of their blind Obedience present him with their Eyes and Understanding; he is the only Patriot in the Nation, he alone *stands in the Gap*, and opposes arbitrary Designs, and prerogative Innovations; the *Atlas* that sustains Liberty, and defends Property against Court-encroachments: In fine, he is baptized the Protestant Peer, as if the House of Lords were composed of *Papists* or *Infidels*, and all the Protestant Gentry of the Realm were shipped away for *Barbadoes* or *New-England*.

Now has this Man more Zeal for his Country, or more Religion than his Neighbour? Not at all: His Concern is Interest, and his Religion Mask and Artifice; his Vanity at Court exceeded his Force, and his Merit or Fortune kept not Pace with his Ambition; the Wind blew in his Teeth, and now he tacks about, and makes for a Republic. Now these popular Men, these Men of Applause, have two-thirds of a Traitor; and I take it for a general Rule, that he is no good Subject who runs away with the Heart of the Vulgar, their Intellectuals are too weak, or their Passions too strong to distinguish Truth.

But

But in Sincerity, though this Practice be ordinary, has it any thing of Reason or Christianity? A private Gentleman shall place his Favours as he thinks best, and a King shall be barred with Freedom. Shall Privilege quite over-shade Prerogative? And the Servant be more absolute than his Master? Shall Authority be a *Minor*, and Subjection be of Age? It is hard, methinks, that a King can't choose Servants as well as his Subjects, and that he shall be less because he is greater.

Besides, the Apostle commands us to obey our Superiors as God's Vicegerents, not only when they stroak but when they strike us; not only for Interest, but for Conscience sake. So that our Appealers to the People are not only bad Subjects, but worse Christians: They transgress the Laws of the Gospel together with those of the Land; and although they keep off from human Justice, they will scarcely withdraw from divine.

Step not into those Irregularities, though they are receiv'd with the Applause of the Crowd, and huzza'd home with all the Pomp of a *Roman* Oration; they are unjustifiable before God, and sober Men. Receive a Favour with Thanks, and bear a Repulse with Patience. Though a Prince be unkind, you must not be undutiful; his Failures are no Cover for yours: An Abuse of Power never justifies Disobedience.

VII.

Men aim at Happiness in all their Pursuits, but generally they mistake the Means. Such a Place in Court, cries one, such a Post in the Army, says another, fits my Temper to a Hair; put me into *that*, and I shall be more happy than a Monarch; I will for the future check my *Desires*, and forswear *wishing*. This puts me in mind of the famous Dialogue between King *Pyrrhus* and his Favourite *Cyneas*. *May I be so bold, Sir*, said the Philosopher, *as to ask, what you pretend to in all your Enterprizes? When will you end? Or do you know what you would be at? I am now*, replied the King, *for the Conquest of Italy, then to Sicily there is a short Cut, and Africa lies in my way home: When I have brought these Designs to a happy Conclusion, we'll live merrily. But why*, answer'd *Cyneas*, *will you purchase at so vast an Expence of Money and Men a*
merry

merry Life, which you may buy at a cheaper Rate? Stop your Desires, use what you possess, and the Business is done.

A merry Life is the End of our Labour, as well as of this Pagan King; and the Reason why so few Courtiers enjoy what they all so passionately pant after, is because they rather follow his Example, than the Philosopher's Counsel. Those who wish for what they have not, forfeit the Enjoyment of what they have; when they desire eagerly, they hope too fast, and are hared by Fear: Now a Man may as soon be easy on the Wheel, as happy between these two Passions. Put a just Term to your Wishes, and when you have touched it, make a Stand. It's both fickle and servile to over-look the Fortune before you, and long for that which is not in your Power. To say you will push for such a Station, is to say you will be a Slave; that you will lay your Content at the Mercy of Hazard, and by consequence be miserable. If you give way to Nature, you will spend all your Time in Pretensions, and leave not a Moment for Enjoyment. Happiness only begins when Wishes end; and he that hankers after *more*, enjoys nothing.

Besides, Sir, it's ten to one that if our Desires tower too high, we shall use foul Means, if fair will not raise us: For when Passion becomes clamorous and importunate, the Whispers of Reason are either not heard, or not regarded. He who is bent upon a Thing, will have it without boggling at the Notions of *Right* or *Wrong*. Haman would bring Mardocheus upon his Knees, and because he would not creep, he must hang; Revenge could find no Crime, but Calumny soon forged one. Now to rise by Crimes, is to pay too dear for the Elevation; ten thousand Pounds is the fixed Price of a Title. Why will you purchase one at the Price of Heaven? In fine, Sir, all the Glory, all the Worth of the Universe, will not hold out to the Length of Pride and Covetousness; and seeing they are too little to satiate our Desires, they should not, methinks, be big enough to provoke 'em.

I postpone Grandeur to Conscience, and Time to Eternity; Goodness is your Business, not Greatness; you were made for Heaven, not for the Court; let that be

be the End of all your Actions, and the Gospel the Rule; Profit must not regulate your Conduct, but Justice: Perchance you may not thrive so well in this World, but you will fare better for it in the other; *There*, not Title, but Virtue makes the Distinction. A Thief, with true Repentance, will go from the Gallows into *Abraham's Bosom*, and a vicious Prince into Hell. In short, let your Conversation be easy, your Temper sweet, and your Piety unaffected. I will not overcharge you, continued *Eusebius*, with Precepts; Time, Prudence, and Reflection, will supply the rest.

Lean. I return a thousand Thanks for your Charity, and own myself indebted to Providence for the Favour of this Conference. The Scales of Prejudice and Ignorance are fallen from my Eyes, and Things appear in a clearer Light. I am convinced that all sublunary Objects are thin, superficial, and empty, and that nothing deserves my Heart, but he that made it. Had our Yesterday's Club been so fortunate, as to have enjoyed the Benefit of this Entertainment, I fancy your Instruction might have awakened their Consciences, and dashed their brutish Pleasure with Gall and Vinegar. But alas! poor Creatures, they walk in the Dark, and place their Affections at random; they never consult Reason, but hate by Caprice, and love by Hazard. A dazzling Surface runs away with the Understanding, and commits a Rape upon the Will, and they will not understand that an eternal Punishment treads upon the Heels of a transitory Pleasure.

Leander spoke with such an Emphasis, that his Concern sparkled in his Face. *Eusebius* embraced him with the Tendernefs of a Father, and dismissed him with this Farewel; *Dear Sir*, suffer me to end with our Blessed Saviour, *you are healed, now sin no more*, lest God take you away *in flagrante*, and leave not a Moment between the Offence and the Punishment.

28 SE60

The END of the SUPPLEMENT.

A
GENTLEMAN Instructed
In the True PRINCIPLES of
RELIGION;
With a full Confutation of
A T H E I S M
AND
LATITUDINARIANISM.

THE SECOND PART.

Written for the
Instruction of a Young NOBLEMAN.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCCLV.

GEORGE MAN INTRIGUED

in the Theatre of the

RELIGION

With a full and complete

A. T. H. E. S. M.



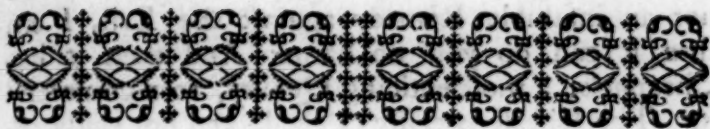
THE SECOND PART

By the same Author

Author of a Young Woman's

LONDON

Printed in the Year 1825



THE
P U B L I S H E R'S
EPISTLE DEDICATORY
TO THE
G E N T R Y.

GENTLEMEN,


 Make bold to sue for a Third Audience, which I presume you'll not refuse me. I have no Design either upon your Kitchen, or your Purse; and will neither tempt your Charity, or importune your Liberality. I wait upon you to *give*, not to *ask*; and expect no Reward for my *Present*, but a civil Reception.

Atheism, that grand Plague of the Living, and Torment of the Dead, rages in our Island: Now being solicitous for your Safety, and apprehensive of your Danger, I humbly offer this *Conference* as
an

an Amulet against the Contagion; though it prove not an infallible Remedy against the Evil, I am sure it can do you no harm: And then it has Cheapness, a most enticing Quality, to recommend it. The Disease is easily caught, and not easily removed: So that a *Preservative* is more reasonable than a *Restorative*.

Indeed those People whose Business is confined to their Lodgings, who live out of Sight, and rather work than sport themselves down, are almost below the Danger. But you move in a more elevated Sphere, you are designed for Commerce, and Conversation; your Occasions draw you from Retirement, and your Diversions call you into Company.

Now when Infection becomes epidemical, Crowds grow more dangerous than Solitude; and it may be presumed, that among a Multitude some carry the Tokens, and perhaps the Plague-sores upon them. It's therefore extremely hard for *Gentlemen*, who are eternally infested with Squadrons of Spungers; who are haunted by Parasites, that must fawn to live; and generally discourse more feelingly on the Excellency of a Ragout, than of God or Religion. I say it's hard, in such a Confluence, to escape the Breath of an Atheist, who by the Assistance of a voluble Tongue, and a good Forehead, is able to scatter the Distemper: And if it once fastens on the Heart, it immediately posts to the Head; and when those noble Parts have imbibed the Contagion, it's odds the Disease either carries you off, or at least waits on you to the Grave.

Besides, Curiosity and Pleasure invite you to the *Play-house*, from whence you adjourn to the Tavern. Now both these Places are infectious: *There* Atheism is brooded, hatch'd *here*; the Tenets are learnt in the Boxes, and practised at the next Rendezvous,

dezvous. When Virtue is lashed on the Stage before you, and Vice recommended: When you see Villanies carry off Applause, and Morality Confusion: When you hear Religion reviled, and the very Author of it blasphemed by some, and ridiculed by others; in Time neither will stand very fair in your Esteem: You will be shrewdly tempted to think those Things cannot be very serious, nor holy, when Men publicly make use of them for Subjects of Merriment and Profanation.

But then when you strike off from the Pit to the Eating-house, surrounded with a Tribe of Hangers-on, as slenderly provided of Religion as Money, what lewd Comments do these Rakes make on the Text? How do they snarl at Providence, and glance upon the Divinity with an hundred *Imuendo's*, which must be stamped with Wit (forsooth) because they are profane? Now these Blasphemies at a full Table, and over fuller Cups, when the Spirits are flushed and warm'd, *i. e.* when Reason is fettered, and Sensuality let loose, first meet with Applause, and then with Approbation; for certainly Men are never more disposed to *deny* God, than whilst they offend him; nor to take leave of Religion, than when they have lost their Wits.

Again, though we live in a degenerate Age, Religion has not lost all Reputation. A Man may go to Church without being gazed upon for a Monster, whilst Atheism seems at least to live under the Disesteem of the Public. Now to strengthen their Party, Atheists have Gentlemen in their Eye: They hope for Safety under your Protection, and Credit too under the Wings of your Authority: Hence they employ an hundred little Artifices to juggle you out of your Faith, and to hare you into Religion. And indeed you have a mighty Influence over the Vulgar; they model their Judgment by yours; your

Aversion is the Standard of theirs, and what you approve, they dare not condemn. From you they take Fashions, Breeding, and even Religion. So that I wonder not Atheists aim at you: The Conquest of one *Nobleman* may be termed *Legion*; for his Surrender (like that of a *Metropolis*) draws in the whole Province.

Moreover, God has favour'd you with *Esau's* Blessing; the Fat of the Land is Part of your Inheritance, and by consequence Honours, Pleasures, and Esteem, the common Sequels of Abundance. You run smoothly before the Wind, and sail on with a prosperous Gale. Your *Halcyon* Days run through the whole Year; Earth, Winds, and Men drudge for your Satisfaction and Interest. You confute *Job's* *Apherism*, *Man is born to Labour*; and demonstrate, by Practice, that Sport is the proper Employment of *Gentlemen*.

Now Prosperity is heady, it intoxicates, though it delights; and not only dashes out the Memory of Things past, like the River *Lethe*, but (what is more stupendous) of those that are to come. Men are so taken up with the Charms of the *Present*, that they have little Time, and a less Inclination to cast away a Thought on the Contemplation of the *Future*; they love not to withdraw their Eyes from the pleasing Objects of this Life, to fix them on the scaring Prospect of the other: And, without doubt, Gentlemen, who have Pleasures before them, would be as little disposed to enjoy them, as *Dionysus* the Tyrant, did they reflect what Torments stand behind them.

When therefore Things glide on successfully *Here*, it's very natural to lay aside all Concern of the *Future*: And if we judge the *bad Things* of another World thwart the Enjoyment of the *good Things* of this, we shall first wish there were no
such

such Place; and then from wishing a Thing were not, to believe it is not, is but a very short Traject, for the Will and the Judgment seldom disagree; and if once you lop off the last Article of the Creed *Vitam æternam*, you must throw out the first, *Credo in Deum*.

Though Gentlemen lie open to these Temptations, I do not say they are always overcome; some bear up with Courage against the Assault, and forced these lewd Suggestions to retire. I know Persons of Quality, whose Virtues are more noble than their Blood; Providence seems to have made them Great, that they might appear more superlatively Good. Like the Sun, they scatter their benign Influence on all below them; and those they cannot warm with their Munificence, they enlighten with their Example. But however, the Event of War is doubtful, and the Danger certain: Where Temptation reigns, there is no Place for Security; and therefore by the Laws of Prudence you are bound to take the best Precautions: You cannot be too sure, when Eternity lies at stake.

I present you with a Conference, in which you will see the Latitudinarian *nonplust*, and the Atheist disarmed. You may easily defend yourselves against these Sects, with those Weapons *Eusebius* overthrew their two Abettors, *Ariovistus* and *Theomachus*; and if you will but take the Pains to balance the Lightness of their Defence with the Weight of their Impudence, you will rather pity their Silliness, than apprehend their Reasons.



T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

D E A R R E A D E R,

 Offer to your Perusal the Second Part of the GENTLEMAN INSTRUCTED. It is a Treatise against Atheism. I hope it may be profitable; I am sure it is seasonable. It's time to prepare for a Defence, when the Enemy has gained the Walls. When the Plague rages, and Death sits at every Door, it is time to think of an Amulet. In a public Danger, Nature commissions every Subject to fight for his Prince and Country, Unusquisque; naturaliter est Miles. Duty arms us, and Allegiance enters our Names in the Muster-rolls. God lies under the most vile Circumstances of Insult and Outrage. Libertines make bold with his most sacred Attributes; they burlesque his Mercy, lampoon his Justice, and ridicule his Omnipotence, whilst Atheists attack his very Being, and fly in the Face of his Divinity: And shall a Christian stand an idle Spectator at so bold, so daring an Insolence? For what were
Tongues

Tongues made, but to speak on such provoking Occasions? Silence is criminal, as well as Neutrality; and not to stand up in our Maker's Defence, when Atheists rifle his Majesty, and rally upon his Omnipotence, is to band against him.

Some perchance may stand up and tell me, that Treatises of this Nature are not calculated for our Meridian: That they may be useful to the wild Patagons of America, or the stupid Hotentots of the Cape; but that Atheism is so great a Stranger to our Nation, that we are forced to fetch a Word from Greece to express it. We are rather oppressed with the Light of a Deity, than want it. We walk in the Sun-shine of Knowledge, not the Obscurity of Ignorance. And whilst we tolerate all Religion, it is ridiculous to suppose we have none.

But under Favour, Gentlemen, we need not sail to the Megalanian Streights, nor cut the burning Line to find an Atheist. These Monsters breed nigher Home; they spawn on our Shoar; they thrive in our Climate, and like the Egyptian Locusts over-run the Country: So that they are become an universal Nuisance to the Subject, and a Plague to the Realm. Stupidity and Education may plead for poor American Atheists at God's Tribunal, but cannot for ours. These are hatch'd in the Stews, and nursed in the Play-house; they take their Birth from Debauchery, and Growth from bare-faced Malice. They pass through the whole Alphabet of Crimes, before they touch this Ne plus ultra of Impiety.

St. Austin complains these Vermin plagued his Age as they do ours; but yet they lay under Discipline, they walked abroad incognito, and sculked under Disguise: Ideo dixit in corde suo non est Deus, quia hoc nemo audet dicere; etiam si fuerit, ausus cogitare. But now the Scene is shifted; Atheism stands no more on Reservedness; it scorns to lie under the Reproach of Restraint, or the Shame of Confinement;

it has laid down the Vizard, and appears in public, not only without Fear, but even with Impudence. Other Vices retire into Darknefs and Solitude; like Bats, or Screech-owls, they range in the Night: But Atheism braves it at Noon-day; and so is turned into a Mid-day Devil, Dæmonium Meridianum.

It has removed its Lodgings from the Stews and Bagnio's, and other public Scenes of Lewdness, to the Court. It has wheedled into its Party not only the Rakes, but the Poets also, who, like Slaves at the Oar, drudge for the Cause: They rhyme down Piety, and then laugh Religion out of Countenance, to turn it out of Doors: They draw in all the Succours imaginable, but Reason and Conscience; so that one would think they intended a general Invasion upon Religion, and resolve to force Morality into an Abdication.

In King David's Reign an Atheist made a poor Figure; he was content to wear the Cap and Bauble; his Ambition looked no higher than the Post of Scaramouch, dicit insipiens in Corde suo non est Deus. And indeed all Mankind, together with the Royal Prophet, voted him the Station: But it seems we have learnt new Notions of Wit and Wisdom, since the Decease of our Ancestors. What went in their Days for Stupidity and Folly, by the Hocus Pocus of a new Creation, starts up Ingenuity and Reason in ours. The most dull Creature that dares disown his Maker is dubbed a Virtuoso, and without any other Trial of his Abilities commences Doctor in the Academy of Rakes: For these Men having now usurped the Bench, they sit upon Wit, Breeding, and Religion; their Judgment is the Standard of Sense, and Scale of Nobility: So that whoever dares but defy God without Remorse, without Shame, is a shrewd Man, a Person of Parts, and a Gentleman without the Help of Heraldry, a Peer without the King's Patent; nay, he is every Thing but a Man.

I wonder what they drive at; if they design to spread a Varnish on the Face of Vice, to turn Lewdness into Virtue, and Brutality into Diversion; their Plot is well laid, their Measures are just, and Success must crown their Endeavours: For if God be dashed out of the Creed, Morality will soon abandon our Actions. Man will stand on the same Ground with Beasts; Reason will vanish into Sense, and so we shall fall below the Level of our own Species. Power will decide Right, Interest will define Honesty, and Revenge pronounce upon Honour; and then, like dismantled Towns, we shall lie open to all the Inroads of Insolence, and to all the Assaults of Vice. Is not this a fine Method to cut off all the Lines of Communication between Man and Man? To throw all Government off of the Hinges? To drown Order in a Sea of Confusion? To stock the Nation with thieving Arabians, and to let loose upon our Bodies an Army of bloody Tartars?

And indeed our Atheists have Reason to crow; their Trick has taken to Admiration. Debauchery spreads so fast, that the Infection is become epidemical, it is above Expression; God send it be not also past Cure! One would think Circe had shipped her magical Potions hither, Transformations are so ordinary; and what raises my Suspicion is, because they all end in the Beast, and most in the Swine.

It is hard to assign the genuine Cause of this extravagant and unreasonable Vice. One told me, he was of Opinion that our Natives had waisted it hither from the Indies, and that these Barbarians had bartered their Infidelity for our English Ware. Certainly our Seamen carry abroad a small Cargo of Religion, and a less of Conscience; both are a troublesome kind of Lading, and of no Debate. We must not wonder then, if a Crew slenderly provided of both, lose some Grains in the Traject, and more in those Regions where they see none. The African Infidelity may tincture their Hearts, as the African Sun tans their Faces; and

then at their Return, they may unlade the Atheism of Guinea with its Gold. Though these apostate Mariners may sting the Infection among the Mob, they cannot reach those who move in a higher Sphere: But Swains lie too far out of sight, to influence the Nobility; they are Creatures of too small a Size to set up a Fashion, too despicable to deserve Imitation.

It is certain nothing has contributed more to the Improvement of Atheism than the Liberty of the Press; like Pandora's Box, it has poured out all the Plagues of Schism, that for these hundred Years have plagued the Nation: They swarm in every Corner, and are become both a Drudge and Grievance. Like Toad-stools, they start up in a Night; and what wonder? Nature huddles up in a Moment those Insects that spring from Stench, and feed on Corruption: They are for the most part abortive Embrio's, without Shape, without Figure, but not without Poison.

The Press however is now a Branch of our Property, and a Part of our darling Liberty; we think ourselves fettered, unless we have the Freedom to snarl at the Prerogative, to vomit Blasphemies against God, and to revile Religion and Morality; and then that our Crimes may be immortal, and infect future Ages, as well as the present, they must appear in Print, to out-face Modesty, and stare Virtue, Religion, and Obedience, out of Countenance. Certainly these People fancy Ignorance and Wickedness are charming Qualifications, why else do they take such Pains to stand Fools and Debauchees upon Record?

Alas! their Design looks another Way; would they content themselves with the Honour of Fools or Debauchees, we would let them carry off the Prize; but they level at Piety, they strike at Religion, and aim by Reflection at the Almighty: And that their Train may take, and their Poison work with Efficacy, it is gilt over with soft Language, swimming Expressions, chiming Periods; i. e. they blend Poison with Poison, to
make

make the Potion stronger. Smut and Baudery are fulsome Objects in their own Dress, they rather work upon the Stomach than the Will, and are fitter for Scavengers than Gentlemen: When a little Art casts a Blanch over their Foulness, and veils their Deformity, they enchant Sense, and stupify Reason; the Monster withdraws, and the Sound affects the Ear, whilst the Object lays hold of the Heart. Indeed some stand upon no Ceremony; they draw the Statues of scandalous Amours, not in Busto, but at length, without a Fig-leaf to cover their Nakedness: They appear under all Shapes, and in all Postures, but those of Decency. What Virtue can stand out against such murdering Engines? These Objects make Inroads upon the Fancy, they fire the Blood, and put the Humours in an Uproar; they fit the Reader for any Villany, and what is worse, point out the Occasion. Nay, our Authors stand not in Universals, they descend in Particulars: They dissect Brutality, and expose Anatomy to View and Contemplation; which is a shrewd Argument their Writings are only Copies, and that the Actions are the true Originals.

In a Word, the whole Fry of our modern Pamphleteers seems to have conspired against Virtue and Godliness; they canonize Vice, and deify Uncleaness; and by this Means they have run down Sobriety, and set up Incontinence; they have brought Libertinism into Credit, and Morality into Contempt; and Things are come to such a Condition, that Conscience lies under all the Dreads of Reproach, and Apprehensions of Infamy.

Now when the Agenda of Religion are laid aside, the Credenda will soon be dismissed, as usefess and cumbersome. A Man that has but the Boldness to charge through all the Terrors of the World, in good Time will laugh at them; and then because God takes not off Sinners in Flagrante, but leaves some Years between the Crime and the Punishment, he will be apt enough to conclude he is a mere Bugbear of our own Creation. To be short, the Press has not only effeminated the Mind,

but unprincipled the Understanding, and therefore fitted us for all Dissolution. A Man without Principle is a Creature without Restraint; he is all Sense, all Appetite, all Beast, and, in fine, all Monster.

Now to put a Stop to this growing Vogue of Atheism, I have published these Conferences; in which the Atheist will see the Weakness of his Principles discovered, and if he be not converted, I am sure he will be confounded. I desire these Nullifidians to read this Book without Prepossession, without Bias: the Subject is both serious and important, and therefore deserves unprejudiced Reflections.





THE
GENTLEMAN INSTRUCTED, &c.

DIALOGUE I.

*How Theomachus became an Atheist, set down as a
Caution for all young Gentlemen.*

HE next Morning *Neander* took Coach, and drove directly to *Eusebius's* Lodgings. He walked up Stairs, and found his Friend in his Closet. Good Morrow, said *Neander*, last Night I brought you the Challenge, and now I am come to carry you to your Antagonist. I hear he is strangely flushed up with Hopes of Victory, and has called in some Friends to be Spectators of his Triumph.

Euseb. Atheists, like young *Narcissus's*, dote on their own Abilities; and because they are more proud than we; they very wisely conclude they are more witty. But, *Neander*, those who talk most, do not always talk best. Speaking and Reasoning are not always of the same Side; that lies within the Verge of a Fool, and this is the Prerogative of a wise Man. But pray why so early this Morning? Atheists and Libertines are now in their first Sleep; they are

are perfect *Sybarites*, and never open their Curtains till the Sun has drove over the *Meridian*: So that they live no less extravagantly than they believe: Their Actions cross upon Nature, as well as their Faith on Reason. But indeed we must sling in some Grains of Allowance; for whereas other Men sleep to refresh Nature, Atheists sleep to work out a Debauch. And as they drink poor Reason asleep, so they sleep it awake; and this Operation requires Time. I have read that the Morning Heats are admirable for Transpiration; they supply the Place of a *Bagnio*, and spare both Expence and Trouble.

Nean. An Atheist cannot cross your Way, but you are presently on the Spur, you make at him with full Speed, and seldom leave the Chace till you are both run down: Have you forgot, that *Lowe your Neighbour as yourself*, takes in both Infidels and Atheists too? And that whosoever is of your Species, comes within the Pale of the Precept.

Euseb. I love their Persons, but cannot be reconciled to their Principles; I could heartily pity 'em, had they one Grain of Compassion for themselves; but they are a Race of Men that neither desire Pity, nor deserve it; they walk on the very Brink of a Precipice, and (tho' they know the Danger) shut their Eyes, that they may not see it, as if they placed their Happiness in their Ruin. In fine, *Neander*, they shall have my Prayers, if not my Esteem. But, *à propos*, May I not know my Antagonist's Name? I forgot this Query at our last Meeting.

Nean. And really I forgot to acquaint you: He is called *Theomachus*; he is in great Request, and speaks well, though he believes ill.

Euseb. *Theomachus*!

Nean. Why, have you any Acquaintance with the Gentleman?

Euseb. I never exchanged a Word with him in my Life: But a Man must have led the Life of a mere Recluse, not to have heard of *Theomachus*: He has been the Town-discourse these thirty Years; and never Man has been more praised, nor more blamed than he. I

have heard a thousand Panegyrics of his Youth, and as many Satires of his old Age, that leaves no Place for Inveſtive, nor this for Excuse: For as I have been credibly informed, in his tender Years he practised all Virtues, and since he began to decline, has plunged himself into all Vices: He has not only debauched himself almost out of his Estate, but quite out of his Religion; he turned off Christianity for Libertinism, and from hence stepped into Atheism; so that, like *Lucifer*, from an Angel of Light, he is metamorphosed into a Spirit of Darkness, and has improved the Contempt of his Creator into open Rebellion; nay, he reads Lectures of Atheism to others, and so spreads the Infection, and makes his own Disease incurable; for if the Allurements of Pleasure are so bewitching as to persuade a Man, in spite of Reason, to live an Atheist, Honour will push the Illusion farther, and invite him to die one. I am sensible enough that we are more prone to censure our Neighbour's Vices, than to take notice of his Virtues: Inveſtives flow more easily from us than Panegyrics; and therefore I thought myself obliged to suspend my Judgment of *Theomachus*, till I found some better Evidence than popular Reports, which oftentimes owe their Being to Mistake or Envy, and their Growth to a talkative Humour; and indeed I fell by chance into the Company of one of his Friends, who gave me full Satisfaction: His Life has something of the Romance, but more of the Tragedy; 'tis fitter to grieve than to divert us, and to melt us into Tears than into Laughter. Time does not press; I will, if you please, run over the chief Circumstances; though the Narrative be not diverting, I am sure it will be instructive: You will learn, by his sad Fall, that Man can find no sure Footing here; that Virtue lies within the Reach of Temptation, and cannot only be assaulted, but overcome.

Nean. Pray, Sir, favour me with the Relation; Instruction is never unseasonable, 'tis sometimes necessary, especially to young Men, whose Nature bends more willingly to what is pleasant, than what is lawful, and who rather spur on their Passions than curb 'em: Besides,

fides, Ignorance waits on Youth, as well as Presumption; *That* hides the Danger, *This* provokes it; but both betray us. Pray begin.

Euseb. 'Tis a kind of *Postulatum* in Spirituality, that Men end as they begin, and die as they live: And indeed Experience teaches, as well as Scripture, that the last Act of our Lives is but a Copy of the first. Virtue planted in the Spring of Youth, thrives to Admiration; it flows in the very Winter of Age, it blooms in the Grave, and breathes forth Perfumes when our Bodies exhale Infection. Now if an early Virtue cast its Roots so low, that the Blasts of impetuous Passions are not able to shake it, Vice certainly will be more lasting; this is the Product of our own Soil; like poisonous Weeds, it grows without planting, and in Process of Time winds and twists itself with our very Nature; it sinks into our Bones, and not only conveys the Infection through all the Humours of the Body, but corrupts the very Faculties of the Soul; so that like chronical Distempers, it accompanies us to our Coffins, it sleeps with us in the Grave, and burns with us in Hell.

Though this Rule be universal, it admits of some Exceptions; who court Sin in their Youth, sometimes detest it in their declining Years; and those who quench the unlawful Heats of Lewdness in the very Summer of their Lives, are consumed by 'em in the Autumn of their Age; even then, like *Mount Gibel*, they are Snow without, and Fire within: And this Providence permits, that the Saint may not presume, nor the Sinner despair. *St. Paul* was a Persecutor, before he became an Apostle. He made a Martyr in *Jerusalem*, before he suffered Martyrdom at *Rome*; and only propagated Christianity, when first he conspired its Ruin. What could be more promising, than the Beginning of unfortunate *Judas*? He received Power over Devils, as well as over Diseases; and commanded Nature, whilst he obeyed his Master: But when Avarice preyed upon his Innocence, Treason broke in upon his Loyalty, and Despair put an End to his Life, to begin the everlasting Punishment of his Offences. But we need not run so far back into Antiquity for such Examples; our
Age

Age can leave at least one President to Posterity, in the Person of the unfortunate *Theomachus*.

This Gentleman seem'd born under so happy a Constellation, that all Things conspired to make him a Saint. At the Age of Twelve he had the Prudence of a Man of Twenty, an Air of Gravity ran through all his Actions, so that he had nothing of the Child, but Age and Innocence. The Seeds of a pious Education sown in a Soil so grateful, could not choose but improve almost to a Miracle: And indeed, so soon as he heard to what End he was created, together with the dread Mysteries of the Christian Religion; that the Virtues of the Just would be rewarded with an Eternity of Joys, and the Sins of the Impious with an Eternity of Torments; he never balanced on the Choice, but resolved to square his Life by the Rule of the Gospel, and to postpone all the Advantages of Time to those of Eternity.

His Conduct was an Argument that his Resolution neither flow'd from Childishness, nor Ignorance; he labour'd to put it in Execution with the same Eagerness he made it, and he told his Tutor one Day, that to defer the Execution of a good Purpose, and to break it, was the same Thing; that a bad Action should never be done, nor a good one ever omitted. He began first to model his Passions, and punish'd 'em like Traitors, before they were able to rebel: He taught 'em to obey betimes, that they might never pretend to Sovereignty, and refused them all Things to baulk their Importunities; so that when he made his first Appearance in the World, and enter'd upon Conversation, he drew all Mens Eyes and Admiration upon him: He seem'd cast in quite a different Mould than other Men, and wholly exempt from the common Curse of Mankind; he fear'd those Things which others hope for, and ran from those vain Amusements they pursue: He placed his Wealth in the Purchase of Virtue, not of Land, and despised all Honour, but that which suits with a Christian: He looked upon his Estate as a Property of the Poor, and therefore return'd the Overplus as a Debt, rather than as a Benevolence; and when once a Relation desired him to shape his Charity by the Rule of Discretion, my
Neigh-

Neighbour's Want, reply'd *Theomachus*, is the Standard of my Alms, and I had rather drive my Liberality too far than too short. He never withdrew from those Diversions that recreate the Body without endangering the Soul; but then he could not be won to countenance a Debauch: And although this Nicety often exposed him to the Scoffs of Raillery of those young Blades, that rated Pleasure above their Duty, yet he neither detested their Malice, nor pitied their Folly, and valued his Innocence above their Favour. We live (said he, one Day) in a strange Age, and as strange a Kingdom; we profess a Reformation in Religion, and a Corruption of Manners: We believe what Christ revealed, and blush to practise what he taught: His Religion is *Alamode*, and his Precepts of Morality out of Fashion. Surely we pretend to justify the Lewdness of our Actions by the Holiness of our Religion, as if true Faith were a Warrant for Immorality. Cannot a Man be well bred, unless he lives ill? Nor condescending, unless he gives up his Title to Heaven? Can nothing oblige a Companion, but my Damnation? Nothing intitle me to good Behaviour, but Impiety? This is certainly to confound Ideas, to settle false Notions, and to banter Things out of their Nature.

You may easily imagine such Lectures of Morality were unpalatable to those young Sparks, who fix their Eyes and Thoughts only upon the present. They took the Alarm, and immediately cried out, *Gentlemen, to your Arms*. Young *Theomachus*, says one, is vastly pretending; he sets up for a Preacher without holy Orders, and enters upon the Ministry without Licence. Nay, replies another, he joins Insult to Outrage; first, by impeaching our Conduct; and secondly, by making Inroads in our Prerogative. 'Tis a Gentleman's Privilege to sin without Reproof, as well as without Scruple; and whosoever advises us of our Duty, transgresses his own. We shall be cloy'd with Homilies, unless we cool his Zeal, and sweeten his morose Complexion. I am not, says a third, for being always upon the Defensive; we must make a Diversion, and carry the War into his own Dominions. His Virtue, I suppose, is not impregnable;

pregnable; it may either be mastered by Force, or seized on by Surprise; and if our Enterprize succeed, we shall gain a Profelyte, and lose a Censor. The Counsel was received with Applause, and presently they fell to work; they attacked his Reason with Wine, and his Chastity with Women. But *Theomachus* vented their Mines before they took fire, and so covered his Adversaries with Confusion, and himself with Glory. Nay, he painted the Foulness of the Attempt in so lively Colours, that he brought over some to a better Life; and even those he could not persuade to repent, he taught to blush: And now he had obtained such a Superiority, that all those Hectors who could not love him, were forced to esteem him. His very Presence bridled their Passions, and kept them within the Bounds of Decency; and though he could not controul their Thoughts, he was absolute Master of their Actions.

Theomachus ran on in this holy Course till the thirtieth Year of his Age, respected by Men, and precious in the Sight of God. Never Man bid fairer for Perseverance than he; he had put his Passions under such severe Discipline, that they seemed rather dead than mortified; they had obeyed so long, that they lost almost all Desire to command: He lay under the Violence of no ill Habits, no criminal Engagements; in fine, he judged himself secure, when he was within an Ace of his Ruin.

His Sister, affianced to a young Gentleman, invited him to her Wedding; she pressed the Invitation with that Earnestness, *Theomachus* foresaw she would not return with a Denial: He made, notwithstanding some Resistance, and carried on his Excuses beyond the Laws of Civility; for he knew that Meetings devoted to Merriment, are often profaned with Lewdness; or at least that Temptation crowds in with Youth and Gallantry; yet at length Importunity overcame his Constancy, and this Piece of innocent Condescendence first threw him upon Temptation, and then tumbled him into the Precipice of Libertinism and Atheism.

Some of his Relations, Men of a gay Temper, were grown out of Conceit with his Moderation and Reservedness,

servedness, and therefore resolved either to bend his Virtue, or to break it. They hire a Woman, fair as a *Helen*, but lewd as a *Messaline*; she was one of those who prostitute their Honour for a fine Equipage, and first prey on young Gentlemens Hearts, and then on their Estates. She was handsomely set out for the Employment, and well versed in all the little Arts of Wheedling; nothing could be more engaging than her Conversation, her Humour was pleasant, and yet reserved: So that those that did not know her, would have taken her for a *Vestal*: She was well instructed in her Part, and promised to act it to the Life: Nor did she fail in the Execution.

Theomachus, on the Day appointed, repaired to his Sister's Lodgings, where he was received with open Arms; every one gave him the welcome, but they screwed up Civility even to Affectation, who had laid the Train to blow up his Virtue: And now the deceitful Syren I spoke of began to enter on the Stage. She continually placed herself before him, and took him out to dance a *Minuet*; she found Occasion to entertain him, and sometimes in private. *Theomachus* was first charmed with her Conversation, then he fought it, and, in fine, he found an Uneasiness when he was out of her Company; in a word, his Passion made such Progress in the Space of two Hours, that he was scarce able to master it: This Basilisk had shot the Poison through his Eyes to his Heart, and its Operation was so quick, that the pestilential Flame almost consumed him before he well knew the Cause of so strange an Alteration; he blush'd within himself to submit, at the Age of thirty, to a Passion he had conquer'd at twenty, and concluded that Magic had a greater Hand in his Overthrow than Nature: But 'tis a Folly to impute to Philtrums and Incantations those Effects which spring from ourselves, and rise out of our own Corruption.

He endeavoured to pen up his Passion within his own Breast, and fear'd it should take Air; but Love is a Flame that cannot be confined, it breaks out in spite of Opposition, and works its way through all the Marks of Dissimulation. A certain Gloominess sat on his

Face,

Face, Chearfulness gave place to Melancholy; he shew'd an Uneasiness in Company, and a Dissatisfaction in Solitude; all wonder'd at the sudden Alteration, but nobody more than himself. Some called the Distemper a Fever, others a Weakness; but all missed in their Conjectures, besides the Viper that shot the Poison, and the unfortunate Gentleman that receiv'd it.

Theomachus pretended Sickness, and so withdrew to his Lodgings; but he trail'd the Dart after him, it stuck in his Heart, and he neither had the Courage to disengage it, nor Resolution enough to support the Torment: He hated the Pain, yet doted on the Cause of it, and even seem'd to taste some Happiness in the very Height of his Misery. But oh! when he compared his past State with the present, the sweet Calms of a virtuous Mind with the boisterous Tempest of a distemper'd one, he thought himself fallen from Heaven into Hell, and confessed nothing was wanting to complete his Misery but the Eternity of his Torments. His Fancy drew out a Landscape of all the dismal Consequences of so unruly a Passion, and Reason told him it was time to prevent them; but he relied too much on his Virtue, and supposed it invincible, because hitherto he had not been overcome. He thought his Power over Passion was as absolute as God over the Sea, and if he bid it stop within the Bounds of Decency and Innocence, it durst not disobey. But alas! Virtue must not, without great Precaution, be put to the Test. If we trust it too far, it often gives us the Slip; and by a most just Judgment from Heaven, too great a Confidence ends in Ruin.

In fine, *Theomachus* was impatient for a second Interview; he concluded no Harm could follow, because he intended none: That there was no Danger of Sin, because his Thoughts were innocent. Nay, he was now flown up to such an Height of Extravagance, as to persuade himself that the Impetuosity of Appetite is sooner tamed by Liberty than Restraint, and that like some capricious Horses, it runs faster when you draw in the Reins, than when you slacken them. Thus he
fetched

fetch'd Arguments from the Stable, and play'd the Jockey rather than the Christian.

His Companions made him a Visit, and easily perceived the Cause of his Disease. They praised his Passion, applauded his Choice, and very religiously offered their Service in this amorous Adventure; *i. e.* they saw a *Relation* on the Brink of the Precipice, and would by all means favour him with a civil Push: For you must know, *Neander*, there is a Race of Men in this City who intrench upon the Devil's Employment, or rather are his Deputies; they tempt by his Commission, and damn their Friends out of Kindness; they are more successful and more dangerous than their Master, because less frightful; and then they edge the Temptation, both by Example and Counsel.

Theomachus's ill Fate drew him to a second Visit, this made way for a third; yet he stood to his Resolution, and kept within the Limits of Modesty: But in the mean time the Fever of Love heighten'd, and the malignant Humour pass'd through the Eyes to the Heart, and from thence fumed up to the Brain; so that now the Disease not only infected the Will, but tainted the Understanding. He began to venture on greater Freedoms than stood with Virtue, and in a short time plunged into Debauchery: But when he retired into his Closet, and Solitude gave time for serious Reflection, Grace open'd his Eyes to see his Fault, and they dropt Tears to deplore it; he learnt by Experience that the Pleasure of Sin bears no Proportion with the Torment of it; that the Delight is momentary, and the Pain may be eternal. And now he seem'd resolv'd not only to hate his Crime, but even the Cause of it: But those Debauchees who had been the Instruments of his Fall, dash'd all his pious Resolutions, and at length not only deprived him of Liberty, but of the very Desire to regain it.

Tears, says one, have no ill Grace on a Child's Cheeks; they become also well enough the weaker Sex, who often-times plead their Cause with them when Reasons fail, and so at the same Time redress a Grievance, and discharge the Brain: But they argue

an unpardonable Weakness in a Man, and raise a shrewd Suspicion he has either over-lived his Judgment, or never had one; you have made a false Step, and who does not trip sometimes? Let your Heart ask Pardon, not your Eyes. Repent, if you please, but why must you despair? But before you pronounce upon yourself, examine whether you are guilty? Appeal to Reason, not to Fancy, Prejudice, and Education: Those are always upon the Hurry, and because they raise a Dust, they never see Objects in their Proportion. God is a *Father*, not a *Tyrant*; if he has laid some Precepts upon us, he never intended to overwhelm us. Why did he create Eyes, but to see? Or Ears, but to hear? Will he permit us to behold nothing but Monsters? Or to smell nothing but Stench and Infection? This is to make our Senses a Burden, rather than a Blessing; it's to turn into a Curse the very Benefit of our Creation.

No, no, *Theomachus*, when God framed our Senses capable to receive Pleasure, he created Objects fit to give it; and I am of Opinion, that Pleasures of the Sense have nothing criminal but Mistake. I thank that great Deity that made me, for the Favour of my Creation; I pay him Obedience every Day, and commit myself to his Protection. Now, if at the same time I indulge Nature, and give it a Play-day, where is the Harm? Must he be offended, because I am pleased? Or cannot he be happy, if I am merry? Indeed I declare against those who fly in the Face of Majesty; why burlesque his Goodness, and lampoon his Justice: Those are Attempts against his Person, overtacts of Hostility and Rebellion, they are Crimes of the first Class; and if they are not punished with Fire hereafter, at least they deserve it. Speak honourably of God, pay your Workmen, injure no Man, and you cannot miscarry.

The Gentleman has Reason, says another, he has spoken like a Man of Parts and Merit. I lay once under the same Mistake as you *Theomachus*, and never enjoyed my Freedom till I eased myself of the Yoke of Conscience, and Restraint: Qualms damp'd all my Pleasures, and melancholy Spectres flung Wormwood
into

into all my Diversions: But I have reason'd myself out of these splenetic Vapours, and laugh at these fantastic Monsters: They once tormented me; but, continued he, what if there be no God? What if you flash into nothing when you cease to breathe? And that Fear and Hope sleep in the Grave? Will your Virtue then convey you to Heaven? Or your Sins to Hell? Be first sure there is a future State, before you part with the present. When you can demonstrate there is a God, 'twill be time enough to serve him: Tell me not the Being of a Deity is past Debate, nor that all Nations conspire in this Behalf: Matters of this Nature are not to be put to Vote, they must not be judged by Plurality of Voice; Reason must decide the Question, not Numbers: Truth is Truth, though all the World deny it; and Falshood is Falshood, though all abet it. Peruse these Books with an unprejudiced Mind: With that he laid on the Table *Hobbs*, *Spinoza*, and other Pamphlets, the Spawn of our Age, and the Plague of our unhappy Nation.

This new System of Divinity stunn'd him, he knew not whether he should receive it with Laughter or Indignation: for though, on the one side, he supposed they jest'd; yet, on the other, they play'd on too serious a Subject: Though he had forfeited his Innocence, he had not yet took leave of Religion; so that he could not endure to hear the Decalogue traduced; Virtue levelled with Vice, and God himself degraded by a Pack of Atheists, who have no other Reason to quarrel with his Being, but because he curbs their Lusts, and lashes their Conscience with Scorpions.

But the Devil of Love, that possessed this unhappy Gentleman, began to rise again: He perceived that Indulgence had whetted his Passion, instead of blunting it; and that it was impossible to gratify Sensuality without provoking Conscience. In this Agony between Fear and Desire he first cried out, if these Gentlemens Tenets are not true, they are at least convenient; they give full Scope to Sense, and reconcile Conscience with Pleasure: Then he wished they were true; and, after a Pause, perchance they are, said he: Latter

Ages

Agess have discover'd a new World, why may they not a new Truth? At least there is no Harm in examining their Principles. If they prove satisfactory, I may enjoy my Passion; if not, I am resolv'd to stifle it. Thus did Atheism make its Approaches by Degrees; it work'd at first out of Sight, and under a Disguise, and then turn'd *Theomachus* out of his Religion and Wits too.

He fell upon the Books with so great Eagerness, that he seem'd rather to devour, than read them: And when he fell upon the Panegyric of human Reason, or an Invective against Prejudice and Education, This is fair Dealing, said he! This is to build on Principles; to stand on a sure Foundation: We cannot go astray under the Conduct of Reason; Interest cannot break in upon its Integrity; it acts without Bias, without Partiality; its Judgment is infallible, and its Decisions Oracles. Prejudice and Education are the Bane of Truth: They so crowd our Heads with old Species, that they leave no room for new ones; so that we either act out of Custom or Spite.

But he had done well to consider, that they who invest our Understandings with the Prerogative of Infallibility, are infallibly *Coxcombs*; that they are great Strangers to Reason, who think it above Error; and that they are certainly mistaken, who suppose it cannot be deceived. 'Tis true indeed, Prejudice and Education often-times rather lead us from Truth, than to it; and it is more secure to make the Inquiry alone, than in their Company: But when Men declaim against them without Mean or Measure, 'tis a Sign they are tainted with the Disease; for where there is Heat there is no Indifference, and so they only condemn one Prejudice with a greater.

However, the Books infected him, they conveyed the Contagion from his Heart to his Head; so that within a short Time his Disease came to a *Crisis*, which prognosticated nothing but Atheism. He found a strange Charm in the Style, their flourishing Periods struck him with Admiration. He thought a Vein of Wit and Elegance ran through all their Discourses, so that he was never tired with reading nor praising them: The worst of

of Things were presented him under a handsome Mask, which made them pass; Poison will not go down, unless it be gilt, or made palatable: And, for this Reason, generally the worst Books are writ the best; barefaced Impieties rather move us to Indignation than Love, and therefore those who expose them to the public View take care to set them off in a gaudy Dress, to veil their real Deformity under beautiful Trappings. I know many are of *Theomachus's* Opinion, and make strange Discoveries of Wit in these Authors, where I find nothing but Blasphemy. But some Men are born under a happy Constellation; they have the good Fortune to be dubb'd Wits, merely for scoffing out of the common Road, and taking the Confidence to deride those sacred Mysteries the greatest Part of Mankind reverence; which certainly is no more an Argument of a Man's Wit, than of his Piety: But 'tis a Demonstration that an *English* Atheist was in the Right, when he said, *When Reason is against a Man, then a Man will be against Reason.*

You must not wonder if *Theomachus*, once intoxicated with Atheistical Wit, was soon bewitched with Atheistical Arguments; every Sophism seem'd conclusive, and Demonstration sparkled in every Period. You would have sworn those Gentlemens Arguments were as evident as Mathematical *Postulatum's*; or that they proved their *Thesis* by *Apollonius* or *Euclid*. But, after all, they build on Guesses, and ever beg the Question, but never prove it. Sometimes they flirt at the Government of the Universe, then at God's Justice, and sometimes again at his Mercy; and because they cannot reconcile these two Attributes, they suppose they are incompatible; as if Man's Reason, that cannot comprehend a File, were able to grasp an Immensity. However, these Arguments, which rather work on Fancy, than convince the Understanding, debauched *Theomachus*; and because he could not, or would not resolve them, he thought them unanswerable.

Sometimes he would adjourn from his Closet to the Coffee-house, and venture upon a Dispute; and when he was put to a Plunge, he laid the Miscarriage rather upon

upon his own Ignorance, than on the Cause he managed: So befotted was he of his new Masters! In fine, the Employment of *Theomachus* jumps with his Name, and his Morals with his Faith; he is a perfect Atheist, that is, without Religion, and by consequence without Morality: He acts as he believes; and the only Apology for his Vices, is the Corruption of his Principles.

Though this unhappy Gentleman abandon'd God, God did not abandon him; he struck him with a Fever, which in some Days brought him to Death's Door: And the Doctor deliver'd him this doleful Message, *Sir, you must die.* He who before discours'd of Death, as if he had been immortal, broke into a Fit of Impatience and Distraction; he scarce knew where he was, much less what to resolve on; he saw he could not live, and yet he would not die. This Strife between Life and Death cast him into strange Convulsions; and the Loss of the present, with the Fear of the Future, set all the Humours of his Body in a Ferment. God awak'd his Conscience, which flew in his Face, and set before his Eyes a whole Inventory of his Crimes. He started at the Sight of these ghastly Monsters, and feared himself more than Death, nay, more than Hell; for 'tis more to deserve those Torments than to suffer them. Oh, cried he, there is a God! Sickness, that has almost killed my Body, quickens my Understanding! From these last Moments of Time, methinks, I take a Survey of Eternity; and behold there a Judge who will punish me, if I die in Obstinacy; or reward me, if I breathe out my Soul in Repentance. Oh! I will fly to his Mercy, rather than abide the Impartiality of his Justice! His Goodness exceeds my Malice; he can pardon more than I am able to commit, and will receive me into Favour, if I sue for it with Humility and Caution. In short, he sent out such fiery Ejaculations, that they seem'd to flow rather from the Breast of a *Seraphin*, than of a Man. He detested Atheism with all the Causes of it, and wished he had lost his Eyes before they look'd upon those scandalous Books that corrupted his Will, and poisoned his Understanding:

He water'd his Bed, in a very literal Sense, with his Tears; nor could all the Persuasions of his Friends stop the Current. He now had no Regard for the Body, that was once his Idol; nay, he wish'd that Sorrow would rather put an End to his Life, than Nature. But *Theomachus* beyond Expectation recover'd, and, what is amazing, relaps'd into his old Disease: Scarce did he enjoy the Favour of a perfect Health, but he spurn'd at his Benefactor, and fell into those Abominations he so lately detested; as if God varied with our Constitutions, and vanish'd into nothing when we are well, and revives when we lie on our Death-bed.

This is an Abridgment of *Theomachus's* Life, and I have been more particular in the Narrative, that you may learn by his Misfortune, and draw some Advantage from his Miscarriage: We may date his Ruin from the Rise of his Passion; though debauch'd Company, and lewd Books compleated it. Love sunk the Mind; Conversation and Reading put Fire to the fatal Train, that blew up *Theomachus's* Virtue: And from this tainted Spring flow those unheard-of Abominations, that almost drown the Nation. Had not the Printers so much Work, the Preachers would have less; but now the Press declares War against the Pulpit, and the Hawks scatter the Defiance,

Nean. This is a strange Story; and had I it from another, I should be tempted to doubt whether Man be capable of so great Inconstancy. Certainly it deserves a Place in History. I may perchance be tempted, with your Leave, to expose it to the Public.

Euseb. I leave that to your Discretion. Let's not forget our Atheist; it's time to take Coach.

DIALOGUE II.

Whether there are any real Atheists.

THEY walk'd down Stairs; and when they were in the Coach, Pray, said *Neander*, give me your Opinion, Are there any such Creatures in the World as real Atheists? They say their Vermin swarms, and, like *Egyptian Frogs*, crawl into the very Bedchambers of Princes.

Euseb. Atheism is a mere Sound, an insignificant Word, a modish Bluster; but in truth there is no such Monster in Nature, as a downright Atheist: I mean, no body in his Senses can seriously persuade himself *there is no God*. Men may huff and hector in a Rendezvous of Rakes and Bullies; they may swear they believe no such Thing; and in a raving Transport of Debauchery defy it; but then you must take all this for nothing but *Cant* and *Bra-vado*: The Denial sits on the Tongue alone; 'tis rather a Wish there were no God, than a serious Profession there is none; for whilst they mock this pretended Nothing, they tremble at the Apprehension of it; they fear its Anger, though they deny its Being: So that those we call Atheists affect to appear what they are not, and by a strange Frenzy lay to their own Charge a Crime they are not guilty of. And indeed the Persuasion that there is a God, is rooted in Nature; we owe it neither to Education nor Study: As our Maker has stamp'd his Image on our Foreheads, so he has also engraven'd the Knowledge of himself in our Souls; and although Debauchery may deface the Characters, it can never destroy them.

Nean. Pray let us drive home again: I thought we had been on an Expedition against the Atheists; but I perceive they are Enemies of our Coining; they are mere Phantoms that flash from Fancy, and only serve for Satire and Invective. What did that great Champion *Dr. Tillotson* enter the List against *Chimera's*? Did

he duel with empty Apparitions, and fence with Shadows?

Euseb. Mistake me not, I told you there were no real Atheists; *id est*, that no Man can be so far convinced *there is no God*, but still he fears *there is one*. Let him draw up a whole Legion of Atheistical Arguments in *Battalia*, they cannot secure the Understanding from Frights and Suspicions; for though they may look under the false Lights of Prejudice and Partiality very plausibly, yet they cannot convey to the Intellect Evidence and Demonstration.

But then there are a World of limping Atheists, who walk between a God and no God; that is, who say there is no Deity, and act as if there were none, and yet at the same time suspect there is one. This is that Race of Men we call Atheists, who have dismissed their Understanding and Reason with their Will.

Nean. Under Favour, I must trespass upon your Patience, and crave farther Instruction; for as yet I walk in the Dark, and do not apprehend your Meaning: Cannot the Being of a Deity be justified by Arguments, that flash Conviction?

Euseb. Yes, it can.

Nean. It seems then impossible for the Understanding even to doubt of a Truth, that presents itself in the glittering Equipage of Demonstration; for it is not Master of its Acts, as the Will; it lies under the Command of Necessity, and is compelled to acknowledge Truth if it appears in Person.

Euseb. The Propositions of *Euclid* are all Demonstrations; and yet a bare Cast of the Eye on the Lines, or the Titles, do not send Truth in Post to the Brain: We must first see what the Author would be at; then we must put *Antecedents*, and draw *Consequences* before we can discover that Light which flows from the Schemes to the Head, and gilds the Understanding. Now an Atheist is sick of a Deity, and therefore will make no Acquaintance with those Arguments that prove one; they come upon too ungrateful a Message to find a kind Reception; and generally when they ask an Audience, the

the Will denies Admittance; or at least it cuts out so much other Work for the Understanding, that it can find no Time to give them a full Hearing: Like a Minister of State, it hovers about the Prince, and obstructs the free Passage to the Presence: But then, when Arguments for no God appear, the Will puts on foot a hundred little Intrigues to ensnare the Understanding; they are trick'd up for Delusion, and fitted for Deceit.

Nean. I perceive it's a fine thing to be a Dupee: Why else do Men take such Pains to impose on themselves? But can Men cheat themselves in Reputation? Or are there so great Charms in being over-reached? I thought it was every Man's Interest there were a God; and therefore, methinks it were more reasonable to believe, than to wheedle ourselves into Infidelity.

Euseb. No doubt, it's the Interest of Reason, but not of Sensuality. A Man who takes Pleasure for the Rule of his Actions, must lie under strange Apprehensions at the very Thoughts of another World. The dreadful Glory of an exasperated Deity; the fiery Prospect of boiling Brimstone, and the horrid Pourtraits of the infernal Executioners, cannot choose but work upon the most resolute Debauchee: Sin, though never so pleasant, with the dismal Consequences of Judgment and Damnation, sit very uneasy on his Conscience, and counterpoise the Sweetness of the most refin'd Sensuality with Gall and Wormwood. Now these Creatures of Pleasure, who cannot resolve on Repentance, have found out a short way to plaister up a Peace with Conscience: They commission their Lusts to draw upon the Understanding, and compel it to deny, or at least to doubt, of those Truths that alarm them: And it cannot be denied, but all inordinate Lusts bias the Intellect, and make it fit to receive those Impressions which favour Passion. When Men live as if there were no God, 'tis extremely expedient for them there were none; and when once they are come so far, they catch at all those Arguments, which may fortify them in this Persuasion; and these joined with the Charms of Interest, abate the Dread of Divinity. 'Tis true, all these

these pretty Artifices are never able to secure them against the Furies that rise from another World to haunt them. *Perchance there is a God, perchance there is a Hell*, fright them into their Solitude and Retirement, and sometimes into Taverns too: Yet they have gain'd one Point by doubting, which they look upon as a very considerable Advantage, *viz.* that they may live Rakes, and die Atheists, without being sure there is a God to call them to Account, or a Hell to punish them; and certainly a Man may be said to be in some degree happy, that is not sure he shall once be eternally miserable.

Now you see the Heart has carried on the Contrivance, and from this apostem'd Member flows the Corruption of Atheism. And to cut off all Doubt, why do the very high-flown Atheists desert on their Death-beds those Principles they once admired? Why do they turn Renegadoes to Atheism at the last Gasps? Have they received new Lights from Doctors and Apothecaries? No, no, they have left the World behind; Pleasures are now out of their Reach, and past Happiness almost out of their Memory. They fancy at least an Eternity before them, Fire under their Feet, and Vengeance over their Heads. These dismal Meditations cool Passion, allay Lust, and change the Heart; but work no Alteration in the Understanding: So that I may conclude with *David, The Fool said in his Heart there is no God.* Atheism lodges in the Breast, and a Deity in the Head. Men do not believe a God, because they will not; to gratify Sense, they disoblige Reason; and hug Infidelity, to fear Conscience.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

Eusebius and Theomachus meet, and agree on the Preliminaries.

SCARCE had *Eusebius* ended, when the Coach stopp'd at *Theomachus's* Lodgings, who expected him with a young Gentleman we call *Eudoxus*. This Blade was a great Pretender to Wit; and to follow the Stream of Custom, would make the first Essay of it in a Critic of Religion: He received the Rudiments of Latitudinarianism from *Ariorviflus*; and was grown a wondrous Proficient in the Science of Impiety: He passed the Line of Christianity; and although he had not yet touched upon the Point of Atheism, he was arrived, as *Ariorviflus* used to talk, at the *Cape of Good Hope*; in fine, he yet acknowledged a God, admitted all Religion, and would condemn none.

After some mutual Civilities: This is the Gentleman, said *Neander*, I spoke of Yesterday; if Victory favours you, I hope you will give him fair Quarter for my sake.

Theom. Never fear; 'tis more glorious to use a Victory modestly, than to gain one. I had rather receive a Foil from *Eusebius*, than be subdued by Insolence. Rest secure, continued he with a Smile, if Fortune takes my Side, your Friend shall have Reason to be satisfied with me: I'll immediately release him on his *Parole* not to bear Arms against Atheism, till he be better inform'd.

Euseb. I am much oblig'd for your Civility; if I fall under the Weight of your Arguments, I abandon myself wholly to your Generosity: Prisoners of War, like *Minors*, are incapable to article; they lie at the Mercy of the Conqueror, and must receive Conditions, but can make none. But, Sir, I must beg Pardon for my Rudeness; for although *Neander* told me you earnestly desired a Conference, yet I am sensible, that it's neither genteel nor handsome to salute a Stranger with a Dis-

pute; nor to make Acquaintance in a Duel: But, Sir, I come here to discourse, not to contend. I seek Truth, which, like Pearls, is only found in a Calm; and unless we all resolve to abandon Error when we perceive it, 'tis better to forbear the Engagement: For if we look upon the Conference as a Trial of Wit, and persuade ourselves it's more dishonourable to own an Error, than to defend one in spite of Evidence, we shall take a great deal of Pains to discompose ourselves; and then the Question will be, who has most Passion, not who has most Reason: For when a Man is pinch'd and will not surrender; when his Reasons are weak, and his Obstinacy strong, he calls in Heat and Passion to his Assistance, the only Supports of a sinking Cause: And I take it for granted, that a Man never wants Arguments to relieve a drooping *Thesis*, but he supplies the Want with Noise and Clamour.

Theom. You speak my Thoughts; Reason forced me to deny a God, and when Reason tells me there is one, I will submit to its Dictaments. I never wed an Opinion for better, for worse: What I took upon good Grounds, I lay down upon better: I do not hug a Mistake, nor pride in an Error, nor ever laid Claim to Infallibility. I cannot well comprehend what those Pretenders to Science would be at, who fasten on the first Notions, and will no more part with them, than a *Spaniard* with his *Basket-bilt* or *Golilia*: They fancy surely that Truth swims on the Surface, and that the best Thoughts lie always uppermost; but then they would do well to consider, they give Children a considerable Advantage over Men; for Knowledge will no more be the Consequence of Time and Experience: We shall live no more to learn Wisdom, but to fix in Folly. In a Word, I will no more enslave my Understanding than my Person; and I value at as high a Rate the Liberty of Thinking, as of Acting. Convince me there is a God, and I'll take my last Farewel of Atheism.

Euseb. Indifference is an excellent Disposition; we seldom pursue Truth without Prejudice, but we take it. I have a Favour or two to beg before we begin, continued *Eusebius*. *First*, Let us speak by Turns: I am

no Friend to Noise, and cannot be reconciled to those fiery Disputants who fling out Arguments one upon the Back of the other, yet will not have the Patience to receive one Answer: This is not to confer, but to wrangle; and although it may become the Skippers of *Wapping*, or the Oyster-women at *Billingsgate*, yet it suits not well the Breeding of Gentlemen. An Argument proposed with Noise and Blustering may break the Head, and dismount the Brain, but it never makes Impression on the Understanding; Truth, like a gentle Shower, soaks through the Ears, and moistens the Intellect.

Theom. I was drawing up that Article, and am glad you have foretall'd me: You are of my Temper; I would have a Dispute managed with Vigour, but not with Heat; that inspirits Conversation, this confounds it: Notwithstanding, Disputing is hot Service, I confess, and generally is perform'd with too much Eagerness to be successful; nay, I was once acquainted with a most even-temper'd Man, who after he had drawn Blood, as I may say, and was flesh'd in Polemics, never waver'd his Good-humour afterwards.

Euseb. I must also desire you to avoid Mistakes, to call in an *Amanuensis*. When our Answers and Objections are committed to Paper, and sign'd by both Parties, there will be no Fear of Misrepresentation. I have often seen a Conference in Print, nothing like the Original; and he who crow'd in the Pamphlet, cried craven in the Chamber. *Theomachus* presently approved the Proposition, and sent for an *Amanuensis*: So that now the Preliminaries were agreed to, and all Things seem'd ready for the Engagement.

But *Eusebius*, who saw a great Intimacy between *Eudoxus* and *Theomachus*, supposed they were not much divided in Opinion; and that he might attack them both at the same Time, if lean'd towards *Deism*, desired to know his Principles. Sir, said he, addressing his Discourse to *Eudoxus*, I hope without Rudeness I may ask what Religion you profess? We are now met to discourse of that Subject, and perchance yours may come within the Reach of these Arguments I intend to level at

Atheism. In *Italy* and *Spain* such Questions are superfluous; and in *France*, when you find a Man no Papist, you conclude he is a *Hugenot*. But our Island is more prolific, and yields annual Crops of Religion, as well as of Corn. One Grain of Faith sprouts up into a hundred; and I am told, that you may poll the People more easily than their Tenets: So that Religions rise and fall as well as Men; and therefore, with Submission to my Lord-Mayor's better Judgment, I would have the Mortality of Churches put in the weekly Bills, together with that of the Inhabitants.

Eudox. Liberty and Property are the Birth-right of every free-born *English* Subject: And I see not why the same great *Charter* should not enfranchise his Belief, as well as his Goods and Chattels. *England*, Sir, is a nice Nation; I may add, and pious also. We pay Homage and Obedience to the Lord, and will stand up for his just Rights and Prerogatives; but then we forget not our darling Liberty; we respect him as Children, not as Slaves; and walk in his Ways with Freedom, not in Trammels.

Euseb. You acknowledge then a God.

Eudox. I do. I am also persuaded there is a Heaven, and think there may possibly be a Hell; these Articles I subscribe to: But no Man shall stretch my Faith to another Tenet, or command my Obedience to a *Canon* more. This is my *Non plus ultra*; what lies on the other side of these Points, is an unknown Region to my Faith, though not to my Opinion. I confess I do not understand what God is, though I adore him; yet I know enough to admire his Greatness, and my own Nothingness. I love sometimes to lose myself in the Labyrinth of his Perfections; to pursue my Reason to an, *Oh Altitudo!* In my Retirement I pose my Apprehensions with the intricate Attributes of his Eternity, Goodness and Justice; and those very Objections that startle another Man's Faith, confirm mine: To believe what I can prove, is rather Science than Faith. I recreate myself therefore with his Goodness, and confound my Understanding with his Eternity; and

put all Suggestions of Infidelity out of Countenance with this old saying of *Tertullian*, *Certum est, quia impossibile est.*

I read no Casuist but my Reason; and am of Opinion, that God pardons some Sins as easily as we commit them: My Conscience is neither of Steel, nor of Wax; heavy Offences batter it, but a Peccadillo of Infirmary makes no Impression. I thank God, all my Sins have Names, and are rather Friends to Sense, than Enemies to Reason; they neither attack God, nor wound my Neighbour; they only refresh sometimes my drooping Spirits, and gently purge Melancholy. In my solitary Thoughts, I compute and cast up Accounts with my Maker; and I find such a Confidence in his Mercy, that my youthful Failings are not able to affright me. Nay, methinks, I am tempted frequently to offend, that I may have the Satisfaction of asking Pardon: And no Meditation carries me so fast to God, as that of his Goodness, which forgives with so much Ease those Transgressions that hurry me from him.

Now if any Man will quibble upon my Symbol of Faith, I can easily forgive him. I cannot be angry with another's Judgment for disagreeing from mine: And, though I think myself in the right Way, I dare not conclude, my Opponents are in the wrong. Each Religion is but a different Road, that meets at Heaven; and if some will walk on in the straight Path, charged with a Lumber of Articles, Precepts, and Ceremonies, let them jog on, their Burthen will not load me: If they love to sweat under their Devotion, I vote them that Satisfaction: If they will not communicate with me, I have no Scruple to converse with them; their Ill-nature shall not influence my Charity. I can enter into a Papist Church, and either pray with them, or for them; the Place can't profane my Prayers: Wherever the Creator is, he may be adored; and therefore at *Constantinople*, I would enter into a *Mosque*, or into a *Pagode* in *Bengall*, or *Siam*; for if a *Mahometan's* or *Idolater's* Prayer offends God, mine may please him: If theirs pollute the Place, mine may sanctify it; for if they direct their Devotions to a Statue, or Impostor, I offer

offer mine to God; and so rectify the Error of their Worship, by well ordering mine.

Euseb. Tho' your Life be strait-laced, your Charity is comprehensive. I suppose the Univerſality of this, muſt atone for the Singularity of the other. Well, Sir, in a Word, continued he, you profeſs one Religion, and approve all; and ſo fall into the Claſs of *Latitudinarians*: You are a Leveller, and would bring into the World an Equality of Religions, as well as Goods and Dignities. You lie then under the ſame Latitude with *Theomachus*, and the Stroke that hits him will wound you. Well, Sir, (addreſſing himſelf to *Theomachus*) chooſe your Weapon; are you for the offensive or defensive?

Theom. Let us have our Turns; we will engage on equal Terms. But you are in my Houſe; the Laws of Breeding and Civility command me to give you the Precedency. I leave it therefore to your Choice.

Euseb. I ſee you are reſolved to overcome me with Civility, before you vanquiſh me with Reaſon. But I will not contend with you at this Weapon. I accept your Offer, and will not offend your Principles, before I defend my own.

DIALOGUE IV.

The Atheiſt cannot be ſure there is no God, nor the Latitudinarian that all Religions are ſaving.

Euseb. I ſuppoſe neither of you are ſo ſatiſfied with your Religions, as never to be haunted with Fears, nor ſcared with Doubts and Apprehenſions; for nothing can ſecure the Underſtanding, and fix the Judgment, but Evidence. Now I cannot perſuade myſelf, that any Atheiſt, Libertine, or Latitudinarian dare venture on ſo bold an Attempt, as to thruſt on Mankind thoſe Arguments for Demonſtrations, that under a fine Appearance hide nothing but Falſhood and Sophiſtry.

I doubt not indeed, but the Will may bias the Understanding, and force out an Assent; but then this can be no more steady than mere Philosophical Conclusions, that fly no higher than Opinion: For, whilst each Side of a Contradiction bids fair for Truth, we cannot tell on which Side it lies, and so float on Uncertainties; and though we judge the *Thesis* true, we fear it may be false. I will therefore, for once, deal more generously with you, than I am obliged in Reason: I will, I say, grant that your Tenets are doubtful; but then, when I do you a Favour, be pleased to do me Justice, and confess, that it is probable there is a God, and that there is one revealed Religion. I only ask what you cannot refuse without Injustice; for certainly, if we appeal either to the Tribunal of Reason, or Authority, I shall carry my Cause: For the Assertors of a God plead for his Existence with solid Reasons; whereas you merely beg the Question you are to prove, and bring no more but a bare Possibility for the Support of your Hypothesis: And then, you can pretend no right to Authority. The Founders of Atheism and Libertinism were looked upon as Monsters in the very Places they lived, and deserved Punishment for their Lewdness, before they suffered Banishment for their Impiety.

Epicure and *Theodore* were profligate Wretches; their Morals run even with their Divinity; they exterminated Virtue with Religion, and debauched both Practice and Principle; their Scholars have out-done both the Originals, and improved both Irreligion and Impiety. Now Men who are a common Nuisance to their Country, Misfortune to the Age they live in, and an eternal Shame to their Species, and have little Authority with those, who have one grain of Kindness for their Nature; they are better qualified for the Bar than the Bench, and more fit to suffer than to witness.

But those who avouch for me, are as admirable for Learning, as Piety; they are without Number, and above Reproach: So great Authority, back'd with weighty Reason, must be confessed sufficient to make our Opinion probable, I might say certain; but I wave the Advantage, I may claim both in Equity and Justice,

stice, and only ask what you are too reasonable to refuse, *viz.* That it is probable, at least, there is a God.

Theom. I have read all I could find on this Subject; and am forced to confess, our Authors have promised more than they are able to perform: Their Demonstrations for *no God* leave, methinks, some Apprehension there is *one*; and I find them more efficaciously upon my Understanding in Company, than in Solitude; and in Taverns, than in my Closet.

Euseb. That is; when Sensuality has started the Game, and Passions are on the Wing; when Appetite pursues criminal Pleasure, and Conscience checks you with the dismal Apparitions of Hell, and Judgment: Then the Will is too hard for the Understanding; it turns the false End of the Prospective, and magnifies these Arguments that favour Lust, and solicit for Liberty. But then again, when the Hurry is over, and your discerning Faculty lies under no Restraint nor Fallacy; when it contemplates the Proofs for *no God* in their just Proportion, it wavers with Fears; and tho' on the one Side it concludes there is *no God*, yet on the other it suspects *there is one*. Now, Sir, I do not ask what your Opinion is, when Passion runs down the Understanding; when Desire debauches it, and Sense flings Reason off the Hinges; but what it is when your Intellect acts without Bribery, without Illusion, without Partiality.

Theom. Well, that we may rid our Hands of Preliminaries, and enter upon Action, I will condescend so far, as to grant, that it is doubtful whether there *be a God, or no God*; and much good may the Concession do you.

Euseb. *Eudoxus!* Will you enter into the Treaty? It is better to compound a *Pamiable*, than by Force.

Eudox. That is, unless I fairly confess, it is doubtful at least, whether all Religions are saying; you will compel me by dint of Argument.

Euseb. Right; and pray put me not to the Labour of proving a Truth that discovers itself, and even glares upon the Understanding.

Eudox.

Eudox. I know not what Impression this Truth (as you are pleased to call it) makes on your Organ, methinks, it affects not mine; and I am persuaded that a Man of moderate Parts may prove *ad Evidentiam*, that all Religions are saving; but I willingly decline that Task, not to prejudice the Subject; yet I will venture to propose one Argument, that offers itself to every Man, and may be comprehended by a Child, though not evaded by a *Divine*.

Euseb. Such Arguments deserve Respect, and it is pity to bury them in Silence and Oblivion.

Eudox. Raillery apart: What can God require of Man, but Worship, Love, and Obedience?

Euseb. Nothing.

Eudox. Therefore whatever Religion a Man professes; if he worships God as his Creator; if he loves him as his Father, and obeys him as a Sovereign; does he not discharge himself of those Duties God's Excellence demands, and his Dependency? Does he not comply with all the Branches of Subjection? Does he not stand within the Bounds of Submission? Now, what Religion does not teach its Profelytes to prostrate before God's Majesty? to love his Goodness? to dread his Justice? and to receive his Laws with Reverence? Indeed the Manner of Worship is not uniform; it varies with the Climate, and is adapted to Mens Constitutions. Presbyterianism jumps with a Republican Genius; and for this Reason was most nicely established in Scotland. The Laws fence Prelacy in England. Popery bears all before it in France, Spain, and Italy. The *Alcoran* bewitches the *Levant*. *Amida* and *Xaca*, Japan. The *Laplanders* bow to the red Cloth, and some *Islanders* to a Baboon's Tooth: Yet these different Worships meet in the same Center, and terminate in one God *blest for ever*. I have not sprung this Divinity; I owe it to a late reverend Bishop, who maintained it with Applause against his Popish Adversaries; the ancient Pagans neither adored Stocks nor Stones, but the *invincible, living God*, under the Shapes of Mars, Apollo, and Jupiter Opt. Max.

If therefore Men of all Persuasions worship God, why shall they forfeit all Right to his Mercy? Why shall loyal Subjects be confounded with Mutineers? Or suffer for Treason they never dreamed of? If they do not agree in Ceremonies, they do in the Substance: Tho' sometimes their Bodies bend before an Idol, their Hearts fall a Sacrifice to their Creator; and whilst their Intention goes right, their Actions cannot go wrong.

Euseb. Air your Demonstration, *Eudoxus*, it smells of Brimstone, and rather proves the Author, will be damned, than that all Religions are saving. Methinks, it has so black, so monstrous an Aspect, that it rather frights than convinces: A Man must be below the Standard of human Nature; he must have something of savage, and devilish too in his Composition, to bolt out such killing Doctrine in cold Blood. Pardon my Heat, I am not Master of my Resentments in so provoking Occasions; and when can Passion be innocent, but in such an extraordinary Circumstance? But pray, can God reveal a Religion?

Eudox. Doubtless he can.

Euseb. If therefore he reveals one, and commands all Men to embrace it under Pain of Damnation; I suppose the Precept is obligatory in *England*, without the Consent of the great Representatives, the Lords and Commons in Parliament.

Eudox. Yes, certainly: God's Power goes higher than the negative Votes; his Will alone is a Law, without the Concurrence of either House.

Euseb. If therefore he has revealed a Religion, and commands all to embrace it, under Pain of Damnation; what will become of your Demonstration?

Eudox. Why faith, like a disabled Soldier, it shall trudge to *Chelsea*, and take up with the *Invalids*; for Arguments that have received on Duty Scars, deserve Consideration as well as Soldiers. Prove he has revealed one, and I am yours.

Euseb. Expect not a general Muster of those Arguments Christian Divines draw into the Field against Infidels: This is a Task above my Force, and requires much
Appli-

Application : Nor does our Controversy require it ; for present Business is not to convince you, that Christianity is evidently true, or evidently credible ; but only, that it is probable, at least, God has revealed it, and commands all Nations to embrace it. If I can discharge myself of this Attempt with Success, my Design is at an End.

Well, Sir, there are Christians in the World ; and if we walk back into past Ages, we shall find that JESUS CHRIST was their Founder : This is a Truth that admits of no Debate ; it cannot be questioned by those that act like Men, and yield to Evidence. This JESUS was born in a Stable, and past thirty Years in Poverty and Obscurity. Then he began to preach, and confirmed his Doctrine with Prodigies ; he gave Health to the Sick, Light to the Blind, and even Life to the Dead. At last, he died by Man's Malice, and revived the third Day by his own Power. He sent twelve Fishermen to subdue the World to the Law of the Gospel ; they obeyed his Command ; Success waited on their Labour, and crown'd their Endeavours : So that in some Years the Christian Religion spread its Conquest beyond the Bounds of the *Roman* Empire. Prejudice, Libertinism and Atheism, conspired its Ruin : Philosophers opposed Arguments, Emperors Torments, and Libertines the omnipotent Attractives of Sensuality : Yet Christianity broke through the Violence of the Oppositions, it multiplied by Disputes, and increased by Persecution. Ten Millions of Martyrs lost their Lives in the Quarrel : They demonstrated the Truth of their *Creed*, by the Constancy of their invincible Valour ; and though they sunk under the Excess of Torments, they overcame ; nay, oftentimes by the Force of Miracles they turned the very Executioners into Confessors, and the Tyrants into Martyrs. In fine, Christian Religion has always appeared holy, always victorious, always attacked by the Impious, and always triumphant over Impiety.

Now, if we consider the Means Christ made use of to raise this Empire over the Hearts and Consciences of Men, we shall find them diametrically opposite to all the Rules of human Policy ; and had not this great Design

Design been first laid, and then carried on by God himself, it must have proved an abortive *Embryon*; i. e. an Attempt contrived without Prudence, and followed by Disappointment.

First, The Articles to be believed were extraordinary, and rather seemed to revolt the Understanding, than to deserve Credit. A God; One in Essence, and Three in Persons, appeared a Paradox in the Position; and *God made Man* a Blasphemy to the *Jews*, and a Folly to the Gentiles. Though the Resurrection of the Dead might be good News to the Virtuous, yet it could meet with no kind Reception from the Vicious; it was more capable to inflame their Anger, than to work upon their Belief, and to make them Enemies, than Abettors.

Secondly, The Precepts of Morality cross more on Sense, than the *Credenda* seem to clash with Reason: They bridle the Sallies of corrupt Nature, and not only put a Restraint upon our Actions, but even on our Desires: They regulate every Motion, and bind up every Appetite to its good Behaviour: They inculcate nothing but Mortification, Persecution and Self-abnegation in this World, and reserve Pleasures for the future. They brought into the World a new System of Morality; they condemned these Vices which Sensuality had deified, and canonized those Virtues that were persecuted by some, unknown to others, and condemned by all. Nature indeed bids us love our Friends, but Christ commands us to stretch our Affections to our Enemies: We must return Favours for Injuries, Kindness for Hatred, and revenge Affronts with Pardon: We must place our Wealth in Poverty, our Glory in Ignominy, and our Ambition in the Conquest of Heaven. Such mortifying Doctrine in all Probability was more likely to scare People from Christianity, than to draw them to it; and no doubt, as *Gamaliel* said, it had began and ended at the same Time; its Rise and its Fall would have had but one Epoque, had not God by the divine Influence of his Grace conquered the rebellious Hearts of Men, whilst the Apostles set upon their Understanding with the Force of Reason and

Mira-

Miracles. That Mahometanism should dilate itself to a prodigious Extent, is not strange; it attacks Men on their weak Side; its Maxims fawn on Nature, and flatter Sensuality; it permits Crimes, and promises Impunity; and yet it was propagated by the Sword, and pressed on Mankind by Fire and Devastation. It went no farther than the *Barbarians* Conquest: And the *Levant*, with part of the *Indies*, were Slaves before they became *Mahometans*: But the Increase of Christianity is owing neither to Armies, nor Battles; it overcame the World by suffering Humility and Persecution; and God made use of poor, ignorant, and weak Men, for the accomplishing this great Design, that his Power might appear the greater.

Now, that what I have told you is true, what Surety do you require? To bid me shew you these Matters of Fact is childish; to call for a mathematical Demonstration is ridiculous; and both impossible. We cannot be assured of Things past, but by oral or written Tradition; both which stand for me. I can bring you *A-vouchers* of all Ages, and of all Countries: Some writ what they saw, and sealed their Writing with their Blood; others have handed down to Posterity what they received from their Predecessors. In a Word, a Man that will not believe Facts contained in my short Account, by the same Rule must believe nothing. But to wave further Dispute, and not to enter into the vast Ocean of this Controversy; I will only desire you to grant, that it is probable Christian Religion was revealed by God.

Eudox. Well, I grant your Request, but then we shall be just where we were; for still half your Task will remain undone: For though God has revealed this Religion, by what Logic will you infer, that he commands all Men to embrace it?

Euseb. I thank you for minding me of my Duty, and I will discharge myself of it in a Moment. First, Christ bids his Apostles promulge his Law to all Nations: Then he says, that those who are baptized and believe, shall be saved; but those who will not believe, shall be condemned; that he will laugh at those

those before the Angels, who shall blush to confess his Name on Earth : In fine, his Apostle tells us, we can be saved in no other Name but that of *Jesus Christ*. These Passages prove my *Thesis*, without the Trouble of Inference ; they are plain without Gloss or Comment.

Eudox. Right, if you can assure me the Places you quote are *Canonical*, *id est*, either delivered by Christ, or at his Command, by his Apostles.

Euseb. Why, Sir, you can no more question the Places I cite, than the very Existence of Christ, and of his Apostles ; for they stand on the same Bottom : Tradition, that establishes the one, confirms the other.

Eudox. Well, well, go on.

Euseb. Thus much therefore I have gained ; 'tis doubtful *whether there be a God or no* ; 'tis doubtful *whether Christian Religion be not the only saving Religion in the World*.

Theom. You have ; pray make your Advantage.

Euseb. I will, Sir ; and hope to improve my Advantage so far, as to demonstrate that Atheists and Latitudinarians seem to lose their Reason the first Moment they abuse it ; and that, tho' they pretend to square their Belief and Conduct by the Rules of the most refined Prudence, they fail most wretchedly in the Execution.

Theom. I perceive, *Eudoxus*, we must presently away *Bethlem* ; it will not be amiss to lay in Provisions beforehand. But, *Eusebius*, you have much Business on your Hands, and before that be dispatched your Head may be in some Disorder also : To your Task, if you please.

DIALOGUE V.

It being supposed doubtful whether there be a God, or whether all Religions are saving, the Atheists and Latitudinarians expose themselves to extreme Hazard.

Euseb. **WE** are agreed at present, *Theomachus*, that both these Propositions are uncertain : *There is a God ; There is no God ;* and you, *Eudoxus*, are
on

on the same Terms with me concerning these two. *Any Religion is saving. The Christian Religion only is saving:* If therefore it be true *there is a God*; it is certainly false *there is no God*: But then if it be true *there is no God*; by the same Rule 'tis false *there is a God*. Again, if it be true *all Religions are saving*; then 'tis false *the Christian Religion only is saving*: But if it be true *the Christian Religion alone is saving*; then it is also false *all Religions are saving*: For God who can do all Things, disowns the Power of placing Truth in both Members of a Contradiction. Now, Gentlemen, I enter upon my Proof.

When two uncertain Opinions lie before me, I am obliged by all the Laws of Prudence, to chuse that which cannot prejudice me much, though it chance to be false, and will turn to my Advantage if it happen to be true; and on the contrary, it is an infallible Symptom of a crazy Judgment, to close with that, which, though true, promises an inconsiderable Gain, and threatens me with Ruin and Destruction, if false. This may be laid down as a Postulatum for Practice, and is no less evident, than any Axiom in Mathematics is for Theory. By this Compass the wise Statesman steers his Course; by this Card the thriving Merchant sails, and the cunning Gamester models his Play by this infallible Maxim. A wise Prince, before he engages in an Expedition, draws up the whole Prospect of Gain, in case Success crowns his Enterprize; and that of Loss, in Case it end in Disappointment and Miscarriage: He weighs his Hopes with his Fears; the Hazard of losing, with the Probability of gaining; and will never embark himself in an Enterprize hand-over-head: When he knows, though Success follows his Standard, he shall only master an inconsiderable Village, or a contemptible Town; but if it flies over to his Enemies, his whole Kingdom will be the Reward of their Victory, and the Price of his Defeat. On the other Side, if a Prince falls upon his Neighbour, at least with equal Forces, and knows, if Fortune favours his Arms, he shall subdue a Kingdom; and though it frowns he can only lose an abandoned Bourg, and perchance not even that. In this Case, tho' he be disappointed of Success, he carries off the Title of Wise
and

and Prudent: He played his Game well, though he lost the Sett; and every Man must be so just to his Merit, as to confess his Venture was prudent, though not successful.

A Merchant manages with Prudence and Caution his Affairs, when he has brought the whole Mystery of Trading to such a Point, that his Gain may be excessive, and his Loss cannot be considerable: But should a Man of Traffic and Commerce put twenty thousand Pounds a-board a leaky Vessel, and send it to the *Indies*, through as many Dangers as there are Shelves in the Sea, or Winds in the Compass, with the bare Hopes of gaining Six-pence; would not you, and all the World, post him up for a Madman? Would you not think him fitter to lie in *Bethlem*, than to walk on the *Exchange*?

Theom. Yes, surely, I would judge him very rich, or superlatively foolish; and would duck and drake away my Money, rather than confide it to his keeping.

Euseb. Should a Man lay me ten to one at Cross or Pile, I suppose you would call me wise if I took the Bett? But then, if I should turn the Tables, and stake a Million against a Farthing, would you not brand me with Folly and Extravagance? Would you not conclude, that either I knew not the true Value of Money, or thought it a Burthen? For, at this Rate, I should drain a Treasure in a Moment, greater than that of *Potosi*, and turn Bankrupt in spite of good Luck itself.

Theom. You can run out in Positions that are undoubtedly true: Pray wheel about to the Application; methinks you shoot at random.

Euseb. I am for you presently: *When two Propositions are uncertain, by the Rules of Prudence you ought to chuse that which cannot prejudice you, though it chance to be false, and will infallibly turn to your Advantage, if it prove true. On the contrary, 'Tis an extreme Piece of Folly to regulate your Conduct by that Opinion which will lead you into Ruin and Destruction, if false; and cannot better your Fortune, or improve your Interest, though true. Now, those Propositions are supposed by us uncertain; There is a God; These*

There is no God; All Religions are saving; Only the Christian Religion is saving: You are therefore both obliged in Prudence to embrace those Opinions which will prove highly advantageous to you, if true; and will bring no Disadvantage, if false.

Theom. We subscribe to your Conclusion.

Euseb. But you embrace those Opinions, which, if false, hurry you into eternal Misery; and, if true, are not able to advantage your Happiness: What then remains but this Consequence, That you both forsake those glorious Rules of Prudence and Reason so much extolled by Atheists and Latitudinarians, and never regarded when they act by their own Principles?

Theom. Ho, Sir! You have been poring on Monsieur Pascal; at least you are not, I am sure, of the Society; for those good Fathers will not stoop so low as to take up Arguments at second Hand, or to use Weapons beaten on that Gentleman's Anvil.

Euseb. Under Favour, Arguments are not like Cloaths, the worse for using: Nay, methinks a Proof that has been on frequent Service, is like those veteran Soldiers, who neither start at the Noise of Muskets, nor the Report of Cannons. Sir, let us not wake Monsieur Pascal, he sleeps quietly in his Grave; and if he has laid Crimes at the Jesuits Door they were not guilty of, he has long since cried *Peccavi*; he has answered for his Letters at God's Tribunal, and either receives Hell for the Punishment, or Heaven for the Reward of his Labours. Though some have questioned his Charity, no Man ever doubted of his Wit; and I am pretty well convinced he pressed the Atheist more home with this Argument, than he pinched the Jesuits with his Dialogues. However, let us step softly over him; the Gentlemen of *Port-Royal* are good Friends, but dangerous Enemies; and if you attack one, you draw the whole Fraternity upon you.

Theom. Well, Sir, I deny, though this Proposition be false, *There is no God*, I can receive any Disadvantage.

Eudox. And I am of the same Opinion; though this happen to be false, *all Religions are saving*.

Euseb.

Euseb. Let us then, for the present, suppose this Proposition is false, *there is no God*; therefore this is true, *there is a God*: Now if there be a God, he is just.

Theom. He is.

Euseb. Therefore he must, and will punish those who transgress his Law, and question his Authority: For he acts no less against the Laws of Justice, who winks at Crimes, than he who martyrs Innocence: This we call Tyranny and Oppression, that criminal Indulgence and Partiality; both clash with Justice; the one exceeds a Mean, the other falls short of it: Now God cannot act with Justice, unless the Punishment bears some Proportion with the Offence. Seeing therefore there is an infinite Distance between the Offender and the Person offended, the Punishment must be in some sort infinite; but it cannot be infinite in Intention, therefore it must be in Extension, or Continuance.

Besides, the Lives of the most refined Debauchees run on in a never-interrupted Series of Prosperity; they neither groan under the Pangs of Sickness, nor the Throws of Poverty; they enjoy the Blessing of Health, and wallow in Abundance; their Undertakings, though laid with Folly, come off with Success; and so they carry off Profit and Applause, though their Conduct deserves Disappointment and Contempt; they sail on prosperously with all Winds; and if sometimes they stick upon a Rock, they only perceive the Danger to get off with Pleasure. Now seeing God is just, and does not drag out these Malefactors to Execution in this World, it is clear they will feel the Weight of his just Resentment in the other. So that, *Theomachus*, if there be a God, you see what awaits you hereafter, Justice, Revenge, Torments, and Misery.

But then, if Christian Religion be true, and the only saving Religion in the World, the Scene is shifted from bad to worse, from Horror to Amazement; and you, *Eudoxus*, are in the same Misfortune with your Friend. Though the Light of Nature tells us God will crown his Friends in the next World, and chastise his Enemies, yet the Light of Nature cannot particularize either the Rewards or Punishments. This *Arcanum* we owe to Divine Revelation alone; and we have Grounds suffi-

sufficient, at least, to make it highly probable he has revealed it: And if it be true, that he has, the Atheist and Latitudinarian play *Cross* and *Pile* at an excessive Disadvantage; they stake an Eternity of Happiness, and another of Misery, against a Bauble; for they cannot lose the first, without falling foul on the second; like accursed *Cain*, they will be banished from the Face of God, and carry on their Foreheads a perpetual Mark of his Vengeance, and their Reprobation: They will fry in Pitch and Flame, in Brimstone, without Pity, without Compassion, and, what is worse, without Term, without Annihilation; and can Fancy frame a greater Torment, than always to be barred of the Sight of God? And always to desire a Glimpse of that infinite Beauty, than always to burn and rage with Devils, and always to despair of Release? To these strange Misfortunes do Atheists and Latitudinarians expose themselves, *if there be a God, and if Christian Religion be the only saving Religion in the World*: And, for aught you know, both may be true.

Theom. You follow your Adversaries with so much Heat, that you wound yourself in the Pursuit; your very Arguments destroy your *Hypothesis*; and whilst you suppose there may be a God, you very learnedly demonstrate there is none.

Euseb. You have a mind to sport; but Jest never improve into Arguments, nor can Raillery grow up into Reason.

Theom. Sir, you mistake, I am not in a jesting Humour: Pray, if there be a God, is he not merciful?

Euseb. He is.

Theom. And if you suppose a God, and at the same Time prove that he is unjust, unmerciful, nay, tyrannical and savage, do you not pull down with one Hand what you raise with the other? Does not your Proof fly in the Face of your Position? You say, if there be a God, I shall feel the Weight of his exasperated Anger for all Eternity: I shall glow in Pitch, and boil in Brimstone: What is this but to clap the most exorbitant Tyranny on Mercy itself? To blend Cruelty with Meekness? Barbarity with Justice? To

sink infinite Mercy into Cruelty? And to turn God into a *Chimera*?

You may perchance scare poor Children, or silly Women with your *Quevedo's Visions of Hell*, and swell his Fancies into Divine Revelation; but Men are not so easily imposed upon. I know if there be a God, he is merciful; and that it is not Mercy's Office to butcher, but to pardon. Besides, you confess that God is the Model of all Perfection; that our Virtue is but a dark Beam of his: How then can he command us, as you say he does, to revenge Affronts with Favours? To lay down our Lives for our Enemies, when he persecutes his with Racks and Flames? Either therefore there is no Hell, or no Mercy in God; and then there will be no God: Take which Part of the *Dilemma* you please, I shall be pretty secure against future Contingencies. So that you see we Atheists and Libertines walk on more even Ground than you imagine.

Euseb. I might return your own Argument upon you, and shew that you run his Mercy so high, that you quite discard his Justice: But I will wave this Advantage, and single out your Reasons, which rather amaze, than convince. You say God's Goodness hinders him from taking any Cognizance of Crimes in the next World; therefore it is lawful to trample upon his Majesty, to controul his Orders, and to spurn at his Commands: He who so dotes on our Persons, cannot revenge the Offences; therefore Blasphemy, Murders, Adulteries, and all those Crimes that outrage Nature, and put even Atheists to the Blush, are but indifferent Actions; they have no more Harm than what flows from Vision, Prejudice, and Imagination; for were they Crimes, they would deserve Punishment in the next World: Now Mercy ties God's Hands, according to your new System, and absolves the Criminal. Hence it follows, that seeing no Action deserves Punishment, no Actions are Crimes; and by consequence there is no Law, for every Crime is a Transgression of the Law. This is a comfortable Doctrine for Whores and Rogues, and you deserve a Pension from Gaols and Baudy-

Bawdy-houses. Such Helps as these keep up the Trade, enrich the Hangman, and break down all the Barriers of Shame, to let into the World a Deluge of Lewdness and Abominations. Thus whilst you plead for God's Mercy, you solicit for Vice, and turn Advocate for Impiety.

I grant God is good and merciful; and we need no other Evidence to illustrate this Truth, but that you breathe and enjoy the common Blessing of Mankind: Had not God rather followed the mild Inclinations of his Mercy, than the more severe Laws of his Justice, Punishment had trod on the Heels of your Crimes; he had tore you from your Debaucheries in *flagranti*, and left not a Moment between the Sin and your Damnation: But, Sir, he has forgone his Right, and taken more mild Methods; he has bore your Insolence these many Years with Patience, and called you to Repentance, when he might have delivered you over to Punishment. No, I am told what bold Returns of Ingratitude you have made for this excessive Kindness: You have more than once, in the very Face of the Sun, to the Scandal not only of Religion, but of Humanity, spit in the Face of this infinite Mercy: You have burlisqued his Goodness, and profanely denied he ever saw your Crimes, or hated 'em, because he did not revenge them on the Spot, and put an End to your Life and Blasphemies the same Moment. Yet, after all these flaming Attempts against his Prerogative and Person, you not only live, but receive continual Favours from his Munificence; he expects only a *Peccavi* to seal your Pardon, and to cancel your Offences: But if you will stand to your abominable Principles, and dross upon his Menaces; if you will push an Obstinacy to the Grave, he will soften your hard Heart in Flames, and teach you, by a dismal Experience, that he wants not Mercy, but that you do not deserve to feel the Effects of so amiable an Attribute.

In short, God is good, because he created so vile a Creature as Man to so high a Fortune; because when our first Parent *Adam* withdrew himself from Duty,

and engaged his whole Posterity in open Rebellion, he was pleased to assume our Nature, to expiate our Sins with his Blood, and to breathe into our Souls a new Life of Grace by his Death; because he sets a thousand Wheels on work, to draw back Sinners to Repentance, and generally gives them Time, and always Grace, to look into their irregular Conduct, and to detest it: These are undoubted Marks of a most solid Goodness; and by this Square God commands us to model our Behaviour towards our Enemies; and has laid before us so complete a Pattern, that we shall never be able to reach it.

But then God has Regard to Justice, even when he seems to abandon himself totally to the Conduct of Mercy; for these Perfections which stand at the Helm of Government are never at Variance; their Advice is uniform, and both conspire to banish Confusion, and to establish Order; for God's Mercy is nothing else but a sincere Intention to procure a Creature good, so far only as Order will permit: Therefore, when a Creature has disturb'd this Order, God's Mercy pursues the Criminal, he offers him his Grace, and invites him a thousand Times to re-establish by Repentance the Order he had broken by his Disobedience: And then, if he will not hearken to these kind Exhortations, Justice forces him to resettle it by Torments; for God, though he be Omnipotent, cannot permit Disorder: He must either destroy it in Time, by forgiving Sins, or in Eternity by punishing them. In fine, Sir, Mercy governs in this World, but its Commission extends not to the other; *there* Justice reigns alone, and either distributes Rewards, or inflicts Punishment. Much Good therefore may your *Dilemma* do you: *There is a God, and He is merciful: There is a God, and He is just.* If that be a Perfection, so is this, nor are they incompatible: For though one Vice may jarr with another, Virtues are of a more peaceable Complexion, they live in Union, and can lodge in the same Breast.

Theom. I don't deny but that Offences against the divine Majesty may deserve some Punishment; and I know

know that if there be a God, he has Power to chastise as well as to reward ; but an eternal Punishment is very lasting, and looks more like an Act of Tyranny than Justice. I could allow well enough of a round Fit of the Gout or Stone ; or let God punish my Crimes on my Cattle with Murrains, Plagues, and Mortality, I am contented : But an eternal Torment for one Escape of Nature, for one Sally of Passion, can only proceed from Excess of Cruelty.

Euseb. We should live under a most happy Government, were all our Judges of your soft Disposition ; what merry Days should we enjoy if Murderers were only pillory'd ? Sodomites whipt ? And Traytors confined to their Lodgings ? Such severe Laws would no doubt disarm Vice, discourage Villainy, and put all Roguery out of Countenance. But, Sir, tell me, would not such over-strain'd Mercy let loose the whole Kennel of Abominations ? Would it not cut off all the Lines of Communication between Man and Man, and turn all into a Heap of Confusion ? Would not you judge those more guilty who made such Laws, than those who broke them ? I am sure you would call out for some Grains of Severity, and apply a more violent Remedy to cure the agonizing Government. Yet you are in an ill Humour, because God does not steer his Conduct by those condescending Methods you condemn ; and if he did, you would as certainly arraign his Mercy, as now you impeach his Justice. In a Word, *Theomachus*, as I told you above, there is an infinite Distance between God and Man ; therefore the Malice of every Sin is as Divines hold, in some sort infinite ; therefore it deserves a Punishment in some sort infinite. But it can be only infinite in Duration ; therefore every mortal Sin deserves an eternal Punishment. How then dare you fasten on God Cruelty and Barbarism, when he only proportions the Pain to the Offence. Sir, take my Advice : 'Tis more secure for you to repent, than to complain ; 'tis Madness to play with the supreme Being ; Ingratitude to treat ill the best of Friends ; Frenzy to provoke the strongest Enemy.

Theom. If I carry God's Mercy too high, you stretch his Justice beyond all Proportion. What Equality can you discover between a momentary Offence, and a never-ending Pain? Between a Malice that has some Bounds, and a Punishment that has none? Methinks at least an Age of Torments may expiate a Day of unlawful Pleasure: But to rack and torture a short-lived Frailty eternally, is to strain Justice to the very Pitch of Cruelty.

Euseb. No doubt Justice always proportions the Punishment to the Offence; but then this Proportion cannot consist in an equal Duration of the Crime, and the Pain. I have known a Perjury that passed through a D—'s Teeth in a Moment, pillory'd a whole Hour; And I have seen the guilty *Patient* run the Gantlet from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*. Yet though the Punishment was of a longer Continuance than the Oath; who complain'd of Cruelty, but those very Rascals that deserved the Correction? Does not Justice sometimes take Criminals by the Ears? And make the Guilty compound for their Transgressions, with the Loss of those innocent Members, which seldom return to their Owners. Felons, Murderers, and Traytors, by the Law of Nations suffer Death, that is a Punishment in some kind eternal: And if the Soul be mortal, as the Atheists contend, absolutely so; because it forces the Criminals into a State of Nothing, in which they must eternally remain. The Vote of Mankind runs therefore against your Notion of Equity; and the Atheist's Idea of Justice is no more defensible, than his Practice. Nay, Sir, if any Crime against a Prince or the Commonwealth can justly deserve Death; one against God as justly deserves Hell eternally.

For as on the one side, the Grandeur, Majesty, and Perfections of God surpass infinitely those of the greatest and most absolute Monarch that ever breath'd: So on the other, our Obligation to obey, respect, and love this august Master, rises with his Greatness. Therefore an Offence against God, exceeds that against a Prince, at least *terminative* in the same Proportion that the Perfections

fections of the one excel the Baseness of the other. Therefore as there can be no Comparison between the Offences, there must be none between the Punishments. Now let the Punishment of a Crime against God be never so great, if it be not eternal, there must of Necessity be some Proportion between it and Death, the just Punishment of a Treason against the Person of a temporal Prince: Therefore no Punishment can equal an Offence against God, unless it be eternal.

Theom. You suppose when we recreate Nature we erect a high Court of Justice, and commission the Judge to arraign him: This is a Theological Speculation. No, no, we are so far from questioning his Authority, or impeaching his Majesty, that we do not even think of him in our Debauches; we intend not to displease him, but to please our Appetites, to regale our Senses, and enjoy the Creature.

Euseb. This is an excellent Plea for Thieves and Murderers; and, would it hold, the Government might shut up Newgate, and pull down the Gallows: For few Highwaymen think of her Majesty, or her Laws, while they murder and take Purse on the Road. Let us suppose one of those Gentlemen on the Ladder, haranguing thus the Spectators. Good People, I am brought to an untimely, and, what is worse, to a most shameful End, against all the Laws of Justice. I was brought to the Bar for affronting her Majesty: The Jury has found me guilty, and the Judge condemn'd me. Now I protest I never harbour'd an unbeseeming Thought of her Majesty. I have served my Sovereign at the Expence of my Blood; and was always ready to maintain her just Rights and Prerogatives with my Life and Fortune. I follow'd my Master to *Stenkirk* and *Norwinde*, and lost some Flesh and my Money in his Service. At my Return, I was put to my Shifts, and could meet with no Relief, but on the Highway. Here I providentially fell upon a present Supply; I trust up a Brace of Lawyers, and cas'd a solitary Parson: But in all my Expeditions, I never dreamt of her Majesty. How then could I affront or offend her? What Rela-

tion is there between the Princess and the Subject, that an Injury offered one, must rebound on the other? What think you? Would this loyal Speech reverse the Sentence?

Theom. No; I think Mr. Sheriff would bid Jack-ketch do his Office.

Euseb. I am of your Opinion: But then has not this Knight of the King's Highway an Atheist's Plea? He cries *not guilty, good People!* Because in the actual Transgression of the Queen's Laws, he never thought of her Majesty; and you plead for Impunity, because, whilst you outraged Nature, you never dreamt of God. Sir, God is absolute Monarch of the Universe: He owes his Title to Sovereignty, neither to Birth nor Election: His Right is founded in his boundless Perfections. Those Laws of Nature you transgress without Scruple, or Remorse, are of his making, and to controul his Orders, is to affront his Person; so that though Sinners do not question his Authority, at least they despise it: Now for a vile Worm to contend with, and dare so great so awful a Majesty, is to overshoot Insolence itself.

Theom. Well; God's Justice, together with Devils, Flames, Darkness, and Despair, would discompose me, could I persuade myself my Soul would revive my Body; but alas, we enter into the World like Beasts, and make as inglorious an *Exit*; our Bodies fall into Dust, and our Souls into nothing: Twenty Years hence I shall be what I was a thousand Years ago, a mere *non Ens*, incapable either of Pain or Pleasure.

Euseb. This Evasion chills my Blood. What can't you defend your Cause without drawing upon Nature? Nor prove you are no Fool, without confessing yourself a Beast? I could easily force you from this Retrenchment, by demonstrating the Immortality of the Soul; but I leave this Enterprize to a more convenient Season. In the mean time I only desire to know whether you are sure the Soul ends with the last Breath; without Certainty, you are just where you was,

was, exposed to that miserable State that respects Atheists, if there be a God. Tell me then, are you sure Mens Souls are mortal?

Theom. When I compare the Operations of Beasts with those of Men, methinks we stand on the same Level, yet a Vce within tells me I am of a more noble Extraction: and this soft Whisper pesters my Brain with Doubts, and my Heart with Fears.

Euseb. Perchance therefore your Soul is immortal: Perchance there is a God, a Hell, and a Heaven: Perchance Christianity is the only saving Religion in the World. Now if these Things are real (and for aught you know they are) what will become of Atheists, and Latitudinarians? How nicely will they have managed their Affairs, when they see themselves stript of all Title to Heaven, and find an eternal Habitation prepared in Hell? You see what Hazard you run; and therefore I must conclude your Conduct is foolish, and mad to Frenzy, unless you can make good to Evidence, that if your Opinions prove true, you shall enjoy *some Good*, that counterpoises the eternal Loss of Heaven, nay, and the exorbitant Tortures of Hell; for to risk the *Main* without good Warrant and Caution, is Rashness, and even Fury beyond Extravagance. I have laid open the just Subject of your Fears; favour me with a full Prospect of your Hopes.

DIALOGUE VI.

The Advantage Atheists and Latitudinarians can expect if there be no God, and if all Religions are saving, is not comparable to the Disadvantage they fear, if there be a God, and if one Religion alone be saving.

Theom. **S**IR, you have assign'd me an easy Task, and I undertake it with Pleasure; you have drawn up a frightful Bill of our Losses, *if there be a God, and if one Religion only be saving*: I will balance it with another

other of our Gain, if we are in the Right; and then you'll confess our Affairs are in a better Posture than you imagine, and perchance than you wish: If we venture much, we hope for more; the Harvest balances our Labour and Expence: I know not through what Prospective you view the Pleasures of Life, methinks they present us a fine Prospect; and in spite of the most severe Philosophy, dart forth too melting Charms to be contemptible. No doubt Life is a great Blessing; 'tis above Purchase, and cannot be over-rated; but then Pleasure alone raises its Value: Divest it of pleasing Sensations, and 'twill become a Burden. Were I sure never to be pleased, I should unwish myself, and bribe some *Bravo* to dispatch me; I should fall out with my *Existence*, and long to return to my *quondam Nothing*. How valuable then is Pleasure, that can set so vast a Price on so mean a Thing; and give it the first Place in our Wishes, that would take up the last in our Desires? I know ill-natured Philosophers, and visionary Divines, have employ'd their Rhetoric to run down Pleasure, and to talk it out of Countenance. They have libelled it these thousand Years, and attack'd it with Auxiliaries drawn from Doggerel and Inveective, yet it stands its Ground, and maintains its Post with Reputation. Time, that lays open the Defects of other Things, has, it seems, discovered some Perfections in Pleasure; for it is now courted more than ever: And this fair *Hellen* has more Gallants than that of *Greece*. It grows not cheap under Trial, but rises under Use and Experiment; it neither gluts, nor surfeits; its Beauty is always in the Flower, and out of the Reach of Age. Cities have changed Places; Empires have sunk under the Weight of their own Greatness; new Customs have worn out the Memory of the old; but the Desire of Pleasure has never varied. This runs in all our Veins; we took it from our Fathers, and bequeath it to our Children; 'tis the prime End of Nature, and almost the sole Object of Inclination. Now it seems strange that all Men should dote on Deformity, and run into the Embracements of Nothing; that they should prize above all Things, what is below Price;

and

and so turn Fools or Madmen for Company. You will perchance tell me, that I am mistaken in my Calculation, and marshal up a *Brigade* of Anchorites to confute my Arithmetic. These Men, you'll say, made war upon Pleasure: They fasted and disciplined themselves into a Loathing of it; and sometimes mured up a Sense to fortify the Avenues against so vile and so treacherous an Enemy. These Men therefore, who thus persecuted Pleasure, were neither fond of its Charms, nor well convinced of its Excellence.

But, according to the Proverb, *One Swallow makes not a Summer*: your rare Example of Abstinence and Mortification cannot weaken my universal Induction: They leave it in its intire Force, nay, they strengthen it; for you gaze on such Men as Miracles, and propose them to the World, rather to be admired than imitated: Nay, they pursued Pleasure whilst they renounced it; and so only shov'd it away with one Hand, and drew it to them with the other: For as there is oftentimes a secret Pride even in Humility, so is there a Pleasure in Self-denial. And all that you can prove by these Examples is, that Mens Palates have different Contextures; and what tickles gently some, grates upon others. In a Word, to question the Goodness of Pleasure, is to deny Experiment, and contradict Demonstration.

Thus, Sir, you see if Atheists hazard something, they hope for more: Pleasure, Satisfaction, and a most happy Life, balance all those Miseries which may befall us after Death. For my Part, I cannot think that the fondest Imagination can overflourish, or even paint to the Life, the Happiness of those who never check Nature, but give her the Reins, and follow blindly her Directions. They can regale Ambition, feast Revenge, and treat Sensuality with Splendour: These odd Notions of Good and Evil fume into the Head; they raise Damps on the Conscience, and dash Delights with Gall and Wormwood. If we must pent up our Appetites, and confine them to Limits, adieu Content. For in reality we properly enjoy nothing, when we refuse our Passions any thing. But when we follow the Bent of Nature, and swim down the Current

of Inclination, 'tis then we possess a Bliss equal to your so much talk'd of Heaven; but with this only Difference, that it wants Immortality. Now, *Eusebius*, where is our Folly? If our Opinions are false, 'tis sure we shall be undone hereafter: But then, if they prove true, our Happiness will be greater than our Misery can be, though they prove false: For if we side with the Belief of a God, and of Christian Religion, and live up to the Rigour of those Beliefs; we discard ourselves of all the Pleasures of Life, nay, and turn it into a Torture. Now Miseries in the Hand pinch more than Miseries in Reverſion.

Eudox. Theomachus, you have forgot the topping Branch of our Privilege: If we believe a God, and the Mysteries of Christianity, we must enslave Reason, and regulate our Opinions by the Rules of Revelation: We must both shackle and hoodwink our Understanding, and stretch 'em on the Rack, to force 'em to deny first Principles. But when we act by our Maxims, we breathe a more open and free Air: We can toss our Assent from one Side of the Contradiction to the other; and believe To-day what we shall disbelieve To-morrow. Now this intellectual Freedom is of a finer Nature than any Pleasure of the Sense; 'tis an Appendix of Beatitude, and a Prerogative of the Deity. Add this, *Eusebius*, to what *Theomachus* has already produced, and you will have little Reason to lay at our Door Folly and Rashness.

Euseb. I cannot well determine, *Theomachus*, whether your Speech deserves an Answer, or Indignation: Such daring Impieties surprise me. The Practice of Lewdness and Sensuality is both shameful and scandalous: But to turn Advocate for Brutality, to canonize Debaucheries, and idolize Murders, Thefts, and Adulteries, is to throw down the Inclosures that separate Men from Beasts, to clap Reason in the Dungeon, and Sense on the Throne.

Had Bulls, Boars, and Goats the Power to harangue in our Days, as in those of *Esope*, they would have displayed their Rhetoric on the same Subject; but I doubt whether they would have screwed it up to your

Pitch.

Pitch of Excellency: No, no; they would not have had Wit enough to crowd so many Follies, Blasphemies, and Impieties in so small a Compass, nor Impudence to flourish on Lewdness in the Presence of Men.

So long as we keep within the Bounds of Moderation and Law, Pleasure may be tolerated; yet let unlawful Desires appear never so charming, they are certainly contemptible, because unwarrantable; and he who buys a Satisfaction, though never so glittering, at the Expence of Duty, is sure to over-purchase: The outward Appearance of Things cannot be the true Standard of their Value. Tinsel glitters no less than Gold, and a false Guinea often shines more than a true one. We must wash off the *Fucus*, before we can frame a right Judgment, or distinguish Sterling from counterfeit Coin. Pleasures affect the Organ well enough, but then they grate upon Reason; they always give us a troublesome Farewel, and make room for Repentance: I am confident, Sir, that the Ghosts of your past Delights have sometimes disorder'd you more than the living Pleasures diverted you; and you have wish'd undone in a Calm, what you did in a violent Transport of Passion.

A Man, as you say, who was sure never to be pleased, would have no great Reason to be over-sord of his Being; for Pain and Suffering, without any Relation to another World, are very troublesome Advantages: But then, who can be pleased, when nothing but Riot and Luxury deserves no Existence: He is a Shame to Nature, and a perfect Scandal to his Kind.

You would fain draw a Proof for the Excellence of Pleasure from the Multitude of its Abettors: But you do not consider, that you have chosen an untoward *Medium*; for Judgments are not to be framed by Practice, but Reason. The Generality, you know, stick in the Surface of Things, and are ten times more bigotted with Appearance than Reality. Ask the high-flown Debauchees, and they will confess their Judgments jar with their Conduct; they even condemn Wickedness, whilst they pursue it.

But

But Pleasure never gluts, never surfeits. Why then are you always on the Change? Why do you feast your Passions with new Ragousts, but to whet your Appetite with Variety, and to entertain it with fresh Appearances?

To say we are as eager in the Pursuit of Pleasure as our Forefathers were, proves only we carry about us the same Corruption; that our Nature bends to Ill, as theirs did; and that we are all Children of the same rebellious Parent. Their Judgments varied from their Practice, and so do ours. They sought out Vaults to shade their Impieties, and buried their Abominations in Darkness and Privacy: And this is a shrewd Argument that they did not esteem much those Things they blush'd at.

Believe it, Sir, I am able to bring more than *Divines* and *Anchorets*, who have lash'd unlawful Pleasures, and burlesqued them. I could produce some of your own Tribe and Discipline, who deserve Credit, because they speak upon Experience. I took a Turn the other Day to the *King's-Bench*, to visit a Friend; I found him in the Company of some other Gentlemen, who had taken up their Lodgings in that melancholy Retirement. Discontent sat on their Faces; every Posture mark'd Impatience, and every Word both Repentance and Despair: They had outlived their Estates, and (what was worse) all Hopes of regaining 'em. I pitied their Misfortune; but when I understood they had ruffled 'em for *Wine*, and barter'd 'em for *Misses*, my Pity turn'd almost into Indignation: I thought with myself they deserved no Estate, who knew so ill to manage one; but at least, said I, with a Smile, you have had Pleasures for your Money; and you feel even now this Satisfaction, that once you were happy. Quite contrary, said they, our former Felicity presses harder upon us than our present Misery: And then they ran out into such *Investives* against criminal Pleasures, and rated Debauchery with such a *Pathos* and *Energy*, that I easily saw they spoke from the Heart, and declaimed in earnest.

I believe those Gentlemen who lie under the Surgeon's Hands, who are tied up to Fasting and *Mercury*, and drivel out in a Stove the Relicks of your incomparable Pleasures, are much of the *Coop'd-up Squire's* Mind: For though the Vintners and Harlots have not invaded their Purses, nor Luxury like a Whirl-pool swallowed their Lands, yet Diseases have overset Health, and almost sunk their Bodies into the Grave. But I have follow'd you too far, 'tis time to leave you; only I will add, that I cannot esteem that great, which makes me less, and tumbles me below my Level: Reason is a Prerogative, no Nuisance; and I am not disposed to mortgage it for a *Miss*, or *Claret*.

For all your Boasting, I fear *Atheism* cannot suppress those odd *Notions of Good and Evil*; they alarm your Fears, awake your Conscience, and sprinkle your Delights with the unpalatable Ingredient of Pitch and Sulphur; but if they do not, it only follows that your Understanding is drown'd in Sensuality, that your Wit is sunk into Frenzy, and that you are stark mad with your *Mahometical* Happiness.

I confess, *Eudoxus*, that the Pleasure of the Mind has some Value; it appears better-shap'd than that of Sense; it shines brighter, it's longer-liv'd; and besides, has nothing of Mistiness, or Brutality: But then I cannot conceive why this Satisfaction must be solely ingrossed by Atheists and Latitudinarians: You say we must enslave our Understanding when we embrace Christianity, and regulate our Judgments by Divine Revelation: But pray is this such an Outrage to Reason? Does not God know perfectly all Things.

Eudox. He does.

Euseb. Does not his Revelation agree with his Knowledge?

Eudox. It does; for certainly he cannot tell a Lye.

Euseb. Now God never commands us to believe any Mystery, unless it be evidently credible he has reveal'd it; from whence it follows, that Christians are so far from hoodwinking, or forcing Reason, that Men cannot act more rationally; for thus they proceed. *Whatever God reveals, is true: But God has revealed the Mystery of*

of the Trinity, therefore it is true. The first Proposition is evident: The second is evidently credible: For till the Revelation appear evidently credible, no Christian lies under 'any Obligation of believing; and when it comes up to such an Evidence, no Man can disbelieve it, without Imprudence. 'Tis true, the Mystery remains in Darkness and Obscurity: Though I believe that God is *One* and *Three*, yet I am ignorant of the Manner; nor am I obliged to know it; God has left that as a Subject of Dispute, to exercise our Wits, not our Faith.

Gentlemen, you see when Accounts are adjusted, you are not so much before-hand with the World as you imagined: But, to favour you more than I am obliged, let it be granted, that Pleasures are ten times more valuable than you pretend; at least they cannot out-last Time, they move towards their Period, and can accompany you no farther than the Grave; when once you have lain on that cold Bed, Pleasures take wing, and disappear; your Body is made over to the Worms, and (if there be a God) your Soul will be delivered into the Hands of unmerciful Devils. Sir, tell me, would you accept of the Empire of the Universe, together with all the bestial Pastimes of *Sardanapalus*, or *Heliogabalus*, if you were sure afterwards to be stretched on Racks, to live on Stench, and to be regaled with Toads and Vipers for the Space of twenty Years?

Theam. No, surely.

Euseb. Yet every Atheist, or Latitudinarian, cannot hope for Crowns or Scepters; they cannot gratify their Sensuality with so high-season'd Lewdness, as those two wretched Princes; notwithstanding (if there be a God) they must buy their minute Satisfaction neither with Tortures, nor Toads, nor the Torments of twenty Years, but of Eternity: If therefore you will not purchase a temporal Enjoyment with a temporal Punishment, why will you buy a temporal and fleeting Satisfaction with a Punishment that is eternal?

Theom. Pain is a very lively Perception, it flashes upon the Organ with a vast Impetuosity, and puts our whole Machine in Disorder; 'tis stronger than Pleasure,

sure, and keeps it at a Distance, when we have it not, and turns it away when we have it: Hence I would not take twenty Years of Satisfaction, with a sure Reversion of twenty Years of Pain; for this will certainly more afflict Nature, than that can please it: But the Pains of Hell and Pleasures of Heaven are wholly uncertain, and these of Atheists assured; so that though those Pains, compared precisely with the Pleasures, are infinitely greater, yet if you consider those in a State of Uncertainty, and these in a State of Certainty, we must give these the Precedence; and this is conformable to that capital Maxim, *Keep what is certain, and leave what is uncertain.* Give me leave to frame this short Syllogism: *'Tis Imprudence to part with what is certain, for what is uncertain; but the Pleasures of Heaven and Pains of Hell are uncertain, and those of this World are certain; therefore 'tis Imprudence to quit the Pleasures of this Life out of Fear of falling into Hell, or out of Hope of flying into Heaven.*

Euseb. The Force of your Discourse is wound up in your Maxim, and the Syllogism is but a mere Deduction; so that if your Foundation be weak, the Superstructure falls to the Ground: Now, Sir, I must tell you, your grand Principle is not universally true, and by consequence unfit for the Post you have put it in; unless it be strain'd, and used with Discretion, it proves nothing but Sophistry.

For does not the Husbandman cultivate and manure his Ground at the certain Expence of both his Ease and Money? Yet his Grain is as uncertain as the Winds and Seasons. Another takes up at the *Temple*; he sinks his Purse, and beats his Brain with plodding over *Coke* and *Littleton*; he pores Night and Day upon the *Code*, and confounds himself with the *Institutions* and *Pandecks*, and hopes to beat a Fortune out of his Labour and Expences; yet though he certainly lays out his Money, and sacrifices his Repose, he is not certain to reach his Pretensions; his Expectation may be baulk'd, and after twenty Years he may be no farther advanced in the World, than he was the first Day he set out.

Our Merchants put to Sea with a good *Cargo*, they pursue Profit into the *Indies*; the Danger of their Persons is certain, they expose their Commodities to all the Casualties of Wind and Weather, that lay before very safe in Magazines; the Gain is ill-assured: Do not then these Men confute your Maxims by Practice? And whoever indicted them of Imprudence, or tax'd 'em of Folly?

In fine, Sir, the whole Commerce of Life rouls upon this Principle, That oftentimes 'tis the Part of a prudent Man to quit what is certain, for what is uncertain; and were it otherwise, there would be so little Business in the World, that Mankind might sit cross-arm'd, or fall together by the Ears to avoid Idleness: Mens Understandings would grow downward, their Courage would shrink up; Industry would turn off in Lethargy, and the whole World would fall back into its primitive Ignorance.

Theom. I know the Principle comprehends a Latitude, and is not true without Restriction.

Euseb. A little Patience, if you please; when I have convicted it of Error, you shall have time to argue why Sentence should not pass upon it. When the Good we hope is equal, or inconsiderably greater than what we hazard, it would be a Piece of the highest Extravagance to expose what we possess in Peace and Quiet, for that which is only equal, or inconsiderably greater, and withal very uncertain: If by the Loss of the Certain, we chance to procure the Uncertain, we are but just where we were; but if we fail in our Pursuit, we shall not only fall short of what we hoped for, but even of what we possessed: In this Case your Axiom may be allowed of, but then it supports not your Cause; for there is no Proportion between the most luscious Pleasures of Life, which you suppose certain, and those of Heaven you suppose uncertain; for those are built on the tottering Foundation of Time, and in spite of Care, within the Space of some Years, must touch their fatal Period, and flash into nothing; whereas these are infinitely better qualified, they stand on a stable Bottom, they never wither, never die: So that though
we

we consider the Joys of Heaven in a State of Uncertainty, and those of Time in a State of Certainty, those must prevail; because the exorbitant Greatness of the Divine Joys of Heaven, accompanied with an eternal Duration, are more advantageous than all the trifling Satisfactions of Sense, though stamp'd with the charming Attractives of Certainty and Possession.

For would any Man, who had any Grain of Prudence, accuse me of Folly or Rashness, if I should venture a Penny upon a well-grounded Presumption of gaining a Million? Would not you, and all the Merchants in the Nation, share in the Venture? Yet in this Case we should quit the Certain for the Uncertain. Now, *if there be a God, if the Christian Religion be the only saving Communion in the World*, and you live up to the Precepts of Reason and the Gospel, after this Life you will enter upon the Possession of a Bliss that surpasses all the brutish and fond Enjoyments of Sense, more than a Million exceeds a Penny; for between these two Sums there is some Proportion, but all the Geometricians in *Europe* can never find a *Medium Proportionale* between what is temporal and eternal.

Indeed, if you should square your Conduct by the severe Rules of Christian Morality, and afterwards find no God to recompense your Virtue; or that you might have purchased an equal Glory, following the more condescending Precepts of other Religions, you would be at some Loss; *i. e.* you would have debarr'd yourself of some lewd Sensations to little Purpose: But this Disappointment cannot be put in the Scale against those vast Treasures you might pretend to, if there were a God, and if only one Religion were saving. If therefore he who should refuse to hazard a Penny on a most prudent Expectation of gaining a Million, would, in the Opinion of all Mankind, commit a Folly almost too extravagant for *Bedlam* itself; why shall we fear to brand Atheists and Latitudinarians with Frenzy and Madness, who prefer a paultry Content before a Pleasure that is eternal? Your grand Principle, *Leave not the Certain for the Uncertain*, cannot relieve you, because it has no Place in the present Dispute; for there is no Proportion between the Happiness of the other World,
which

which you suppose uncertain, and the Pleasure of this, you suppose certain; for no Arithmetic is able to multiply Moments into Eternity. Now I answer your Syllogism.

'Tis Imprudence to part with what is certain, for what is uncertain; but the Pleasures of Heaven are uncertain, and those of Life are certain; therefore 'tis Imprudence to quit the Pleasures of this Life for those of Heaven.

I distinguish the first Proposition; *'Tis Imprudence to part with what is certain, for what is uncertain.* If what is uncertain be considerably greater than what is certain, I deny it: If it be only equal, or inconsiderably greater, I grant it. I transmit the second Proposition, and deny the Consequence: Pray take notice I do not grant the second Proposition; for the first Part is only true in our present Supposition, and the second is absolutely false; for those Pleasures you so much talk of, are as uncertain as any thing can be: So that though your famous Axiom were never so true, 'tis impertinent to the present Dispute, seeing your Gain is as doubtful as your Loss.

Theom. What, will you maintain our Pleasures are uncertain? If you can make that out, I confess Affairs are in a worse Posture than I fancied.

Euseb. I will maintain it, and demonstrate it too. Your Pleasure, Sir, consists in the Satisfaction of Sense: Now all such Satisfaction is very expensive; *Burgundy* and *Champaign* Wines grow not at *London*, they must pass the Seas; and before they are fit for an Atheist's Palate, the Price runs high; you must give the Vintner leave to rate them at Pleasure, and thank him for his Favour, if he gives you a Bottle for an *Angel*. Ragousts are as costly; Cooks will not toil for 'em, unless they be well paid; they value their Sweat as high as the Vintner does his *Champaign*; and you can rely no more on the Conscience of the one, than of the other; for neither is strait-laced, and you must stand to their Mercy: If you cast up your Accounts, you will find the Taverns and Treating-houses have eased you of a round Income. *Misses* are farmed at a higher Rate; like the Monster *Behemoth*, they drink whole Rivers; they swallow Mines, and devour Lordships: You may rig out a
first-

first-rate Ship at less Expence than a Lady of Pleasure; she must appear at *Hyde-park* with a glittering Equipage, and shroud the Scandal of her Life under a Veil of Embroidery; and what is worse, she presently falls to Decay, and then the Bills of Reparation swell higher than those of the very Building: Now if you let her lie out of Repair, you either tempt her Fidelity, or her Ill-nature, and then your Heaven may chance to sink into Hell; for if you resolve with Eagerness a Relief, you send her a Blank, and encourage her *Ladyship* to draw up Conditions at Pleasure, and to rise upon you at the Discretion of Avarice. You see these Pleasures are expensive, and require a good Fund: Now, Sir, are all Atheists sure of good Estates? Have they found out the Philosopher's Stone; or have they *Midas's* Faculty, of turning whatever they touch into Gold? I cannot think that *Manors* follow Religion, or that a beggarly Christian can start up a money'd *Atheist*. Pleasures therefore are not over sure to every Atheistical *Profelyte*; unless you only admit *Lords* and *Gentlemen* into your Communion, and so compose your Church as the *Venetians* do their *Grand Senate* of Nobles: But even in this Case your happy Life wants good Security; Estates, like Eels, often give us the Slip, and I have known some who began the World with three thousand Pounds *per Annum*, end in an *Hospital*: Some forfeit their Fund for Loyalty, others for Rebellion; some drink it away, others dice it; some wear it out by husbanding it too well, and others by managing it too ill. The very Foundation therefore of your Pleasures being so precarious and uncertain, the Pleasures themselves can't be assured.

Secondly, Without Health the most exquisite Pleasures are dull and insipid; they rather importune than please, and put out Patience to the Trial, rather than divert our Senses: The Harmony of a Lute, though touched by an *Orpheus*, will grate the Ear, if the Head be out of Tune; and a discomposed Stomach receives the most delicious Ragousts with Reluctancy and Convulsions: A Fit of the *Cholic* makes a Crown uneasy, and turns all the Charms of Empire into Dissatisfaction. Now our
Body

Body is a Compound of Contraries, each Part clashes with its Fellow, and like the *Midianites*, draws upon its next Companion : Heat plays upon Cold ; Dryness upon Humility : Whilst Victory is at a stand, our Pulse beats even ; but when it leans to one Side, 'tis Time to call for a Doctor : Besides, these Hostilities are acted out of Sight ; or, like *Miners*, skirmish under Ground ; and so we cannot send Relief to balance the Advantage which one may gain over the other : In fine, Sir, Health consists in an equal Temper of capricious Humours ; in a good Intelligence of a thousand Veins and Arteries ; and what can be more uncertain ? I never meditate on the Frame and Mechanism of Bodies, but I am rapt into Extasies of Admiration, and wonder more we are one Day in Health, than that we should continually groan under the Pangs of the most acute Diseases : And if all Mens Health is uncertain, the Atheist's is much more ; for their excessive Irregularities both hasten Infirmities, and inflame them ; Debauchery revenges its own Excesses upon our Bodies, and plunges them into a State of Langour and Weakness : Health must jade, it cannot hold out, if we live too fast, and are continually upon the Gallop : And thus you make what is uncertain, more uncertain ; if you do not manage your Constitution, but prostitute it, you throw it away before you have done living, nay, when it is most useful to your Design ; and so betray our Senses, and conspire against the Interest of Ease and Pleasure.

2^{dly}. Life is the Foundation of all Happiness, on this all our Hopes and Expectations of worldly Pleasures are built ; yet, this is a thousand Degrees more uncertain, than the Existence of a God : We know no more when we came into the World than the Child unborn, and know no more when we shall leave it. Our Stay depends on an hundred Circumstances, and our Removal on as many Accidents, we are neither able to avoid, nor foresee : An Enemy may poniard us into the other World, a Friend may caress us thither ; Grief sinks us into the Grave, and Joy oversets us : Nay, the Scratch of a Pin oftentimes baffles the Virtue of Drugs, and the Art of the Surgeon. The future is to come ; the past
is

is flown away, and neither at our Disposal; so that we are only Masters of the present: Now Money, Health, and Life itself being so uncertain, so precarious, how can you persuade yourself, that Pleasure, your *summum bonum*, is assured? But if this be uncertain, Atheists and Latitudinarians are mad to Extravagance; for then they chuse a Pack of brutish, short-lived, and uncertain Pleasures, before those eternal Joys of the other World, that are excessively beyond Thought, and long beyond Imagination: Now if a Man would act foolishly, who should chuse a Crown that is uncertain, before a Million that is equally uncertain; with what Terms can I express your Frenzy, who rather lay hold on a thin, paultry, uncertain Pleasure, than a Happiness that is uncertain indeed, but withal eternal; especially when you not only quit all Right to this exorbitant Happiness, but at the same time run up to the very Brink of Damnation? for those who reject Heaven, *ipso facto* accept of Hell. We have waded deep enough into this Matter. I will now draw up a short Scheme of the whole Discourse, and then leave it to your Consideration.

To shew the Unreasonableness of Atheism and Latitudinarianism, I have condescended to more than you durst ask, either in Justice or Equity, *viz.* That the Existence of a God is doubtful; as well as the Necessity of professing the Christian Religion for Salvation: Before you can pretend to Evidence, you must turn common Sense topsy turvy, and fly in the Face of Reason: I have stooped so low as to grant these two Points doubtful, to display the Weakness of your Pretensions, and to demonstrate, that Courtesy itself is not able to justify your Conduct.

I ground my Discourse on this Principle; when two Opinions, both doubtful, both uncertain, do concur; 'tis a Folly to chuse that which will ruin me, if false; and cannot turn to my Advantage, though true: You have subscribed, and indeed all Nature has put its Hand to the Principle: Now, Gentlemen, if the Opinions you embrace prove false, you will be eternally cast out of that happy Region of the Blessed, and eternally

nally confined to the Pitch and Sulphur of the Reprobate. Is it possible for a wretched Creature to lose more on the one Side, or to suffer more on the other? Can any Man be more unhappy than to be banished from his sovereign Happiness? Or more miserable than to be ingulphed into a State of eternal Sufferings? Is not he undone, who has turned Bankrupt not only of his Fortune, but even of his Hope; and has nothing left but Torments, Rage, and Despair? If your Opinions chance to be true, what Advantage can you reap but petty Satisfaction of Sense; which rather surfeit than satisfy, and stupify more than they delight? They look big only at a distance, and nothing when they draw near; they are indeed Giants in our Fancy, and Pigmies in themselves; yet you chuse these contemptible Pleasures, that avail you little while you live, and nothing when you come to die; you leave those which last eternally: Now has not such a Choice all Characters of Folly?

Pray, Gentlemen, set some Moments aside for Reflection: The Business is of Weight, and deserves sober Thoughts. Had you two Souls, you might send one into the next World to discover how Things go in that unknown Region; and if that should perish in the Enterprize, you would at least have another in Reserve: But alas, you have but one, and if that miscarry, you are lost for ever: The first Moment that lays open your Misfortune, discovers the Impossibility of retrieving it.

Theom. Come, *Ensebius*, we have almost drained the Subject; let us change our Thème. You have arraigned my Choice, and in your Fancy convicted it of Folly and Extravagance; I impeach you of the same Misdemeanors: Pray let us see if you can plead your own Cause with as much Art, as you have against mine.

28 SE60

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

e
e
d
e
p
y
g
-
o
t
y
y
d
-
e
e
l
-
d
n
e
:
n
n
-
e
-
f
e
r
.